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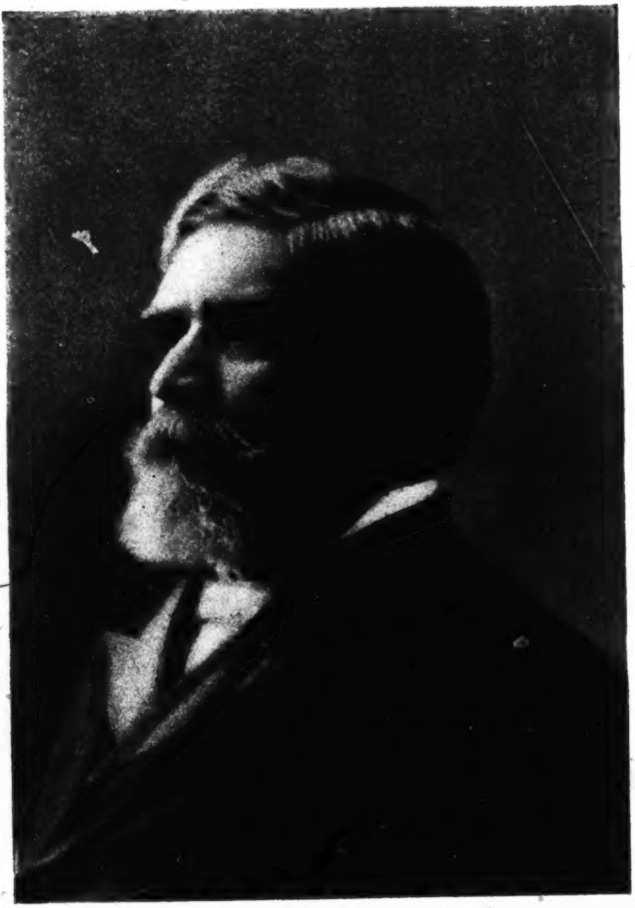

S. D. Woods

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF
LIFE ON THE PACIFIC COAST

BY
S. D. WOODS

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY
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PUBLISHERS' NOTE

The Hon. Samuel D. Woods, the author of this volume, is one of the first citizens of California. He rose in life through his own resolute efforts; took up the practise of law; was for a long period a member of the Congress of the United States; and has been an actor in all the crowded and picturesque events of the Far West since the Civil War.

Mr. Woods has earned the right to be heard. So now, at the request of his many friends, he is printing the varied and entertaining reminiscences of his long and honorable career.

DEDICATED
TO
EDWIN MARKHAM

*My beloved pupil of long ago—he and I can never forget the little
schoolhouse in the sunny Suisun hills, where we
together found our lives.*

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Life on the Pacific Coast

Chapter I

VOYAGE TO SAN FRANCISCO AROUND CAPE HORN IN 1849

MY father was a Presbyterian clergyman, of Puritan strain. Delicate health drove him, a young man, from the rigors of Massachusetts to the climate of Florida and thence to Alabama.

In his wanderings among the healing warmths of the south, in York District, South Carolina, he met the gentle woman who became my mother, and was his helpmate in his work on the Pacific.

In the early summer of 1849, the Board of Domestic Missions of the Presbyterian Church, desiring to establish stations of that denomination upon the shores of the Pacific, represented by the then almost unknown land of California, sent three ministers to California—Albert Williams to San Francisco; Sylvester Woodbridge to Benicia (shortly thereafter capital of the State, now a sleepy-hollow village reposing upon the slopes of the hills which lie northward of Carquinez Straits) and my father, James Woods, to the city of Stockton, then an important distributing point for the southern mines.

Our family consisted of my father, my mother and four children.

The principal tide of travel at this time from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast was by mule trail across the Isthmus of Panama. The inconveniences of transportation; the terrible threat of the climate and the inability to secure any comforts made this trip from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific Coast, for such a family, practically impossible.

Well we remember looking from the high windows of some now unknown hotel, down in that portion of the city about Wall Street, near Bowling Green, when we first saw the City of New York. We were but three years of age, and yet to this day we recall the impression made by the clustered buildings which stretched between the East and the Hudson Rivers.

Lying at anchor in the East River lay a little Dutch-built bark, destined for San Francisco. The name, we remember to this day, was *Alice Tarleton.* She was a rude vessel, with no lines of beauty, but many of strength. Her timbers were after the manner of the Dutch, in the manufacture of their furniture, mortised together. This fact, doubtless, makes it possible for us in 1909 to recite the story of that voyage, for her experiences in the Atlantic and at Cape Horn were almost a tragedy of the seas, for none but a strongly constructed sea-craft could have weathered the tremendous storms which smote her from time to time on that eventful voyage.

From New York to San Francisco required eight months of tedious crawling across the seas, when not in combat with merciless storms. Memory does not recall much of the trip until we reached the City of Rio Janeiro, but the vision there disclosed to our youthful eyes was so exquisite, that a permanent impression was made, and we are able perfectly, at the end of these long years, altho many exciting instances have intervened, to accurately describe the city and its environments, together with many scenes which occurred there during our stay, as well as the storm which drove us for terrible days and more terrible nights, during two weeks, almost to the shores of Africa.

Our sea trail was almost identical with that of the splendid fleet, which, led by "Fighting Bob," made the trip from Hampton Roads to San Francisco, and, under the leadership of other gallant naval officers, made safely the circuit of the globe. If this great white fleet, pride of the nation, the glory of navy building, had encountered the terrible storm which our little bark did at Cape Horn, doubtless the history of its voyage would have been different, and the ribs of some of the great battle-ships would be lying upon the shores of the southern seas, and many a gallant seaman would have "sunk to sleep with monstrous shapes that haunt the deep."

As we attempted to round the Horn, we encountered a storm which lasted for two weeks, driving us day and night almost continuously submerged under roaring seas, until our little bark settled into calm, and we found ourselves within eight hundred miles of the Cape of Good Hope. Our cargo had shifted and we were compelled to return to Rio Janeiro to readjust it. This readjustment required the taking out and replacing of the entire cargo, which took six weeks. It was during these weeks that the beauty of the wonderful bay, the splendor of the marvelous city, the glory of the towering mountains, were made permanent in our youthful mind; not only these, but the human features peculiar to that southern capital. We can to this day recall the deep blue waters which have no duplicate in all the world; the beautiful city throned at the base and along the slopes of a jutting branch of the Andes; the perfect southern skies and sea. Blue bay, bluer sky, wondrous hill slopes and splendid city are still the parts of a living vision, after fifty years.

We remember many human things, as tho it were but yesterday, among which were seventy thousand native troops, half clothed, who were reviewed in the streets of the city by the Emperor. We recall the occasion; the appearance and the lack of proper garbing of the troops, but can not quite recall the reason of the review.

Our deep respect for the Catholic Church had its birth in a visit to one of the great cathedrals, where roof and walls and altar were by noble art made spiritually suggestive to the heart and imagination of the simple worshipers. No pews invited the worshiper, but princess and beggar knelt side by side under the swelling dome and worshiped at a common altar without distinction of person or purpose. This democracy of religion imprest itself upon our youthful mind, never to be lost.

On the slopes of the mountain near the city we wandered at will by the courtesy of their keepers amid the foliage of the imperial gardens. The bloom and fragrance of tropical foliage, semi-tropical tree and shrub, and the tree life of the temperate zone intermingled, made these gardens a dream of beauty.

In the presence of all this beauty there occurred, on our ship's decks, one of the minor tragedies of the world—a tragedy minor because it did not affect the world generally, but to the poor victim, it was the tragedy of the universe. A young man, of brilliant attainments and of an honored family in New York, had been sent on the trip for the purpose of winning him from a habit which has enslaved hosts of great men. Across the Atlantic, after the terrible storm, he came with us back to Rio Janeiro. Shore leave was fatal, and on a beautiful afternoon, amid all the beauty of the bay, mountain and sky, he was brought upon the deck of the little bark to die of delirium tremens. On a radiant afternoon, amid the contortions of his inflamed imagination, his eyes closed forever. What could be more in contrast with the sweetness of the things about us, than this young man, in the glory of his manhood, dying in terror amid the beauty of the world?

After the readjustment of the cargo, our little bark again breasted the seas and finally succeeded in rounding the Cape. It was a case in those days of rounding the Cape. The navigators of the world had not yet fully determined the presence of dangerous rocks and treacherous shores, and the safe navigator rounded the Cape, as a matter of precaution, hugging the frozen shores of the Antarctic Circle, rather than the dark shores of Tierra del Fuego, through the straits.

Through the stress of storms, the burning heat of pulseless calms, our little bark, for several months more, fought its way along the western shore of the Continent, until in February, 1850, it entered the Golden Gate, and cast its anchor in the Bay of San Francisco.

In my nurse's arms I was carried to the mainland of California from a boat, which landed at what is now the corner of Montgomery and Jackson Streets, in the present city.

The city was but a conglomerate of rude buildings, massed about a civic center, where now is Portsmouth Square, and from whence, in straggling groups, rude cabins and white tents dotted the slope of Telegraph Hill, Clay Street Hill and Russian Hill. The western limit of the city was inside of what is now Powell Street and the southern limit far north of present Market Street.

Gold had been discovered; a restless fever was in the blood of men and the streets of the crude little city pulsed with the excitement of men drawn from all parts of the United States and all quarters of the globe. It was an incongruous group, made up of all types, colors, faiths and conditions, actuated by a common purpose and one hope. Among these were men afterwards famed as jurists, statesmen, poets and scholars.

Perhaps in no similar exterior boundaries was ever gathered together a group of men in which was exhibited more of splendid physique, matchless courage, lofty genius and aspiring ambition. Names then unknown afterwards in all departments of life made the world's pages of history luminous by splendid achievements. The good woman commanded a reverence never more intensely exprest among men. Men were lonely for the companionship of women, were hungry for the sweetness of home life, and on this verge of the world thirsted for the sweetness of pure womanhood. It was the glory of the early California days that a good woman could travel from one end of the city to the other at any hour of the day or night, protected by her own sweetness, and every man whom she met constituted himself, while she was within his presence, and as long as she was within his horizon, her special guardian.

Men were real in those fine days. Sham had slim chance to succeed when met by the strenuous honesty of men who knew that they were moral beings and acted up to their knowledge. The community weighed and branded men, and this brand was the badge by which their fellows recognized them. The terrible outbreak of 1856 against wrong and wrong-doing and the heroic work of the Vigilance Committee was the volcanic expression of the passionate love of the people of the young city for justice and civic righteousness. There was moral strength and beauty in the lives of those who made up its citizenship.

Chapter II

THE STRENUOUS LIFE OF EARLY DAYS IN STOCKTON

A wild current was in the blood of men in the days of 1850; an indifference to all things except gold, a restless energy was the mood of men, who in other places, and under other conditions, would have been sedate. All were young; many of rare qualities of mind. Moral restraints were relaxed; home was beyond the mountains or across the seas, and the sweet influence of the fireside, which ordinarily held men obedient to fine action, was lacking. Men in the mass were reckless, actuated only by the excitement of their environment. San Francisco was the sole seaport of the State, and Sacramento and Stockton the inland distributing points for the mines, then the seat of all the activities of the State. Sacramento occupied the site of Sutter's Fort, and was an aspiring village, from which radiated all of the trade of the northern mines; while Stockton, then an ambitious town, rivaled Sacramento in its volume of trade with the southern mines.

Men who were afterwards prominent in political life—lawyers, doctors and merchant princes—were engaged in toil with their hands. No distinction existed; men were ranked by their fellows by what they could do, and what they did. Life was robust, and the relaxing pleasures intense. Intellect was at high tide, and passion at a white heat.

Men in the main were honest, generous and brave. Crime, except by violence, was seldom committed, and petty offenses were the abomination of men who dealt only with large things in a big way. Murder might be condoned, while mere thefts were frequently punished by death. The population had so far come from the States, and the foreigner had but little part in the early possession of California.

Stockton was a typical town, and its daily life an expression of life everywhere. The "survival of the fittest" was the ruling law, and constituted the equation of endeavor among men. The strong asked no quarter from the strong, but a patient kindliness was extended to the weak. The crowd wrought, fought, gambled, lived and died, for gold. To-day might be a comedy, to-morrow a tragedy. In and out of the streets of the little city a human tide ebbed and flowed, moving always to the canyons and slopes and ravines of the hills and mountains, where were the gold deposits. No man stopt long enough to view the beauty of the pastoral lands that spread out under the blue skies; none dreamed of the orchard or vineyard, or of a home in the radiance. These were no part of the hope of the restless throng rushing to the mines. However, in it all was the germ of the future—of the present splendid empire of product and population, which is now a romance and a commonwealth.

To a boy of five years, the restless activity was fascinating, and many a day the school-bell called in vain to tardy feet, that lingered among the moving panorama—great twenty-mule teams, drawing immense wagons, popularly called "prairie schooners," loaded with tons of provisions to feed the miners in the hills; pack-trains, loaded for the remoter places, reached only by trail; the patient burro lazily pacing along with the prospector's outfit, and now and then the slow-moving ox-team of the incoming immigrant, just in from the plains, dusty and picturesque, the peculiar type of men "all the way from Pike." "John Chinaman" had reached the land, and now and then moved in and out of the kaleidoscopic scene, and sometimes "Mary," his consort, was seen with him, adding, with her fantastic garb and headgear, an Oriental cast to the picture.

There was tragedy and death. The brilliance of their hopes blinded many a sedate conscience. Memories of the quiet and charm of the Eastern home became clouded and indistinct amid the temptations of this enticing life. Never before in the history of the world had there been such a promise to the expectations of men, and the very flower of the land was here, to wrest riches from the abundant earth.

The late comer in these days of commerce—days of occupations which deal with the earth as a producer of grain, the app[illegible] the orange and the grape—has but little conception of how abundant gold was in the early days. It has been said, and it is doubtless with rare exception true, that during some time in his life in California, every man who worked in the mines had in his hands, as the fruit of his toil, at least sufficient to have constituted a competence, beyond his dream, when he started from his Eastern home.

Men wrought as individuals, not in combination. The partnership was a frequent relation, but the corporate form of action had not yet been adopted, and while ordinarily great fortunes were not made, individual competency was accomplished, and this condition exhibited the marvelous extent of the gold-producing areas, from the Siskiyous, standing between Oregon and California, to the Mexican line. Gold was in abundance everywhere—in the ravines, in the low-lying foothills, in the slopes of the lofty mountains, in the beds of rivers. It had been sown as the sower casts his grain.

The deep ledge deposits disclosed by later explorations were not a source of wealth in the early days; under the grass-roots were the nuggets and fine gold. As illustrating this, it is a matter of history that at Shaw's Flat, a lovely little valley lying just to the northwest of the town of Sonora, in Tuolumne County, and covering not more than two hundred acres, there was a harvest of over one hundred million dollars. While this particular spot perhaps yielded more than any other like area, it was typical of the entire gold-producing area, whose aggregate ran into hundreds of millions.

"The days of old, the days of gold, the days of '49" are not the words of a song only, but the expression of a historical fact. The world stretched forth its hands into this treasure-house, and its children gathered without stint.

As a part of all were the lights and shadows of human experience; lights that were blinding, shadows that were impenetrable; joy and sorrow, hope and despair. Experience rose to the highest moral expression, or descended into the depths of despair. Vice and virtue, honor and dishonor, were daily companions, for the limitation of daily life did not permit of segregation, and it was as with the Old Guard at Waterloo—each must care for himself. To some this condition was a lifting force, to others the pressure was downwards—the good became better, and the bad worse. This was the inevitable. It may be that it was no more inevitable than it is in these days, for still the moral grind goes on, some rising, some falling, day by day.

The most terrible of all things occurring in those days were individual cases of crime, involving some of the finest types of the young. Many a gray-haired "Mother in Israel," in the sanctuary of her Eastern home, sat by the old cradle of her first-born and sang "Where is my wandering boy to-night?" to which refrain came an answer never. Her boy was in his grave, slain by a bullet, or dying at the end of the strangling rope on the gallows. As a boy, I well remember two striking examples of both.

One beautiful Sunday morning, while my father and I were passing down the street on the way to church, we heard a shot and saw a rushing crowd. A young man in the flush of his powers had been shot down, while sitting in a bootblack stand, by another young man, with whom he had had a quarrel during the previous night, over the gambling table. There were no words, just a shot, and a dead man was lying in his blood, lifting to the radiance of a perfect day a stilled, white face. The young man was a gambler, associated with one of the leading saloons of the town. He was popular, and the gamblers desired that he should have a Christian burial, and my father was solicited to perform the rites over him. It was a peculiar funeral. There was no place in the little town where such a service could be held, so the saloon was closed, and, standing upon the billiard table, my father officiated in pathetic service over some mother's son. Whether she ever heard of her son's death I do not know; I remember, however, another occasion on which my father officiated, of which the mother never knew.

Horse-stealing in these days was punishable by death. A young man about twenty-five years of age, a splendid specimen of vigorous manhood, of high order of intellect and attainments, had become the leader of a band of horse-thieves, operating about Stockton. The operations of the gang were concealed for many months, but finally the officers of the law succeeded in running them to cover, and found them camped in a little grove near the city, from which as a base they carried on their depredations. No one knew the real name of the leader. He was only "Mountain Jim." Associated with him, as one of his lieutenants, was a man of low instincts, vile and desperate, known as "Dutch Fred." The main gang escaped, but these two were taken, tried and sentenced to death. My father, after the sentence, attended these men in jail, and did what he was called upon as a minister to do in order to prepare them morally for death.

Dutch Fred refused to accept advice or counsel, declaring that he wanted to die as he had lived. With Mountain Jim it was different. His terrible doom, the recollections of home and mother, softened his spirit, and the memories of his youth made him approachable and penitent, and he sought fervently for forgiveness and died penitent. Before the execution he gave to my father a statement of his early life, of his career, and the name of his people, prominent in the Eastern States, but asked that this be kept secret, for he did not wish them to know that he had died a felon. That secret was kept.

I will never forget the day of the execution, and perhaps no such scene was ever enacted in any place outside of California. The gallows were in open view; the execution was public, and throngs were present. From the jail to the gallows the condemned men rode upon their coffins on a common dray. Mountain Jim, stately, handsome, brave and penitent, died like a man. The other, true to his low instincts, died according to his ideas of life, and as the spring was touched, which landed him in Eternity, shouted to the crowd "Here we go, girls," and thus the brutal wretch faced the issues of the Hereafter.

Another tragedy, involving the death of a brilliant young man, stirred the little city to its depths. Two young journalists, Taber and Mansfield, were engaged in the conduct of rival journals. At first they were friendly, drawn together by community of attainments and interests. As time progressed, however, the rivalry of business and other interests brought about a separation of friendship, and this finally drifted into deadly hate. In the columns of their respective papers, daily they abused each other in the most violent terms, until the newspaper war attracted universal attention, and raised the expectation of every one to the pending tragedy which occurred as a result of this rivalry and hate. The matter became so heated and the danger of deadly collision so immediate, that men of prominence in the community, mutual friends of both, endeavored by every persuasion to heal the breach, and to prevent the conclusion which happened not long afterwards.

After a particularly violent attack made by one upon the other, they met upon a street of the city, and, without any discussion, fought a deadly duel. Mansfield was shot down by Tabor, while Tabor escaped unharmed. The story of this tragedy became a national story, as the matters involved in the controversy were of political moment, and the brilliant character of the young men had made them known among newspaper men. The name of Mansfield became celebrated afterwards by reason of the fact that he was the father of Josie Mansfield, whose relations with Jim Fisk in New York brought about his untimely end at the hands of Stokes. At this time, she was a beautiful little schoolgirl, fair of face, and fascinating in manner. The prophecy of her future triumphs over men through her beauty was in her form. Her life was also a tragedy, for, after her career in New York, wild and reckless, and bringing about by her coquettish arts, the tragedy referred to, it was only a few days ago, in one of the daily papers I read that in some little Western town, as a charge upon the public charity, she, a gray-haired, broken woman, was closing her life, with terrible memories, without hope, without friends.

In the administration of justice, as justice was called in those days, there was a rude indifference to the forms of law, and frequently men were arrested, tried by "Judge Lynch," and executed, without any proof such as is now required to satisfy a jury beyond a reasonable doubt. In fact, often no actual evidence of the commission of crime was required, and the whole matter was frequently determined by the passion of the moment. In such trials, often, liquor had more to do with the trial and execution than the judgment of rational men. One of these trials, which fortunately did not reach execution, illustrates the danger to a suspected man in the presence of such rough-and-ready justice. A young man had come into the city a stranger. He had every evidence of character and culture, but unfortunately he was a stranger. There had been a small band of cattle stolen from near the city, within a day or two of his arrival. I can not recall that there were any special reasons why he should have been suspected of this theft. That he was a stranger and no one knew of his former whereabouts was reason sufficient, and the conclusion was quickly reached that he must be the man who had stolen the cattle. He was arrested, given the form of one of these "Judge Lynch" trials, found guilty, and sentenced to death. He was eloquent; had much personal charm and magnetism. He pleaded with the committee who composed the court, and said that if they would give him time, he would prove beyond all question that he had had nothing to do with the theft, and in fact was far away from the scene at the time the theft was committed. Some soberer men were moved by the young man's plea, and said there was no reason for great haste in the execution, and that as long as he was secure in the possession of the committee, he should have this opportunity. Several days passed and finally the young man was able to prove beyond any peradventure that he was not guilty, and was many miles distant from the scene of the theft, on his way from some distant point to the city of Stockton at the time; and he was given his liberty and became a valued member of the community.

Many such trials took place in different sections of California, and doubtless many an innocent man was sent to his death by unjust suspicion.

Among the young men in Stockton at this time there were two restless spirits, moved more by the love of adventure than a desire for riches. One of these was Henry Crabb, a handsome, resolute, soldierly fellow, inspired by a great ambition to establish somewhere in the West a little empire of his own. He was a magnetic talker; of great persuasiveness. Going among the young men of the town, who had no particular vocation and who had not yet gone to the mines, he gathered a band as ambitious and resolute as himself, and they, with Crabb as their leader, departed from Stockton on a filibustering scheme, into some territory belonging to Mexico. The enterprise was fraught with great danger, and resulted in disaster. Crabb and his followers were captured by the Mexicans, and, without trial, shot as unlawful invaders of the country. The main features of the story I can not recall, but as it floated up out of the Mexican territory I remember it as full of pathos and tragedy.

William Walker, who was afterwards famous as a filibuster leader in Nicaragua, was also for a time resident in Stockton. He gathered about him a few spirits like himself, and enlarging his band in other portions of the country, went with his followers into Nicaragua, and there met with failure; he and his followers were executed as brigands. So ended the warlike enterprises of these daring and desperate young men, endowed with more ambition than wisdom.

A large number of Mexicans, men and women, were a part of the population of the little town, many of non-law-abiding habits. Most of the women were given to the fandango; the men to marauding, altho many of them were honest miners and came into the country with honest purpose. Among these honest miners was a young Mexican who afterwards became one of the most famous bandits of his day—Joaquin Murrieta, whose name, within a few years of the time of which I write, was a terror to the entire State, a daring, desperate, picturesque criminal. He banded together a number of the most desperate and vicious criminals in the world, one of whom, his chief lieutenant, was known as "Three-Fingered Jack."

Their depredations were confined to no special part of the country; they roamed at will, struck one point and another almost as the lightning does, with wonderful rapidity in movements, eluding always the hand of the law, until in 1863, Colonel Harry Love, aided by Sheriff Henry Morse, with a band of determined men, drove Joaquin, by which name he was generally known, and his gang, into a corner, at Tulare Lake, and after a terrible gun-fight killed both Joaquin and Three-Fingered Jack, captured others, and thus broke up the gang. That Joaquin was killed has been a matter of dispute, but in any event he was not heard of again. The story of Joaquin's career was peculiar and pathetic. He was driven to his desperate courses by an act of injustice on the part of some Americans who had taken into their hands the punishment of some minor offense which they, without proof, charged to Joaquin, and of which he was guiltless. He was found guilty by a "Lynch law" committee and sentenced to be stript and whipt, and he, mutilated, disgraced and dishonored, was turned loose and ordered to leave the country. The indignity and humiliation turned the hitherto kindly spirit into a burning furnace of hate, made him the foe of the American, and led him into a career of crime that has been perhaps nowhere, for its romantic desperation, equaled in the world. He was of a most daring nature, and in his marauding expeditions exhibited the wildest courage; took the most desperate chances. It was his habit to appear at points unattended, and after flirting with the señoritas at the fandango halls, carousing with his friends, practically doing whatever he chose, announce himself as Joaquin, mount his horse, and often, amid a shower of bullets, escape to his next scene of adventure. Many thousands of dollars worth of property was taken, and many lives sacrificed by him and his men, always ready to fight with the hated American.

With the exception of Joaquin and his band, the country was practically free of bandits, and the going and coming of people in even the loneliest trails in the mountains was without especial peril. This was the condition during the first years of the California occupation. As the country filled up, however, there came a different class of men from various parts of the world, and there began to be more violence, disorder and crime. The organization of the country into a territory, with its governmental machinery, had, however, an influence for peace, and finally on September 9, 1850, by an Act of Congress, the State was admitted to the Union.

Communication between the States and California at that time was by slow ox-team across the plains, or by sea and across the Isthmus. The Isthmus voyage required a month, and it was about the middle of October before we knew that the State had been admitted. Well I remember the celebration had in the city of Stockton in October. That the State had been admitted as a free State, and the Southern element defeated in its attempt to add it to the slave-holding territory, was a matter of great rejoicing among the majority of the people.

There was much bitterness of feeling over this raging question, and the exciting discussion in Congress, a part of the history of those days, had stirred the minds of all sections to a white heat. California came near being made a part of the slave-holding

States when, in the Rebellion times, if oft-stated historical facts are true, a conspiracy was entered into among noted Southereners to turn the State over to the Southern Confederacy, and to hold it as part thereof under the name of the "Pacific Republic." It has passed into history, that the fact that General Sumner, who had been detailed by the Government to take possession of Fort Mason, and to assume immediate command of the federal troops in California, arrived at the critical moment and assumed command, alone caused the preservation of California to the Union.

Lying about Stockton, in the early days, was a waste of tules, under a sea of water. Where now are extended fields of asparagus, square miles of potato lands, and rich pastures, presenting a region of constantly increasing agricultural wealth, was then regarded as permanent wastes of water; and where now smiling villages, homes beautiful, and miles of vineyards and orchards, glorify the land, was then regarded as fit only for the pasturage of cattle. The productive character of the land and climate was not considered, and lands as fertile as the lowlands of the Nile were purchasable from the Government at $1.25 an acre, and even during the war for less, when greenbacks, a legal tender at the Land Offices, were purchasable for quite a while for thirty-three and one-third cents on the dollar. Far-seeing speculators availed themselves of this condition, and bought lands from the Government, paying $1.25 an acre therefor in greenbacks, purchased from money brokers at these rates. Many men with small means thus became extensive landowners, and afterwards of great wealth. The change in the natural condition of the country from open, unoccupied, waste land, to a great area of garden lands, vineyards, orchards, pasture lands and grain fields, came about as gold became scarcer and men more familiar with the rare qualities of our climate, and the marvelous richness of the soil.

The little village of 1850 has become a modern city with all the environments of cultivated life, and the lonely acres then lying as waste places under the sun now bloom as the rose.

Chapter III

SCHOOL DAYS IN LOS ANGELES IN 1855

THE little mother longed for her Southern home and kindred after the chaotic conditions of California, and after a patient endurance for four years, was given respite, and with two of her younger children braved the sea and the Isthmus, on a homeward voyage. The necessity for a climatic change on his part carried my father, with my eldest brother and myself, during her absence, to the southern portion of the State, even then famous for its salubrious and healing climate. No Pullman train, luxurious with the appointments of ease, carried the traveler over the five hundred miles of plain, hill and desert. It was traveling by sea again, and for the first time after the weary voyage around the Horn, we were upon the briny deep. The old *Senator*, then in her prime, was running between San Francisco and San Pedro, and because she was staunch was a favorite with the public. As the sun sank in a blaze of glory, on an autumn afternoon, we steamed out of the Golden Gate and bucked into a tumultuous sea, and, as the little steamer breasted the swells, we recalled the experiences around the Horn. Up and down, sideways and criss-cross, she rolled and tossed and bounded, her throbbing engines driving her steadily, however, past the headlands and the Farallones, into the open roadway of the sea. For substantial reasons, we were not hungry when the bell rang for dinner, and, had we been, there was but little opportunity to have satisfied our hunger, for the rolling tables sent flying dishes over the cabin. The law of association was at work, and we, in memory, were again in the grip of that awful storm of the Southern Atlantic, where we fought the wind and waters for two weeks. Discretion drove us to the stateroom, where we fought for rest until the dawn. With the dawn came peace, and as we lifted our eyes across the waters to the shoreline, we saw in the perfect beauty of a typical California morning, the Bay of Monterey, with its historic town, where first floated our Flag, symbol then as now of dominion; of freedom and justice. We were in an atmosphere of history and romance, but halted long enough only to send off the mail and passengers, and thence onward to the South, to Santa Barbara, then a sleepy Mission town, which in the radiant sunshine sloped from the shore toward the hills.

Santa Barbara was a typical town of that Church which in the past century had possest the most favored spots of the State, lifted the Cross, and, under the roofs, and in the cloisters of cathedrals, now world-famed, gathered together the native tribes that they might be taught the old, old story, and become familiar with the arts of civilization. Many a pathetic story of consecration and sacrifice has been given to the world concerning these Missions, and it would add nothing to the world's knowledge to write more. Many of these old cathedrals, with their outlying buildings, the home for long years of priest and devotee, are falling into decay, and while the lovers of the historic and romantic are making some effort now to save them from the teeth of time, the State itself has, for fifty years, practically done nothing to preserve these historic places from ruin. Future generations of those who love romance and beauty will regard as most worthy of preservation these historic Missions. As a State, we have been unmindful of our rarest treasure and have sat idly by while priceless things have been perishing. We have never, in a public way, gathered together any traditions or lore to fill the storehouses from which some future Prescott shall be able to gather marvelous data, and write of real things, more brilliant and fascinating than all the dreams of imagination. Some great names like Junipera Serra are immortal, and the story of their heroism is the world's permanent possession, but no record has been kept of many simple, patient, lonely lives devoted to work and prayer among the simple natives.

The angelus floated out from the old Mission tower as we weighed anchor in the calm of a summer evening, and down the coast, past the hills of the Coast Range, a picture of solacing beauty, we continued our way. The everchanging panorama; the excitement of ship life; the taking on of new acquaintanceships with boys traveling like ourselves, to which was added the expectation of what was to be at the end of the trip, made this voyage fascinating to the robust hopes of a boy of eight years.

It was on a southern California morning, with its dreamy lights and drifting fogs, that our little steamer swung into the roadway of San Pedro. This port was in those days without its later ambitions, and consisted of a rude wharf, with some ruder shacks climbing the cliff, about the more pretentious buildings of the transportation company, which controlled the steamship business of the coast. It had no trade except the loading and unloading of vessels, which here, for Los Angeles, brought its necessary goods and carried away the hides and tallow, the principal items of export, and fruits for the markets of the north. The traffic was not heavy in those primitive days, before man cared for or knew of the wondrous things that since have made of this region a storehouse of material wealth; a sanitarium for the distrest; a place of dreams for him who, amid the fragrant vineyards, olive groves and orange blossoms, now sweetens his hope with the visions of things beautiful and comforting.

At San Pedro, a rude stage took us up, and we were jolted over more than twenty miles of dusty road, leading through a treeless plain, dry and bare except where mustard fields grew almost into trees, and in the bright sunshine, with their vivid yellow, made the eyes ache. Bands of cattle, wild as deer, wandered about in the yellow wilderness; thousands of squirrels, here and there as the lumbering stage startled them, scattered and scampered for safety, into the holes they divided with the rattlesnake and the owl. In the distance the outlines of the Sierra Madres rose majestically against the East, where Wilson and Old Baldy held dominion of the higher sky. The snowy summits were grateful to us in the dusty road, and we hoped soon to escape from the dreary plain, into the little Pueblo, where we should find rest. The Pueblo was the most important settlement between San Francisco and Mexico. Great expectations were in our mind as we drew near to the historic town, where we were first to see the olive, the orange, the vine and pomegranate. We had read in the Bible of such lands, and in imagination were familiar with them, for Solomon had sung of a land where in the Oriental springtime "The flowers appear upon the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land; the fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell."

Even at the end of long years, the memory of our first moment among the orchards and vineyards is fascinating. Like scenery in a dream, the picture of Los Angeles, first seen, is in our mind. Its loveliness made us draw long, deep breaths of delight as the beauty of it slowly unfolded to our young eyes.

Words are vain when we try to express deep emotions, and we have but little hope of conveying to the reader of these pages the joy of the boy who stood in the presence of what to him was the glory of the world. But once before had we seen things as fine, and that was on the morning when first, from the deck of our ship, in the Bay of Rio de Janeiro, we looked out across the sunlit waters, to the beauty of the Brazilian capital.

The San Pedro road entered the town at what then was the west end of Main Street, now I believe renamed West Spring Street. It was said at that time that the mixed population of Spaniard, Mexican, American and Indian, did not exceed twelve hundred. Some idea can be formed from these figures, where the then Western limits were. The old cathedral, facing its ancient plaza, was the center from which radiated the streets, along which were grouped the houses in more or less compact clusters. Down this main street we drove to the Bella Union, then standing near the plaza of the cathedral. This bore the same relation to the little adobe town that the stately "Alexandria" does to the modern city. The main occupation was north of the Rio de los Angeles, that, warm and lazy, flowed, as if asleep, in and out of the orchards and vineyards it nourished. The adjacent hills, now crowned with palaces fit for the occupation of princes, were dull and bare, except where grew in great patches that species of prickly pear known as the "Tunas," sweet and red, toothsome to us afterwards, tho indulgence led to lips and tongue swollen with the fine needles that covered them. We often suspected that these were to torment truant boys who stole from the schoolroom to feed on their red sweetness.

Over the rim of these hills, and beyond, we chased the nimble rabbit, and hunted the lark. For this hunting we have searched for forgiveness, for long ago we learned to love the yellow-breasted innocent of the fields, whose three little notes make our California mornings sweet with music.

It was in the midst of the fruit season, and it did not take a boy long, who had never gathered a fig from a tree or seen a cluster of purple grapes on its vine, to arrange friendships that gave him *entrée* to orchards and vineyards—what a delightful revel it was in the abundance of both! Appetite and capacity seemed without limit. We gathered with both hands and devoured the sweets without rest, and wondered how the earth could yield with such prodigality things that were so delightful to both eye and taste. We had read of Damascus, with its rivers of Abarna and Pharpar, nourishing her gardens in the desert, and as we wandered at will in the cool and fragrance of the autumn fruitage here, we fell under the spell that for ages had made that ancient city, in the heart of desolation, the synonym for repose and consolation.

All of the Los Angeles vineyards and orchards had the atmosphere of the Orient; the charm of the ancient gardens, where old races dreamed, and where in the bloom of rose gardens and orange groves, lovers wooed their maids in a forgotten tongue. The charm of these first days in Los Angeles has never perished, and in these days, as we stand where palaces of trade, caravansaries, courts of justice, and national administration buildings, illustrative of the constructive art of the twentieth century, rise in stateliness, we do not want to forget the little pueblo, where adobe *casas,* one story in height, were sufficient for the simple homes of those who here lived, satisfied with the blue skies, the bloom and the romance.

Spanish was the common tongue. Both Mexican and Indian spoke it, with no more violation of its idiom or accent than the uneducated American in his speech violates the English tongue. The habits of the people were faithful copies of Spanish customs. The little pueblo was under the dominion of the Catholic Church, and the cathedral controlled from its cloisters the home and the school. Other faiths struggled for a foothold, but made no inroads upon this dominion of the Mother Church.

The priest was in authority, and he held his flock with firm hand. At no place in all of California was the authority of the Roman Church more obeyed and revered. Its services were crowded with devotees, to whom its decrees were inviolable. They made no question, but in absolute faith knelt at its altars and worshiped according to the form and in the phrase of the Holy Church.

The cathedral had a host of priests in attendance, holding daily services; its doors were never closed. In and out of its portals, during the hours of the day and night, a steady stream of old and young, rich and poor, devout and sinful, poured, seeking consolation. The calendar was crowded with Saints' Days, and it was a most frequent sight to see from the doors of the cathedral issue a procession of priests and acolytes, marching in solemn order with the Exalted Host and banners, around the plaza, while multitudes knelt in reverent attitudes. This was the second exhibition to me, the son of a Protestant minister, of the forms and ceremonies of this great Church, by which it held mastery over the lives and souls of its followers. The first, as we have said before, was in the cathedral at Rio de Janeiro. The reverence of the people extended to the cathedral itself, and no Catholic ever crossed in front of it without uncovering his head. This manifestation of reverence imprest me greatly, and many a time, as I passed before it, I instinctively uncovered my head, for somehow the spell of the old church was irresistible. Often in the streets, as the angelus bells from the towers of the cathedral rang out upon the evening air, have I seen señor, señora and señorita, halt with uplifted face and obey the call to worship. This custom was universal, and it mattered not what, at the moment, was the occupation, all worshiped as the angelus rang out.

Mixed, however, with this obedience to the form and ceremony of the Church, there was among a certain class more than abundance of riot and disorder. There were desperate characters who defied the law and preyed upon their fellows. These lived without toil, and gathered where they had not sown. The fandango houses were often the centers of lawlessness, where mad jealousies, fed by intoxication, bred daily conflicts, and murder made horrible nights of unbridled revelry. The police record of the first two weeks of our advent, if intact in these days, will show twelve murders. They were all in the ranks of the depraved. Life, the preservation of which should be the passion of men, had no sacredness when men were slaying for the very lust of slaying, and murder seemed a pastime. Desperadoes, with hearts as deadly as a knife blade, colonized here, without community of interest. Lawlessness was carried on by individuals, not by bands. None was loyal to the other. Cohesion was only for the evasion of the officers of the law, and the criminal hidden to-day to prevent his capture was liable to be the victim to-morrow, at the hands of him who hid him. A strange respect, however, existed in the minds of this lawless class for the ruling classes—Spanish, American and Mexican. We do not recall, during these years that we spent in Los Angeles, a single act by which any one of these classes, in person or estate, was molested. This respect had a psychological base, and was either a race instinct, or a certain occult wisdom, which recognized that crime must respect the rights of the orderly classes. It may have had its origin in the feudal instinct which made the lord of the manor immune from attack and violence. "Nigger Alley," situated in the center of the town, a place obsessed by lust and murder, was no more a peril to the homes of the law abiding, than if they were separated by seas.

Lawlessness was not peculiar to Los Angeles, is not mentioned as being so, and is spoken of because it was a part of the conditions of those days. It was not confined to any race, for among those workers of iniquity were men and women of every clime, mixed together in a commonwealth of vice.

In municipal government, there was an equation of power; its officers were fairly divided among the Spanish, American and Mexican residents. There were no jealousies, for the reason that long before the acquisition of California, there had settled here, upon domains granted to them by the Mexican Government, a number of Americans and Englishmen of highest character, who had intermarried into the noble Spanish and Mexican families, who were bound by the social ties and an intermingled blood. In the veins of their children flowed red currents of the Anglo-Saxon and the Latin. Notable among these men were Wilson, Workman, Temple and Stearns. These fine men ruled over their estates with dignity, and their moral influence made easy the transfer to the United States of ownership, when our flag displaced the Mexican. Our flag early became to the native population a symbol of peace and protection. A fine consideration for old laws, associations, memories and customs was given by the American to the Mexican, and in the administration of our law, personal and property rights were jealously guarded. Matters of doubt were graciously resolved in favor of ancient rights, and where questions were close, equity was thrown into the scales and justice had her perfect work. The Spaniards and Mexicans, engaged in secular pursuits, were of necessity limited to the raising of herds of cattle and horses. By an unwritten law they were feudal lords over their estates and people. Native Indian retainers, invariably attached themselves to these estates, and a host of Mexican assistants, with their families constituted a little empire over which the word of these land barons was law. There was none to dispute, for by a common consent of a community of like barons, this was the condition under which they lived. There was no chance for dispute, for kindness was in the hearts of these men for those attached to them, and a generous prodigality was the mood in which they gave protection and dealt out sustenance to their feoffs.

Much has been well written of this baronial life, and in song, story and drama the world has been made familiar with its dignity, tenderness and beauty. To this knowledge it would be vain for me to add.

The population of the pueblo was pleasure-loving, and music and the dance thrilled the hearts of the young, while robust outdoor sports furnished amusement for those of maturer years. The orderly fandango was a democratic place, where in the common pursuit of pleasure distinctions were leveled; all were welcome, and in the mazes of the waltz the flying feet of youth and beauty kept time to the delicious melody of the guitars, and "Eyes looked love to eyes that spake again."

The young Spaniard and Mexican was proud. His outlook upon life was unmarred by commerce or care. Business to him was a means, not a pursuit, his possessions, the means from which he derived his pleasures. The tireless energy of these days had not touched his spirit. Romance was the wine of his life, and when necessity drove him to trade, he exhibited no modern thirst for dollars. Personally he was in form and apparel a fascinating figure, and, except when under the sway of hot passions, smiling and debonair. He was fit to be the model for the sculptor, a character for the novelist, and to the painter an inspiration. In manner he was full of courtesy. The señorita—who can hope to describe her with her exquisite grace of form and delicacy of feature? Her step was as light as the fawn's; her eyes, dreamy with the joy of life. Her coquettish joyousness was the despair of lovers. In her moods she was a riddle, and, when she chose to be, as evanescent as the lights and shades of dawn. Music to her was the breath of life, and without it she was in despair. She was too sweet for vanity. She robed herself in fine linen and laces, because they were delicate. Apparel was a handmaiden. She was a fashion unto herself, and no Parisian modiste could add to her adornments. A white gown, a delicate rebosa of lace; a rose in her hair, made her a dream of sweetness and grace. She was a fascinating creature, and could it be wondered that men, made mad by her beauty, fought sometimes to the death?

One of the pleasant sights in those days was the dress parade of the afternoon, and evening, when Main Street was brilliant with the variegated colors that made up the adornment of señora and señorita. They were fond of bright colors. The matrons were serene and dignified, the señoritas smiling and coquettish, and true to the instincts of her sisters, among all races, and in all ages and lands, cast sly glances under drooping eyelids at the gallants, always present to pay court. They were conscious of their charms, these dainty damsels, gay with color. They were enchanting to the highest degree, and gave color and grace to the street life of the little city. Well we remember on Saints' Days, and on the Sabbath Day, the coming in from the outlying ranches of these señoras and señoritas, and the peculiar conveyances used by them, as crude and primitive as those used by their ancestors for generations before. We have seen the daintily dressed señoritas and the dignified señoras coming into the city and to the cathedral, seated in a carro drawn by two Mexican steers, across whose horns was lasht a bar of wood to which was attached the carro's tongue. The bottom of the carro was an untanned oxhide. In this primitive style, richly drest, with dignity and grace, these wives and daughters of haughty Mexican and Spanish Dons rode in state.

There was one exception notable to this form of conveyance. We are not at liberty to mention the name of the lady, still living, whose husband, a rich Bostonian, had purchased for her an elegant American carriage and a span of bay American carriage horses. She was a young and beautiful woman, an envied figure, as she was driven in this elegant equipage through the streets.

The outdoor sports of the middle class were those peculiar to the Mexican life, and which are to be found in the towns and cities of Mexico. Near the cathedral, and just at the base of the hills, which now are crowned with residences, was a bull-pen, where exciting bull fights were of frequent occurrence, and which almost the entire population attended. We well remember a bull and bear fight which took place in 1856, and which was an event that created great excitement, and was a subject of engrossing interest among all classes. Business was suspended during the afternoon, and the arena crowded. The crowd was about fairly divided as partizans of bull and bear. We do not recall the result of the fight, but remember the fight itself as an important public event.

Among the vaqueros, contests in horsemanship were frequent, in which great skill was exhibited. Wild horses were roped, saddled and ridden; the frightened animals, frantic with fear and anger, bucked and reared and plunged in their vain endeavors to unseat their reckless riders. Sometimes, but not often, a splendid animal succeeded in his efforts and sent the rider hurling through the air, as if fired from a catapult. This accomplished, the wild, splendid thing, with the wings of the wind, fled to freedom across the plains, carrying with it the sympathy of the spectator.

One of the principal contests was to bury a rooster in the earth, leaving exposed only its head. A line of horsemen then was formed, and one after the other, at the highest speed, rushed past the buried chicken, leaned over and grabbed at its exposed head. The trick was to secure such a firm hold that the rider was able to pull the rooster from his hole. If he succeeded, he was victor, and, in addition to whatever prize was awarded for the feat, was entitled to thrash with the trophy his unsuccessful competitors.

Often have we seen these rude contests of the horseman's skill. The horsemen were not always Mexicans, altho they were most daring and skilful in all horsemanship, for the young American had become expert and often celebrated for a rare cunning with horse and rope.

Cunning was the skill with which they threw the lasso, when horse or steer was in full retreat, and the pursuer, riding like the wind, by twist of the arm, sent the flying rope yards away, to surely fall on horn or hoof.

A most exclusive group were the old Spanish and the Mexican Dons, who, as we have written, were close in relations of friendship by intermarriage. The Spanish Don was proud but kind; he was fond of homage and given to certain small displays of dignity. We can see now Don Pio Pico, the last Governor of

California under the Mexican dominion, riding down Main Street, his superb horse prancing at every step, as if he carried a king, while the old Spaniard rode as if he was at the head of a victorious host, his thousand-dollar saddle and five-hundred dollar bridle giving to it all a sort of barbaric splendor. To the left or right he did not look, but straight forward, and just a tilt of vanity was in the fine, old head. Thus he rode down the street, the observed of all observers. He enjoyed this homage, and was approachable by any one who, in speech and manner, indicated a recognition of his past honors and his present dignity.

Don Juan Sepulveda was another fine specimen of this aristocracy of Dons, and he too was often seen in the streets, riding his fine steed, with the same splendor of equipage and the same pride and dignity. They were to the manner born, and worthy of the esteem they compelled and enjoyed.

There are splendor and beauty in the great city that has displaced the little pueblo of long ago. The dead past has buried its dead, but, with the passing, much that was fragrant and beautiful and sweet beyond expression has passed away forever, leaving to cold pages like these reminiscence, not resurrection.

Chapter IV

SAN FRANCISCO FROM 1849 TO THE CIVIL WAR

THE early occupation of the San Francisco peninsula was typical—a Pueblo and a Mission—the secular with the religious. The Mexican was religious, whatever else he might be. He had artistic instinct and religious fervor, and when he founded a pueblo, he went over the calendar of the saints in search of a musical name, and when the pueblo became important, he established a Mission for the conversion of the natives. The nomenclature of California is rich in names of saints. California at this time was a province of Mexico, too remote for participation in the affairs of the general government; was under the auxiliary control of appointed governors, and chiefly valued for its contributions to the nation's treasury at the City of Mexico. Geographically, it was not part of the land of the Montezumas, and by the logic of location was a sort of *imperium in imperio*, held by an allegiance founded upon a community of language, laws, customs and religion. It was a sort of "opera bouffe" government, carried on with much "pomp and circumstance," undisturbed by the home government so long as it yielded allegiance and revenue. A certain power resided in the landed

Dons and the Mission Padres, for there was a happy union of Church and State. What disorder could not be controlled by the secular power, or by the moral influence of the Dons, was quieted by the threatened anathemas of the Church, and thus Governor representing the Home Government, Don exercising a powerful and beneficent moral rule, and Padre dealing with the consciences and fear of the simple people, constituted a triumvirate in whose hands was held firmly the good order of the peculiar communities which made up the simple and contented population of Upper California.

Portola recognized the physical advantages of the peninsula, by reason of its situation on its magnificent bay, and the approach thereto from the sea by a gateway that has no second in the world. Here was the site for a city and a military stronghold, and thus the city of St. Francis had its birth, and the Presidio and Mission Dolores came into being. Then, as now, the Potrero Hills, the Mission Hills and Twin Peaks, were rocky uplifts, green and inviting in the spring, but bare and yellow in the summer sun.

For years before 1849, a lonesome peace brooded over the little hamlet, which hugged the shore of the bay, just inside of the high tide line. Its life was contributed to principally by the section of the State now occupied by the rich and populous counties of Sonoma, Napa, Solano, Contra Costa, Alameda, San Mateo and Santa Clara. This territory was held in the main by the grantees of the Mexican Government. Agriculture had as yet no attractions for the owners of the great estates, for to have made the earth yield of her abundance would have required work, and work was as yet an unknown quantity in California. To live at ease, in an atmosphere of romance, and to rely upon the revenues derived from the cattle that roamed over the valleys and hills in countless thousands, was more in keeping with the taste and dignity of these Lords of the Manor. Ships now and then drifted in through the Golden Gate, and anchored in the bay, bringing their cargoes to barter for hides and tallow, the principal products. Money was but little needed to carry on business, as the necessities of their simple lives were easily supplied. The luxuries of these days were confined to the vanities of personal adornment, and these the wise owners of the ships supplied. If life is best when we are comfortable and contented, if simple social intercourse makes for the dignity of life, if romance has more compensations for the spirit than commerce, if dreamers are wiser than toilers, then the changes that came after 1849 and made San Francisco and California the theater of a restless activity, breaking into simple home life, marring traditions, and breeding a fever in the hearts of men, were not for the best, for swiftly began the disintegrating work, the dreams of peace to pass away, their places to be usurped by ever restless progress. The world poured in its multitudes like a stream of lava from a volcano, reckless of all things but the acquisition of gold. Slowly at first, but with accelerated speed, old traditions yielded to the new, rough hands took hold of possibilities, and a ceaseless energy made havoc of things that had counted in the old life for repose and beauty.

These new forces were working like the flame of fever in the spring of 1850, when as a boy, we landed, as we have said before, in the mud, at the corner of what is now Montgomery and Jackson Streets. There were no wharves, and this point was a favorite landing place, as it was nearer the firm land than any other point in the city. Telegraph Hill, then a smooth-faced pile of rock, lifted sheer from the water its cliffs, disclosing no inviting cove wherein a boat could lie. From a point not far east of the present Montgomery Street, in an undulating line extending to the foot of Rincon Hill, was a stretch of mud flats, out of sight at high tide, but exposing at low water a long reach of slime that shone in the sun. An evidence of these mud flats was disclosed by the late fire, when at the corner of Sansome and Clay Streets the hulk of the old ship *Ninantic* was exposed, where it had been sunk in the early Fifties, to make the foundation for the old Nintic Hotel, one of the first-class hostelries of early days. We were able to contrast the first hotels of that day with this day, for many times we were a guest of that old structure, half ship, half house.

Our recollections of the city and its environment are fresh to-day, tho years have intervened, vibrant with growth and change. The supreme change came with the complete destruction of April, 1906, when in two days every historic feature was wiped out, for the flame of those awful days covered every foot of ground that was occupied in the early days; not half a dozen buildings stand to-day to suggest any condition then existing. The part of the city which escaped from destruction is modern, and has no relation to the historic town that displaced the sand-hills and encroached upon the mud-flats of the water-front during the years immediately following the inrush of the first population.

The pueblo grew into a town; the town into a city, and the city finally into one of the world's great capitals of commerce. Rapidly at first, that part of the pueblo, which had for its civic center Portsmouth Square, filled up its vacant spaces, and then reached out, expanding from necessity, until the slopes and apex of Telegraph Hill were covered by dwellings, and thence out to North Beach and up towards the summit of Russian, California and Clay Streets' hills, the town climbed the semi-circle for room. Lots were carved out of the rocky sides of these high lands, and streets slashed out of the wilderness of trees and brush that covered their sides. There was but little of beauty in the architecture of those days. Men were not building for the future, were seeking only temporary abiding places, where they could find shelter while they acquired the fortunes they came to seek in this new land. Shanties made up the great body of the pueblo. No common purpose was apparent, no community of taste; no evidence of an intent to permanently possess. Material and labor were extravagantly high, and few cared to expend more than what was actually required to secure a temporary shelter. It was a straggling collection of habitations, built without design, grouped together without thought of founding a city. Evident everywhere was the wild scramble, the restless fever, the passion to gather riches and to flee.

Beyond the heart of the town, everything was temporary, constructed for present use, to be disposed of or abandoned when fruition became the end of dreams. Streets were mere open spaces cut out through the brush, along which men could travel or climb. Sidewalks were a luxury, to be found only in the older parts of the town. Mud in winter and sand in summer were everywhere, and men and beasts made progress only by toil. Well we recall the long reach of steps which led up the slopes of Telegraph Hill at Montgomery Street, from Jackson, and the many weary climbs we had up those rude and endless stairs. There was no segregation, no division, between rich and poor; the shack of the laborer was next door to the more pretentious home of the banker. No special part of the city had as yet, by a natural selection, been claimed as the exclusive domain of the aristocrat. There was a democracy of possession and use. Life was too intense for frivolities and, while there were dissipations which were the pastimes of the stalwart, Vanity Fair had but few votaries, content to waste life in idleness and vice. Men were full of push and purpose and imprest their mood upon the place and times. The little town became the center of tremendous forces, guided by the brain and muscle of resolute and daring men.

Over the portals of the great Alexandrian Library was carved "Man know thyself." Had an earnest student of ethnological science sought in San Francisco, in 1850, for a practical insight into the manhood of the world, he would have found the field ripe for his studies, for here had gathered and were gathering the children of all the nations, and the people of all races. Types were manifest in groups, in racial traits, apparent in speech and conduct of the individual. The Chinaman with his washhouse and garden, the German dealing out his beer after the manner of the Fatherland, the Italian serving his macaroni or grinding at the street organ assisted by his monkey lieutenant, the Spaniard furnishing amusements for the crowd with his fandango halls, the Irishman tearing down the sandhills with his shovel and the son of Egypt sweating under his burdens or polishing the boots of his white brother—were part and parcel of the cosmopolitan population. The gambler and the outlaw had hastened here like vultures to prey upon their fellows and, while honest men toiled, plotted, individually and in gangs and preyed upon the prosperity of the community. At first men, with a purpose, were too busy to bother with the offenses of these renegades who, without morals, were brainy and of desperate courage. From bad these outlaws rapidly gravitated to worse; they mistook the indifference of good men for cowardice, and undertook to control affairs and to run the city in a high-handed defiance of law and order. They finally focalized public attention upon themselves until they were branded and recognized as "hounds." Forbearance at last ceased to be a virtue, and when it became apparent that the machinery of the law was in the hands of these men, their associates and friends, the law-abiding, resolute, honest men organized for protection in 1856. They took possession of the city, with its affairs, made history, established the rule of good order that for years after and until the time of the second election of Lincoln, through the dominant "People's Party," made San Francisco the best governed city politically, and the cleanest city morally, in the world. We can rely upon these pages in our civic history and make defiant proclamation to all doubters. The official records, judicial, legislative and executive, of these Vigilance Committee days, and the days which followed, disclosed the names of men who stood then and during a long life afterwards for the highest ideals of manhood. H. P. COON and SAMUEL COWLES, upon the police bench; H. L. DAVIS and CHARLES DOANE in the sheriff's office; MARTIN BURKE in the police office, stood up for probity, for public and private virtue. The police force was free from scandal, and was made up of men of the highest character. The District Court benches were filled with lawyers of distinguished attainments and character. Graft was unknown. The entire situation was ideal. Politics did not enter into elections. There was a single party, that was the "People's Party." The best men of the city, irrespective of previous political affiliations, attended nominating conventions, and without log-rolling, chose the best men of the community for all of the offices and nominated them. This done, the casting of the vote on election day was a matter of form.

We were not in San Francisco during the time that the Vigilance Committee did its effectual work, but we returned shortly thereafter and became familiar, as did all Californians, with the way it did thin and what it accomplished in rescuing the city from the hands of thugs, and firmly establishing the reign of law and order. Then, members of this Committee were not triflers; had no personal ends to subserve; they were men of affairs, whose lot had been cast into the community. The reckless disregard, even of the forms of law, by those then in control, made conditions too desperate for tolerance, and when the administration of law became farcical or vicious, these men acted with dispatch and courage. All men were given a fair chance to prove their innocence, failing in which, they were executed, where their crimes were capital, and driven from the city when their presence was a menace. Every act was done decently and in order. Never before or since has such a group of men, acting in such a desperate emergency, been so free of the mob spirit. The decrees of the Committee were Medean and beyond appeal, but were rendered only upon evidence that could not be gainsaid. Absolute was the certainty upon which the Committee acted; and the history of those days, and of the Committee, will reveal no hasty act, nothing done in which there was any mixture of malice. The unity of motive was complete, and while in the secret conclaves discussions were had, often intense in character, final action was a unity. No jealous controversies, no personal ambitions marred its heroic work; and as a logical conclusion of all it did, when done, it handed over a clean and purified city to the officers of the law, with power to administer the law fairly and impartially.

Boy as I was, this work was inspiring and gave me an insight into what clean men could do with an unclean situation. The personal character of some of the leaders of the Committee, we may discuss hereafter. As a boy, I was familiar with conditions that made the action of the Vigilance Committee a moral necessity. We well remember one election just prior to the organization of the Committee, while a desperate crowd of rounders controlled the city, our curiosity led us to stand about the polls on election day, on Kearny Street, between Clay and Sacramento, watching with a boy's wide-eyed interest the crowd and its excitement. Suddenly a pistol shot rang out, and the frenzied crowd sought safety around the corner. I was not long in joining the rush for safety, and when I recovered breath enough at a safe distance to ask what was the matter, was told that a man had been shot for trying to steal the ballot box. I did not quite comprehend the situation, and asked what he wanted to steal the ballot box for, and was told that it might be stuffed with votes. Stealing ballot boxes and stuffing them with illegal votes were the means used to secure and hold political power by the desperate gamblers.

Returning to our relations, as a boy, with the early city, growing daily from the accessions from all quarters of the globe, it is fascinating to go back across the stretch of years and to recreate things that were in the presence of things that are. The conflagration of 1906 was the third sweeping fire we had seen, practically wiping the city, in its business part, out of existence. Three times have we seen the naked ground, where now in their fine proportions stand magnificent and towering structures, made strong and splendid by modern art and design. The unquenchable energy of those who suffered was not daunted by these, to them, minor disasters. Time only was allowed for the ashes to cool and again the hammer, the saw and the trowel were in patient hands, reconstructing better buildings on the old sites. These fires, so far as the city was concerned, were special providences, for each time the new far surpassed the old. The first neglects were cured, a civic pride displaced indifference, and the proportions and grace of an ambitious, sane architecture began to be a part of new edifices, public and private. Better streets became a necessity; municipal cleanliness was imperative; and thus by disaster was the city aided in its development toward the permanent. Trade expanded, commerce became as remunerative and more certain than the mines, and those who had been educated in counting-houses and marts of trade saw opportunities of fortune in these occupations, and settled down to the steady accomplishment of business. Dreams passed into hopeful activities, and the fame of San Francisco traveled across the world—not as a seaport, where men could land in a domain of gold, but as a commercial rival with the oldest and richest ports of trade anywhere in the world. Her relation to the Orient was recognized and prophecy blew through her trumpet that here should yet be builded a city magnificent in extent, beauty and wealth. A vision of great things often locks the lip for fear that the vision may have been a delusion. We are free to say, however, if we are faithful to moral law in personality and resource, no man need be afraid to proclaim from the housetops that we yet shall rival all the splendid capitals of the world.

Evolution had her perfect work in San Francisco. Steady as the march of the stars has been her advance along the highway of progress. We stand in her streets to-day like one in a dream, where, rising from her ashes, falls upon us the shadow of splendid structures, while there beats about us the din of mighty work. "Rome was not built in a day" was a copybook maxim of our school days—no! But as memory works it seems to us that San Francisco has been built three times in a day. Desolation and ashes still cling to a part of her scorched garments, but time and the genius of our people will, in the new years, build and renew the vacant spaces. She will be ready in due time for the millions on their way to her gates, and their dwellings shall be palaces, enriched by all that art can do, in the twentieth century, to make them beautiful.

It sometimes seems as if it could not be true, that we have been a part of the evolution of this city of wonder. It seems but as yesterday that we climbed up the slopes of California Street hill, and, at Powell Street, left behind the city, as we wended our way out through the woods and underbrush to the beach, where we gathered blackberries and wild strawberries, as we watched our traps set for the cunning "Chippie" birds. This was the schoolboy's Saturday relief from school. This western part of the peninsula was then a wilderness, nowhere were signs of occupation, except now and then, widely separated, dairy houses, lonely amid the bushes. The beach out by the historic Cliff House, was a place of silence, except for the voices of the sea as its thunders beat against the cliffs. The seals, as now, were there, wallowing in the sun and barking to their fellows. We can not now, as then, at North Beach and South Beach, battle with the salt waters, nude as a baby. We can not hail an omnibus in Montgomery Street for the only ride in a public conveyance in the city. This line of omnibuses was a feature of the early city, and at the time of its establishment it ran from the North Beach up Stockton, down Washington, through Montgomery to South Park, then the most fashionable residential part of the city. We can not board a train of steam cars at Lotta's Fountain, for a ride to the Willows, to spend a holiday afternoon. We wandered at night in the shadow of unlit streets. Truly the old things have passed forever. It has not been all gain. Transitions have their losses, and we often, in the beauty and brilliance of the new, pine for the simplicity, safety and freedom of the old, when we and the pueblo were young together.

The fateful April 18th, 1906, did the world its greatest harm in the destruction of priceless accumulations of many minds; the patient toil of years in many a field rich in historic interest perished in a moment. This will finally remain as the real loss to the world. Many material things were ready for destruction to make way for better things. The three-fifths of the city swept into ashes was that portion which could be removed only by some such disaster. But the gain to the city, as such, and to the State and to the world is immeasureable. Palaces of commerce, temples of worship, splendid homes of drama, rising in the beauty of modern art, are crowding the main avenues of the city, and everywhere the most magnificent city of the world is rising toward the sky.

The new city is a revelation of civic beauty. Truly now the cleft in the hills we named, in an hour of poetic fervor, the "Golden Gate" is such because it opens up to the Pacific seas a highway to the countless thousands of the world, by which they may enter into the City Beautiful.

Three active agents wrought for our good in our disaster. The earthquake shock smote the worn-out buildings near to but not beyond the hope of repair, and wrecked the water mains, the only agents of safety, so that the fire wiped out the wrecked buildings beyond the temptation of repair. The accumulation of hundreds of millions of the world's insurance companies furnished the capital for rebuilding. This was an awful but splendid plan for the creation of a great city. While the loss of the accumulations of genius may as yet seem irreparable, it may be that the future will disclose that this was also a providence, the greatest of all; for yet, from our ashes, may arise a distinctive art and literature that shall express on these Western shores a beauty richer far than the glories of Greece or Italy, because it shall be more human. It may be that in the finer achievements of the mind and soul of men, here shall be created "the new Heaven and the new Earth;" for God never works in vain, and "the light that never was on sea or land" may be the force that shall justify the genius of the Anglo-Saxon and verify the dream of Rhodes, who left to the world by his will and testament his vast accumulations for this great purpose.

All great things have a radiating center. Nothing focalizes human affairs like beauty, and the splendid city was the primal need for a full development of distinctive Western genius, world-wide in energy, and human in the forces which shall quicken the minds and hearts of its people. Here is the dream and the achievement of Rhodes. Can any man say that there is no relation between the dream of Rhodes and the destruction of San Francisco? Could Anglo-Saxon civilization meet the challenge of the Orient without a splendid city on the shores of the Pacific?

The challenge of the Orient comes at the hands of the Japanese, a race hardly a half-century removed from barbarism, yet standing beside its cradle and waving commercial and military defiance to the Western world. The Chinese for centuries have traveled in a circle; the Japanese strides toward mastery in a terribly straight line as the shortest cut to Empire. Our occupation of the Pacific Coast has been by moral gravitation toward great things. If Berkeley was a prophet when he wrote "Westward the course of empire takes its way," then the dominant city of the western slope of the continent must be great, beautiful. How could it be such except with all that was insignificant, inadequate wiped away by shock and flame?

As I review the wondrous changes from 1849 to 1909, I sometimes wonder that I am able from memory alone to draw accurate pictures of things long past, and to follow along the lines that lead from one historic era to another, and to set in appropriate groups the events that have molded the capital city of the Western world.

Chapter V

PASTIMES, OCCUPATIONS AND PLEASURES IN RURAL COMMUNITIES

THE boys and girls of early California were a robust lot of youngsters, full of blood and vigor, a happy-go-lucky, careless, laughing, shouting crowd. They were the progeny of men and women who found life in California inspiration and beauty. Home was a real thing. Mothers gathered their children about the table, sat with them by the fireside and instilled into them the homely virtues that are potent builders of character. In this atmosphere they grew up with moral outlooks, respect for their elders and a reverence for woman, but they were riotously full of life. Temptations were few, and the happy-hearted child grew up where old-fashioned morals were in the climate.

Schools were old-fashioned, but somehow the old district schools turned out many men who afterwards made history and became as famous as those who are turned out by the modern universities. Webster's old spelling book, Towne's old Fourth reader, McGuffey's old Fourth reader and Murray's grammar have been the foundations of many a solid scholarship of men who have been noted for profound and brilliant attainments. The spelling school was held at the schoolhouse once a week during the night time, to which old and young were welcome, and where the toddling youngster and the gray-haired grand-daddy competed in the same line of spellers. This made accurate the knowledge of words and from the rivalry engendered, many became so proficient that there was not a word in the old spelling books that they could not correctly spell. It was great fun, and one of the wholesome vents for youthful enthusiasm. There were innocent flirtations carried on between the bashful lads and the winsome, coy, little maidens, which was a part of the weekly spelling school, which ripened into lifelong affections, culminating at last at the altar. In after years Pa and Ma told their youngsters how they used to go to spelling school. These were, of course, limited to the country schools, for the city children had other chances for recreation.

The weekly debating society was another but more pretentious and ambitious institution. This was also held weekly, usually on Saturday night. The participants in this were the half-grown lads and young men of the neighborhood, who organized with a ponderous constitution and a long list of by-laws, and under their protection fought out many a forensic battle over questions that have puzzled the minds of sages for ages and are still unsettled. To these debating societies a large part of the rural community used to gather, old men with their wives, young men with their sweethearts, listened to and applauded the eloquence of the fervid young orators. The question to be debated on any night was selected by a standing committee on the night of the preceding meeting, so that all might have an opportunity to prepare for the debate. Among the members of these societies were many who were in deadly earnest, had deep-seated ambitions to profit by their opportunity, and studied during the week, after a day in the field, history, rhetoric, logic and kindred wisdom. The history of the State subsequently, in the records of the Legislature and the Courts, had names of bold, brilliant men, whose first efforts were in the country debating society. This record is not peculiar to early California life, but is a national one, for the House of Representatives and the Senate of the United States have been thrilled by lofty ideals and beauty of speech acquired by the orator in some backwoods debating society. The influence of these societies upon the rural communities was substantially good. Social relations of families were established, courtesy polished crudeness of manner, and the kindly but awkward lad was made familiar with the usages of society. That this last result was possible may seem strange, but not when it is known that in almost every society there were men who were scholars and refined gentlemen, who did not regard it beneath their dignity to participate in these deliberations. Such models of demeanor to the rustic youth he studied and copied. The contests were often spirited but were always in good humor, and we can not recall a single instance where in the surge and grapple of the battle rude speech ever marred the temper of the debaters.

The presence of the rustic belles gave grace and brightness to the occasion, while their presence was a call to order. They were to many a lad the inspiration of his speech.

Both the spelling and the debating societies were over-shadowed by the weekly singing school. In every community there was some man who at least thought he was a budding Caruso, and was ambitious not only to exhibit his talents but to add to his purse the little revenue to be derived from musical instruction to those who had musical talent. The singing school was a pay institution. A series of lessons were given, usually running over three months of the winter. The fee for the course was very reasonable and within the means of everybody, and as the school was a sort of center of social life while it lasted, it was usually crowded. The doors were open to spectators and visitors, and from all directions on meeting night young and old gathered. Before the call to order and the serious work, the old farmers gathered into knots and discust the weather, the crops and the state of the market; the kindly housewives chattered over those small things that make up home life—their children, the price of butter and eggs, and what they had seen on their last visit to town; the young lads and lasses were not apt to group, were more often to be found two by twos, a little apart from the others, and bright-eyed and happy-hearted, laughed themselves into moods that made the music crude, however it might be from an artistic point beautiful and attractive to them. The old country singing school was wholesome. It brought neighbors closer together, fixt kindly relations, relieved the tedium of secluded lives on the ranch, and kept fresh hearts that otherwise might have grown tired, and callous from the loneliness of country life. It humanized, set moral standards wider apart, and brightened the outlook of daily lives that were too likely to become but a treadmill between dawn and sunset.

The master was usually some member of the community, with a little talent for music and a limited knowledge of the art, with a voice more ambitious than melodious. It was taken for granted that he knew more than did his scholars, and this qualified him for his office, and he usually made up in zeal what he lacked in culture. His chief qualification may have been that he was fairly good-looking and a bachelor of marriageable age. To any young damsel he was a possibility and this increased her interest in her studies. The little rural maiden was cunningly proficient in all the arts of flirtation and but little behind her stately sister of the city. Her environment was more simple, her opportunity more limited, but the human heart everywhere, in the country and the city, beats with the same rhythm, and the little wood nymph is as expert in the interpretation, often more so, than the princess who stands within the circle of the throne. Often, if some favored swain was a little shy or slow and needed a little prodding, it was easy for the wise little witch to quicken his interest by letting him see her flirt with the teacher.

Sunday in the country was a day universally observed. There was real reverence in the hearts of the simple folk in the old days for the "Lord's Day." Work was laid aside. It would have been disreputable then for a man to have driven his team afield, or to have done more than necessary chores—feed his stock, milk his cows and groom his horses. The men and women folks cleaned up and put on their "Sunday-go-to-meeting" clothes and sedately enjoyed the calm and silence of the hours of real rest and refreshment. The district school was, on Sunday, the usual place of worship, except in more ambitious neighborhoods, where a church was erected for the use and benefit of all denominations. The roads leading to this house of worship would be lined with vehicles, more or less pretentious, carrying the good country folks to church. A sedate gravity was on all of their faces, as if the time and place were serious. There was always something beautiful about these Sunday meetings, where the simple folk, without regard to denomination of the preacher, gathered to sing hymns, and devoutly listen to the "old, old story." A curious custom derived from whence we never knew was the division of the sexes. To the church-house door, a man would walk with his family, and as soon as they entered the door, he, with his sons, would walk to their seats on one side of the aisle, and the mother with her daughters to the other, and thus divided as merest strangers they remained during the service. After the service was over occurred the main social hour of the week. Preacher and his congregation spent half an hour or so in friendly talk, neighbors shook hands and made kindly inquiries, the women folks, old and young, had the weekly renewal of friendly relations, and the preacher, who was most often from abroad, was carried off to dinner to some farmhouse, where there had been prepared the historic chicken, and neighbors who also lived at a distance were made by loving compulsion to go with neighbors nearby for dinner, and thus with the simplicity of perfect hospitality, the lessons of the sermon were enforced by the touch of hearts made warm and genuine.

It would be well for us now, if under the swelling dome of the modern cathedrals, "whose arches gather and roll back the sound of anthems," we could lay off the cares of life, its pride and greed, and feel once again the sympathy of hearts as true and sweet as those that worshiped in the old country schoolhouse.

The Fourth of July was the great day of the country. These celebrations are becoming year by year less observed, unfortunately for the country. It was looked forward to for weeks. If the nearest town did not undertake a celebration, a meeting was held in the neighborhood and a committee appointed to secure an orator and brass band, arrange for a barbecue and the amusements. This committee was a competent body, and they devoted themselves with earnest enthusiasm to their work. The orator and band were easily secured. The barbecue required more effort. The provender to feed the crowd must be secured by free contributions, which were generously made. Gifts were abundant, and when all else was secured, dishes, knives, forks and table-cloths for service must be obtained, and these were found by levies upon the homes, which were never refused. With them came the women folks to serve the crowd. It was a labor of love and volunteers were numerous.

The day before the cooks dug trenches, built their fires and roasted whole bullocks, hogs and sheep. The preparation of fowls was left to the housewives, to be roasted in their ovens and brought with them, with loads of cakes, pies, breads and condiments, gallons of coffee, tea and milk.

When the exercises of the day were over, the hungry, happy patriots were invited to "fall in," and they did. It was always a great feast, worthy of the day. The feast over, the afternoon hours were spent in simple amusements—dancing, ball-games, wrestling matches, foot races, and sometimes a horse race or two between the rival horses of the neighborhood. In all of these there was a good natured, hearty participation that came from simple hearts and healthy bodies, loving their country; the enjoyment of those who lived largely in open fields, children of nature, nourished by the wholesome air and peace of the farm, who found in the day's toil satisfaction, the repose of undisturbed nights. Life was not large but it was peaceful. The disquiet of restless ambitions were unknown in the simple homesteads in the old country of California.

The annual camp-meeting, held by some leading denominations or by a joinder of several of them, in some popular rural center, after the harvest was over, was the most serious, extended and largely attended of all the functions of the year. The denominations, that most frequently held these particular services, were the Methodists, Baptists and Christians or Campbellites, as they were then called. These were great mass-meetings held in a grove under the authority of the church leaders, to which the whole country was invited and welcomed. It having been declared that a camp-meeting should be held, the time and place fixed, there was a general rounding up of the resources of the church for its yearly attack on the stronghold of the Devil, and the "big guns" of the church were invited to take charge of the situation. The faithful, with their household goods, gathered and erected their tents, joined in a common plan for the free entertainment of strangers, who might be attracted so that a Christian hospitality should supplement the religious services.

The camp was always in some attractive part of the country where the shade of groves and the fresh running water were abundant. Two weeks were usually the time during which the meeting was held, and so arranged that at least three Sundays should intervene. These were field days, during which from dawn until midnight, Satan and his cohorts were bombarded with sermons, songs and prayers. Vast crowds were in attendance on these days and the whole countryside laid aside every pursuit to swell the crowd. These camp-meetings were a psychological study, and he who desired to make a study, safely, was wise to do so from a distance, for unless he be of rare coolness of blood and steady of mind, he was apt to be caught in the ebb and flow of emotions that were dangerous to scientific analysis, for there was a tremendous volume of deeply stirred feeling, that at times rose into ecstasy and mysticism, and men and women, whose experience of life was ordinarily along uneventful ways, fell under the spell of intense religious fervor, and for the time were transported into the exaltation of the old prophets. We have many times witnessed these strange exhibitions, where the mass yielded to the influence and seemed to be tossed and shaken in the throes of a tremendous spiritual stress. That a compelling moral force was at work could not be denied, for when the calm came, there emerged from it, with changed characters, lives out of which the dross had been shaken and into which had entered new beauty and sweetness. The Parable of the Sower was often verified at these meetings. The seed fell upon differentiating ground and the harvest was according to the fertility of the soil receiving the seed.

The camp-meeting has passed, with many other institutions of the old age, but we are constrained to say that when they were a part of the social and religious economy of the rural people, they were of great moral use and force. Once a year, at least, they cleaned up the lives of the people and inspired them with nobler aspirations and larger hopes.

In those portions of the State where, over the great valleys and the ranges of hills, thousands of cattle ranged in freedom, there was admixture of herds, whose ownership was indicated by the brand and the earmarks. These brands and earmarks were all registered so they were protected from piracy. The great body of the country was still a pasture, whose occupation was in common, and he who desired to keep separate his lands from his neighbors was, by law, compelled to fence. The evolution of the State from this condition to the occupation by green fields, orchards and vineyards, brought about a change in the law, and the cattleman was finally compelled to fence in his herds.

While the ranges were in common, some common plan was required by which the cattlemen should be able to count his herds and to brand his increase. To meet this necessity the Mexican "Rodeo" was adopted by law, and once a year, on a day fixed, all of those, who claimed cattle ranging in any section, met with their vaqueros, and from the exterior boundaries of the range drove all of the cattle, old and young, to a common center, and out of the vast mass each owner separated those bearing his brand and earmark. These were carefully counted and the calves branded and earmarked, and after a careful overlook by the assembled owners, the status of ownership was fixed and the herds allowed again to separate to their accustomed ranges, all except such as were driven by their owners to market.

These "Rodeos" often lasted for several days, and while they lasted, they were exciting, turbulent, noisy scenes. The rush of noisy, excited, bellowing cattle beating the plain into dust under the thunder of hoofs, the shouts of the vaqueros, who with lasso roped and tied the victims of the branding iron, stirred the pulses of the visitor and made him familiar with the process of cattle raising on a large scale, and gave him some insight into the things that made the cattle business fascinating—for the ease and freedom of it ties a man to it as long as the ranges are open to the running of his herds, and he only gives it up at the call of the inevitable—the loss of ranges from the continual lessening of the boundaries by the occupation of the individual farmer and fruit-grower.

Before we close the chapter, let us take up the purely boyish sports of the old days of the country. There was one thing that the California boy was compelled to do or lose caste, and that was to be able to ride a "bucking" horse. Unless he could successfully sit on a wild horse, saddled for the first time, he was considered a "Molly-coddle," and not entitled to ride with the more robust and daring chaps who had this capacity and this courage. Saturday, being a non-school day, was the favorite time for the indulgence of wild horse-riding, and many an afternoon on Saturday, we remember, when the older boys of the school would gather at some particular farm, where there were a number of such wild horses, and the afternoon would be spent in riding these for the first time. We remember several of the occasions when we undertook this venturesome and strenuous sport, and it was allowed as one of the rules of the boys, that a boy might be thrown once or twice in his first endeavors, but that after that he was not entitled to enter the ring of the true sports unless he could sit on a "bucking" horse. We had our experience with the first two or three jumps, and know how hard the ground is when you strike it from the top of a big mustang. We can truthfully say that there is no motion in the world exactly like that of a "bucking" horse, although in the earthquake of 1906, when we endeavored to find something to which we could tie the motion, we really did recall the experience we had upon the back of one of the "bucking" mustangs.

Chapter VI

BEFORE THE AGE OF GOLD

THE chief contribution of the world to California from 1840 to 1849 was a virile manhood, in which was mingled all the noblest qualities of mind and heart. Those who came prior to 1849 were hardy men who followed the sun across the continent, searching for breadth to their lives, freedom from the limitations of conditions that on the Eastern shores, and even in the then expanding West, tended to crush out the ambitions of men who had begun to feel the splendid proportions of the land where the Puritan and the Huguenot had laid the foundations of a new order of government and practically a new civilization. The moral purpose of the Puritan and Huguenot,—the freedom to follow their own consciences,—having been accomplished, the restless genius of the new generation sought not only for moral liberty but also for freedom to grow in the great empire which was then but silent spaces, where native tribes divided among themselves the land as their hunting grounds. It was the evolution of species, the Anglo-Saxon expanding in obedience to the strain of his blood. His lungs were big, and to fill them full needed a continent, and he took it.

The Huguenot was more content with his land, lying in the sunny lap of the south, whose romance and beauty and plenty lulled him to satisfaction.

The ceaseless beat of storm for half the year upon their dwelling places drove the Puritan's sons out into the forests and levels of the West, where he found breathing ground but still within the chill of snow and ice. There floated to him somehow out of the heavens, as if shaken from the wings of migrating birds, the story of a land of summer, sunshine, radiance and roses, and his sons set forth to find where the sun sank to rest over the western rim of the continent. These were stalwart, hardy men, restless with the matchless genius of their race,—energized but not fevered, for they were stern of faith, full of hope and steady in nerve. They were like the first drops of rain from the clouds preceding the storm, compared with that ceaseless current of people that like the flow of a great river in the near years were to overflow from the whole world to populate and build the new commonwealth of the republic,—masterful and brilliant. These pioneers builded better than they knew. Subconsciously, doubtless, they had dreams that they were a part of manifest destiny, but it takes time for the mind to grow to appreciation of large things, and so without plan they worked as individuals, not as a part of a nation. Out of the silent breadth of mountain and valley the pioneer sought grants of domains, affiliated in life and manners with the race among whom he had cast his lot. He modified but never lost his close relation to the race whose blood ran rich and red in his veins and beat strong in his steady heart. Youth and hope, companion artists, painted pictures of an empire of peace and plenty. These were large men, coming to possess a large land; their best equipment was the sturdiness that had been worked into brain and brawn by the very hardness of early conditions. They were not cavaliers seeking for new pleasures, rather round-heads ready to force open Fate's hands and compel all that belonged to those who were self-contained and competent. They were, as we have said, obedient to the manifest destiny of the race to which they belonged,—the spirit that crossed unknown seas in the cabin of the *Mayflower,* that made Plymouth Rock the shrine of those who love liberty, in all the world, and that yielded itself in the terrible years from 1861 to 1865 to carnage, mutilation and death, to give freedom to a despised race with whom affiliation is an endless impossibility. They walked oftentimes with aimless feet, buried their beloved dead in lonely graves, looked forth at noon into stretches of burning skies, beheld the sun sink in the waste of deserts, wandered confused in the wilderness of doubt but ever with quenchless energy pressed on. Many a gaunt figure stripped of its robust strength by terrible strains lost all but deathless faith, yet stumbled on toward the Western shore, sustained by the genius of his race, conquering and to conquer; for he knew that "God's in his heaven: all's right with the world."

The same providential manhood that possest the icy shores of New England made its way through desolation to hold the Western shores, the advance guard, until the mass could move forward to make populous the wilderness, to build cities, create communities, rear homes, establish freedom and live in the splendid abundance of matchless California. First the individual, strong, clear-brained, pure-hearted; then groups that made the loneliness of solitary lives fragrant with companionshp; then communities where women sweetened the days with their love song, and shout of children made melody among the hills and in the valleys.

The first pioneer was not seeking for wealth. He sought empire, was free from the commercial fever of these days, when the best in man and the race is eaten out by the hunger for dollars, when commerce is of more importance than moral gifts, and the lofty spirit of our ancestors clouded by temptations to surpass our neighbors in quantity, rather than in quality of possessions. The men who came West were fit for the land they sought. They measured up to the glory and the beauty; they made history, that is, romance, beautiful because noble and generous. The Latin possest before the Anglo-Saxon romance which became the Anglo-Saxon's by adoption and assimilation. There was enchantment in the baronial life of the Spaniard, and it did not take the Anglo-Saxon long to yield to its charm. It made life beautiful and sweet and winning, but did not weaken his strength. The dominance of the Spaniard in religious life did not disturb the stern faith of the Puritan. With clear visions of the future he built his altars within the sound of the matin and vesper bells of the Missions, and cast in his lot with the kindly Latin, finding companionship among his sons and love among his daughters. There came the admixture of blood by inevitable marriages, for the virile son of the

North was as fascinating to the dainty señorita of the South, as she was to him. And so, without loss of fiber he settled down among the roses and dreamed and loved and grew.

Had there been no discovery of gold resulting in the submergence of existing conditions, and the occupation by cosmopolitan population greedy for gold, the history of the Pacific shores would have been slow in the writing, but would have been written by poets and dreamers; a new race would have evolved from the Latin and the Anglo-Saxon blood; men would have lived and wrought inspired by the joy of living; the shores of the Pacific would have vied with the ancient shores of the Mediterranean in the genius of its people and the splendor of their intellectual life. It would have by natural attraction become the home of genius and beauty and excellence. Here the mind of man would have been quickened by noble sceneries, lifted to the heights by Shasta and Whitney, and wooed by sunny vales under the sun. Every human excellence would have been factors of life; it would have become the repose of the world, where art, poetry, song and science would have been its hosts. That this development would have been the logical sequence if California had been left to the expansion of its resources, outside of gold, is apparent now in the South where men have seized upon these larger realities, and have found in sunny skies, in orange groves and fields of bloom, the perfection of life. Here the heart-sore, the stricken and the ill divide the fragrance and the beauty with the scholar, the painter and the poet. Here men are beginning to know that "the toiler dies in a day but the dreamer lives alway;" that homes beautiful are more attractive than counting-houses; that human intercourse is more than a pastime; that the spirit illuminated and purified by daily lessons drawn from roses, from orange blossoms and lilies, can find rest from care, turbulence and ambition, and men are beginning to learn how great a thing it is to be alive when the visible world and the uplifted heavens are their companions.

Men still refer to the character of the pioneer and grow eloquent when they speak of those who laid the foundations of the young State. The appeal of the populace in San Francisco, in the desolate days of 1906, when they stood in wastes of ashes and despair, was to the spirit of the pioneers. To them it was as the heart of Bruce flung before them in battle. It was to them inspiration to build again a fair city, and they have built and are building. Are they building as their fathers did, laying its foundations broad and deep in civic righteousness?

As lads, we were familiar with the home life of many pioneers of whom we have written. We were the playmates of their boys, welcome always to their homes. They were scattered throughout the State, wherever great stretches of fertile acres had won them to settlement. Nathan Combs settled in Napa, where in largeness of generosity he lived like a prince. In the midst of the pastoral beauty of that perfect valley he had chosen a fair domain, and was lord of the Manor, large-minded, great-hearted, reaping abundance and giving out of it with prodigal hands. Gold had no alluring power, for while restless thousands poured in about him, he "pursued the even tenor of his way," content with life because it was a thing to be contented with. The measure of temporal things he had accurately taken, and he found no reason to question his measurement. His estate was broad and fine, and his ways were "ways of pleasantness and all his paths were peace." Men had not been stricken with the fever that now consumes them. We were often within his gates, a boyish guest, and there still lingers in the mind the fascination that made his rancho to our youthful outlook more like a dream than a reality.

We could not quite understand how life could be so grand a thing, how a single man without the authority of a governor could possess and manage so great an estate. We wandered at will over the broad acres and wondered at the capacity which had created a dwelling place where, in the satisfaction of abundance, so many people lived in peace, sheltered and fed by a single hand. Had we then known of the feudal system and its lords and their retainers, we would have understood. We did understand later on, and in that enlargement of knowledge it all became more and more beautiful. He measured heroically every way. His horizons were wide apart and it took a long diameter to measure between his exterior boundaries. He worked easily without fret, for he had a steady brain; a rare judgment aided by a fine taste was apparent in the perfection and order. His fields were tilled under best conditions, his horses were of noted breeds, his cattle of the finest herds, and the products of his fields and orchards the best of their kind. He early became a noted man, his fame broader than the State. On his noble estate he lived a long life, satisfied with its fruits, an example of what content can do to make a human life noble.

In like conditions and estates, in Sonoma, lived Fitch and Alexander; in Yolo, the two Wolfskill brothers; at Santa Clara, Murphy; at Santa Barbara, Cooper; at Los Angeles Wilson, the other Wolfskill brother, Workman, Temple and Stearns; this is not a complete list but is ample to fix the type, for they were all of the same order of men who were of the royal family, tho not born to the purple. When a boy, we knew Alexander, the Wolfskills, Wilson and Workman, and were comrades of the sons of Fitch. Before California passed from territorial days, Fitch himself died.

Cyrus Alexander, whose grant of three square leagues now constitutes the charming valley east of Heraldsburg, known as Alexander Valley, in Sonoma County, now a populous region, was one of the most remarkable of all those who came to California in the ancient days. His life was one of adventure, his career a history of heroism, and his character a study in fine humanities. In 1860 we first saw Alexander, when the glorious spring was calling out the blossoms and the delicate grasses and the leaves of the trees. It was at his manor house, where for years he had lived, rearing his family of half-castes, for he, like most of the early pioneers, had married into a Mexican family. From this union there had sprung a family of boys and girls in whose form and face were traceable the traits of the distinct bloods. These children were shy and silent. They inherited this from father and mother, for there was about both a quiet dignity; a consciousness of moral resource; a capacity finding in life the fulness of peace within the spirit rather than in outward circumstances. This may in a measure have come from the uneventful years, free from noise, beyond the whirl of wheels, the rumble of cars and the whistles of locomotives, which in the future ended the pastoral silence, and disturbed with the voices of commerce the Sabbath silence and replaced the simplicity of secluded life with the energies of a new era.

To be a guest at Alexander's home was to enjoy one's self according to one's own tastes, for, added to a wholesome, hearty welcome, there was always an invitation to undisturbed freedom to come and go as one wished. Simple, unostentatious, charming, was the touch of these self-contained lives, that without art or simulation made the stranger within their gates sure that so long as he chose to stay, he was not only welcome, but that his presence was regarded as a contribution to the pleasure of his hosts. We tasted of this generosity, for we were under that kindly roof often, and in the atmosphere of its freedom learned how perfect was the hospitality that was without limitation.

Alexander himself was a man of moral genius. There was not a common fiber in him anywhere. He had not been to the schools where men were taught ethics and self-control, but he was by nature qualified in these supreme qualities. Were we competent to fairly make clear in words his lofty character, we would be adding an enticing chapter to literature, wherein the virtues of noble men are made the inspiration of those who read,—those rare records of clean men to whom honor was life, justice a thing to be obeyed not feared, whose allegiance to truth was steady as the gravitation of the spheres. Alexander was of sturdy stock in which the Pennsylvania Dutchman was a little overtopped by the New England Puritan. There was strength in both bloods, and in him neither was lost, for all that was best in both was welded together. His life had been adventuresome, often full of deadly perils. When a mere youth he left the quiet ancestral home near Philadelphia, then hardly more than a country village, although it had been the center of stirring colonial history, and wandered through the forests and prairies of the then unpopulated West. Stories of the Hudson Bay Company's and Astor's success in the Northwest had fired his imagination and hope, and he was on his way to the Rocky Mountains to find in their wilds a field for his ventursome spirit. He had a single companion, and they hunted and trapped with varying success, not large enough, however, to fill out his dream of life. He crossed now and then the trail of the emigrant and learned something, though vague, of the great land that skirted the shores of the Pacific.

Oftentimes by the lonely camp-fire, he would dream of the great Western land, until he grew restless with his uncertain pursuits, and it needed only some slight event to drive him on to the shores of the Western sea. This event came soon in the loss by drowning, in one of the treacherous streams of the Rockies, of his partner, and he joined an emigrant band and came on to the promised land. Providence was with him in this, for in the account of the accident as he told us, if he had been a swimmer, he would doubtless have been lost also, for, when the canoe was swamped in the currents of the swift rapids, his comrade, a strong swimmer, struck out for the shore, only to be caught in the icy whirl and dashed to death, while he clung to the overturned canoe until at last, tho beaten and bruised, he reached the shore. His situation was desperate, for he was alone in a land of solitudes and peril. The only human beings near were hostile Indians. His Dutch persistence and Puritan faith stood him well in hand, and he, without food or gun, struck out through the gloom of the forests, along rocky cliffs, over desperate mountain heights, in peril from wild beasts and wilder men, searching for the western trail which, when found, might be but the deserted path of trains long since gone beyond his reach. He was too strong for defeat, too young for despair, and he pressed on with hope, and before many days found safety in the camp of the last train of the year, and with it came on to California, to find under its sunny skies, in the beauty of one of the most delightful of valleys, home, wife, children and peace.

Henry Fitch, an Englishman, had, before Alexander reached California, secured from the Mexican Government a large grant of land lying on both sides of the Russian River, in the territory which is now part of Sonoma County. He and Alexander met, and at once Alexander took charge of the grant as *major domo*, it being agreed that for three years' service he was to receive three square leagues of land lying on the eastern bank of the Russian River. In this way Alexander became a landed proprietor, owner of a principality, where he cast in his lot, lived and died. The increase in values made him rich. He sold much, gave away liberally, but retained much.

Beautiful as are many of the Coast Range regions in wooded hills and intervening valleys, nowhere can be found a more lovely spot than was chosen by Alexander. The eastern horizon is filled with hills that slope toward the sky, with woods that color them with the lights and shadows so peculiar to the Coast Range. On the west flows the river, across which another noble line of lesser hills filled in the western sky. Between these lies a great park glorified by majestic oaks and open spaces, where, before the plowman tore them up, fields of wild flowers, dainty in shape and color and full of perfume in the springtime and young summer, bloomed in the soft airs. In this wilderness of beauty and delight great bands of cattle and horses roamed at will. In the midst of this glorious place, on a commanding mound that jutted out from the eastern hills, stood the great adobe manor house, two stories in height, nearly two hundred feet in length, and sixty feet wide. Around this massive structure ran a wide double veranda. It was a noble building, and an index to the largeness of its builder. We remember that within its walls there were, in addition to a vast kitchen, dining hall and family room, forty great rooms for guests. This splendid plan gives one some idea of how the early pioneers of California looked upon life, for what was found upon the Alexander Rancho was to be found in the others. Everything was big and generous. The hospitality dispensed in this home was without ceremony, but had in it the spirit of graciousness that made it an experience to be remembered always as a fine expression of man's kindness to his fellows. Their ordinary daily meals were as rich as a baronial feast. The noble Mexican, Alexander's wife, who spoke no language but her own, seemed to live and move and have her being in the storehouse of the kitchen, where she directed her servants in the art of perfect cooking, and with her own hands prepared for her table, in which she gloried, delicacies that would almost tempt a dying man. We frequently sat down to these wonderful feasts, wondering always at their perfection and prodigality. It was always a colossal culinary masterpiece. The days are gone forever, when such noble living shall be a part of daily life on the rancho, for this baronial life is now a romance of ancient history.

The foregoing furnishes some insight into the largeness of his home life and habits. Alexander was a man in the all-around attributes of true manhood. To us as a boy he was a study, for we had not yet become used to men of such mold. We remember him as first we saw him. He was over sixty years of age, silent and of great dignity. His reserve was an attractive part of his personality. Tho the vicissitudes of his youth had bent his form a little, and cut deep lines across his brow, he was still strong and wholesome. When standing still, he was like a bronze statue. He would at any time attract an artist, be he painter or sculptor, for there was in his pose a suggestion of power. His face was his most attractive feature, for it was the face of a good man who had lived a noble life. It was that nobility shining through the sternness which held the eye of a stranger. It was like the illumination which shines through the windows of a great edifice when inner lights make its beauty visible in the night. It was the light of a serene spirit at peace with itself and the world.

Tho for years he had been in the wilderness and afterward beyond the sound of church bells, he had a deep and abiding spirituality, that had its root in perfect conviction that the Bible was the word of God, who created the heavens above him and the earth beneath. He lived in the atmosphere of this simple faith, making no declaration of his beliefs,—just believing and living as one who knew his moral obligations, and within his lights lived up to them. In later years he longed for religious companionship and was liberal in his contributions to the church of his faith. In 1858 he presented to a well-known pioneer minister of his church, a noble farm near his home, and for years thereafter paid almost his entire yearly salary. He built a home for education and worship and dedicated it to public use. Here for years on every Sunday morning he would be found a silent, devout figure in voiceless satisfaction, drinking in what to him were indeed words that made clear "the way, the truth and the life." He had found by experience that "wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace," and thus this nobleman, in the quiet and content of well-earned possessions, in the "peace that passeth all understanding," unswayed by passion or ambition, slowly, quietly, strongly, walked down the paths of the years, an example of the grandeur of a man, able, under conditions that might well have daunted him, to live a long life unmarred by vice. He died as he had lived, a silent, strong, faithful man, leaving to his wife and children abundant possessions, and a memory fragrant with the sweetness of a great spirit. A commonwealth made up of a citizenship such as Cyrus Alexander would have been mightier than Rome in her days of splendor.

In the orange groves of Wolfskill, at Los Angeles, where now are blocks of fine buildings and the rush of a busy city's traffic, we played with his boys, while nearby, sitting in the cool shade, Lady Wolfskill with her needle worked on the finery so dear to the Mexican feminine heart. About her was grouped a circle of Indian maidens to whom she had taught the skill of the needle, and in the Spanish tongue they chatted and laughed away the sunny hours. Wolfskill was one of the three brothers who had been attracted to California in the pioneer days, one to settle on the banks of the Los Angeles river, just beyond the pueblo, where he planted the vine and the orange, and cast in his manhood with his young Mexican bride, to find in the beauty of his southern home peaceful days. Memory yet sets before us the loveliness of his home, with its spacious adobe mansion, its great rooms full of repose. A fine brood of young ones grew up to manhood and womanhood here, the boys robust with the perfection of strength and health, and the girls winning in the loveliness that the wooing climate gave to the southern señorita as a heritage.

Many a glorious day we spent in the vintage time among the burdened vines, and when the orange trees hung heavy with their golden fruit with no one to say us nay or hand to stay us, we enjoyed the free and happy life, careless of the pain, the toil and the terror that were in other lives somewhere. No one can know how perfect is such an undisturbed life until he has had opportunity to become part and parcel of it,—to sit down in its security, feel its sweetness, be nourished by its strength. Others of the same type as Wolfskill were part of the population of the country, but they had sought for more extended grants and were homed on great ranchos, where their herds gave them occupation and recompense. Among these were Stearns, Workman, Temple and Wilson,—names that were honored and whose characters gave a tone to social life. They compelled by a living force the respect and admiration of the people among whom they, as young men of a different race, language and faith, were neighbors.

In Yolo County, near where Winters now stands, a flourishing village finding its wealth in its famed orchards, the remaining Wolfskill brothers, John and Sarshel, settled and built their roof-trees, carving noble estates out of fertile lands and making the wilderness blossom as the rose. Their estates joined each other. The mood and heart of these men were visible also in the largeness of everything about them. There was silence and loneliness here where these brothers first made their homes, but the serenity of the skies above them, the beauty of the hills that lifted just beyond their dwellings on the north, and the radiant reaches of the great Sacramento Valley that stretched on and on until lost in the far-off southern horizon, called them to peace as the vesper bells call the devotee to prayer. They grew under the influence of the physical world about them, and they and theirs became, and their descendants remain, noted to this day for the quality of their honor. This nobility, like an atmosphere, made fair and gracious the things about them. Years after we had been made welcome in the orange groves of the brother at Los Angeles, but as a boy, we knew these Wolfskill brothers. It is years ago, but as yesterday we recall the evening of a heated summer day, when up out of the weary miles of a tenantless valley, that stretched from the Sacramento river to the foothills, we rode into the rancho of John Wolfskill. It seemed as if we were in the midst of dreams. The contrast between the drear, uninhabited spaces through which we had ridden during the wearisome hours of the day, and the cool of noble trees, the breadth of glorious fields, the fragrant breath of orchards, and the sweetness and perfume of a wilderness of blossoms about the spacious dwelling rested the senses. It was at first too alluring to be fully understood. We were not stunned but moved by that sort of uncertainty that attends a suddenly awakened child in the presence of something he does not recognize but knows to be beautiful.

The physical beauty was made exquisite by the beauty of hospitality, as we sat down to the evening meal. The setting sun was making golden the summits of the glorious hills, and filling the place where we sat with an overflowing splendor. To a robust and unemotional boy this all seemed very good.

John Wolfskill was true to the type of which we have written, and it was always a matter of wonder to us that this type was so perfectly preserved in the mass, with such slight modification in the individual wherever you might find him. He was easily recognized. Physically they were like twins; mentally and morally they were kinfolks. The same strain of honesty, kindliness and generosity ran through them all, as a great river runs through the heart of a continent. We can not now recall among the many we knew an instance where a single one failed to measure up to the very best of human nature.

We could not close this chapter without some word about the brother of John, who lived nearby. This was "Uncle Sash" as he was called—just the same kind of man. We can not in any way better illustrate him and his life than to describe the incidents of a beautiful day we spent upon his rancho, for man may be measured by his estate. It was during the almond harvest, and as we entered the rancho we found "Aunt Peggie," the good wife, who was thus affectionately called by the whole country, because she was indeed through her qualities the "aunt" of the country. About her was a host of neighbors, young and old, sitting under the shade of the trees, shelling almonds, and we were invited to become one of the workers, which we did. A more delightful day we have never known than that spent among that happy crowd of almond shellers. Work and laughter, badinage and song, were mixed together, and the happy hours flew away. We were all grouped under the shade of great fig trees, half a century old, and during the mellow afternoon shelled and shelled without tiring, in happy competition. Aunt Peggie was a fountain of good cheer, and her happy heart flowed out over us all.

The noontime came, and into the great dining hall we trooped, until nearly half a hundred crowded about the table. It was such a royal feast as we have described before,—that same delightful welcome, the same cheerful hearts, the same atmosphere of content. The flock, the herd, the vineyard, the orchard and the field, each had contributed to the abundance of the table. The first diners having been satisfied, the table was again laid and replenished, about which again sat down nearly half a hundred. These were the joyous lads and lassies, and the great room rang with laughter at the sallies of some rustic wit; bright eyes, tender and merry, drooped, grew soft and shy, as across the table some youthful swain "looked love to eyes that spake again." A stalled ox, at least a juicy joint of him, was a part of the feast, but if he had not been there by this proxy, there was not a heart that would not have voted quickly that David was inspired when he wrote out of his experience centuries ago, "Better is a dinner of herbs with love, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith."

After dinner under the trees again the merry almond shellers gathered, and some one said "Why can not we have some watermelon?" This was enough for Aunt Peggie, and a nod to a nearby employee, a whispered order, and within half an hour a monster wagon, piled as high as the sides would hold with watermelons and muskmelons, drawn by two great mules, arrived, and Aunt Peggie, with a merry twinkle in her gentle eye, said, "There, dears, you all can have a slice of melon." A slice! Hardly! For soon each possest a whole melon and was digging out its luscious heart, taking only of its daintiest meats. We had become somewhat used to the grand way these people had of doing the simplest things, but there was something touching in the splendid whole-heartedness that could not meet even a request for a mere slice of a melon without delivering a wagon-load. These simple acts were the measurement of the soul of the pioneer, male and female. There were giants in those days, but they were giants in soul. What immeasurable moral distances lie between the simple beauty of lives like these, lived in the open, made tender by enriching sympathies, the association of kindred souls, loving their neighbor because he was human, and God because He was divine,—and the reckless lives of modern cities, where hate sits down with hate, suspicion poisons his brother's cup, scandal stabs its victim with a smile, where days are dissipations, and nights Vanity Fairs. Esau was not the only man in history who has sold his birthright for a mess of pottage, for an auction of man's heritage, his nobility and manhood, is held daily in every modern city of the world. Truly we may conclude by comparison of lives lived in the country and the city, that "God made the country but man made the town."

Chapter VII

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS IN THE GREAT CITY

CITIES have a character, as marked as individuals. Babylon has for ages borne, in sacred and profane history, an unsavory name. Athens was a classic, Rome a conqueror. Paris is the synonym for indefinable fascination. The character of the old city of San Francisco exhibited noble types of human expression. We hope that the present character of San Francisco is evanescent and transitional, but he is wise above the ordinary who can formulate a creed for common use by a majority of her sons and daughters. She is neither better nor worse than many a metropolis, where vice and virtue walk side by side, gowned alike and equally dainty. It may be well asked: What is our chief pursuit,—business or dissipation? Out of the babble of our streets, do we hear the voice of the oracle, or the coo of Delilah as she fascinates her Samson? Will Delilah yet rob Samson of his strength, shear him of his locks, and deliver him over to his enemies? It might be well for us if, instead of boasting through trumpets from the housetops that we are a pleasure-loving people, more fond of the electric-lighted night than the sunlit day, that we grope awhile amid the desolation and ashes of famed dead capitals, and learn from the cry of the jackal baying to the moon from the broken column of a king's palace, that vice is the dry-rot of empire.

Are we, in politics, business and social life, climbing or sliding? If we should lift into the night the old cry: "Watchman, what of the night?" would we surely hear out of the silence: "All is well?" Are sedate strangers within our gates imprest with the solidity of our public and private life? Are moral waste places in our make-up as forlorn as the hill slopes left still to broken walls and ashes? Is it true that we have no defined character at the present; that we have no settled purpose except to revel? The rebound from the shock of April, 1906, may be responsible for much that is not satisfying and we may be on the swing toward sober thought and action. The character of the old city was a known quantity. Courage, honesty and integrity made strong and fair public and private life. It was no Puritan village, where men spoke in subdued voices, and women veiled their faces. It was intensely human but clean. Men were decent, even in their sins. Nothing could more forcibly illustrate this than the fact that for years the Police Court was presided over by the mayor of the city, H. P. Coon, a man of great dignity and honor, and after him by Samuel Cowles, a distinguished lawyer, of winning personality, gracious presence and personal charm. He was in form and face a perfect man; the poise of an artist's model was in his head and shoulders, and honesty was the base of his being. In discussing Cowles one day, a prominent capitalist of that day said, "I hate Cowles, and I would not speak to him on the street, but if he is alive when I die, my Will will disclose the fact that I have made him my executor without bonds." Did any man anywhere ever have a more beautiful testimonial to his integrity?

Such were the men who administered justice in the Police Court, where now the scum of the earth are herded for punishment of low offenses. In the Police Court of the old city the character of its magistrates radiated from the bench to the courtroom, and order made the air wholesome. The docks were clear of blear-eyed prisoners, dug up from the moral sewers of the city. Offenses were committed, for the punishment of which the court was maintained, but these were in the main of violence, involving often desperate moods and passions, but clear of moral turpitude. Leading lawyers of the city practised at its Bar, and more than once, when a law student, I saw Hall McAllister, General James, James A. Zabriskie, Alexander Campbell, Reuben H. Lloyd, and other lawyers of marked attainment, trying cases with as much earnestness and dignity as they exhibited when arguing cases involving millions before the Supreme Court of the State.

Many, perhaps most, of the offenses tried, originated in the gambling houses of the town, where violence seemed to be a necessary incident to the business, for it was a business in those days; as gambling was not prohibited by law, and many open houses ran day and night, sustained chiefly by the floating population from the mines, returning with their purses full of gold, homeward bound. Many a poor fellow got no further than the El Dorado, a celebrated gambling-house on the corner of Washington and Kearny streets, next door to the City Hall. Here music, beautiful women dealing at the tables, refreshments dealt out with lavish hand, fascinated men who for long months had, in the lonely ravines of the far-off camps, plodded and dug, until they had in their buckskin purses what to them was a fortune. Visions of home began to be the scenery of their dreams by night and an ever-present thought by day. The wild energy for acquisition mellowed to a longing for home, and, selling his claim, many a miner shipped his dust by Wells Fargo or Adams express, and followed it to San Francisco, to take the next steamer for the East. He had not seen the sights of the city for months; his companions had been men, as busy and lonely as himself, and he found the atmosphere of the city sweet. It was a day or two before the steamer would leave, and meeting fellows like himself, homeward bound, with their piles, they formed a little community of sightseers. Night is the favorite hour for the prowler the world over, and so in the night they wandered from one point of interest to another, until the music, the brilliance and the crowd of the El Dorado lured them inside. Music intoxicated their senses, gold piled in stacks of twenties upon the tables thrilled their pulses, a glass of champagne, cool and tasteful, fired their blood. The winnings of some fortunate miner like themselves set forces at work, and soon, judgment overruled, submerged and fascinated, one bet was made for luck, a second for revenge, and then one after the other for recuperation, until in the wee hours of the night, or perhaps just at dawn, worn, wild-eyed, haggard, the poor fellow staggered to the street dazed with disaster. Such experiences as these often furnished cases for the Police Court—acts of violence, not of turpitude.

Steamer-day, occurring twice a month, was a great event. The only route to and from the Eastern States was by the Isthmus of Panama. A line of steamers plied between these points, connecting at the Isthmus with steamers for New York and New Orleans. The day before steamer-day was fixt upon by common custom as a day for collection of moneys for the drafts for the East. and moneys for the purchase of goods must go forward by the steamer on the following day. This custom grew permanent, and for many years after the incoming of the railroad, with its new conditions, steamer-day was still recognized in collections. The arrival and departure of these steamers always gathered a crowd, for they were notable excitements of the city. There were no wireless telegrams in those days, and the incoming of the steamers was watched for by messengers who were connected with the Merchants' Exchange, maintained by the merchants of the town for the purpose of getting first news from the sea. At a high point, near Fort Point, was maintained a station where a messenger was always on duty watching for ships. When a ship was near enough for its name to be determined, a messenger upon a swift-footed horse was sent into the city to report the inocming ship to the Merchants' Exchange. Merchants and those expecting friends upon steamers, were on constant watch at the Exchange, and the moment that a messenger reported, the town was alive with excitement, and the word went abroad that the steamer was coming.

These steamers carried the only mail and express matter that went out or came into California, until some years later, Ben Holliday, the great stage man of the coast, organized what was known as the "Pony Express," which carried letters only across the continent, by relays. Only important letters were sent in this way, and the postage of such letters was twenty-five cents. The Pony Express was a great improvement upon the slow steamer, which required a month from New York to San Francisco. The Pony Express made the trip in two weeks.

The Central Pacific Railroad changed all this. The building of the Central Pacific Railroad was a matter of great political moment. Great antagonism later grew up against the Central Pacific Railroad and its kindred roads, but at the time of which we write a Pacific railroad was a political question, and no man could be elected to Congress or the Senate of the United States, who was not pledged to its building. The antagonism which grew up against this great corporation and its kindred came about by reason of the unlawful processes by which their promoters secured from the Government great subsidies in moneys and lands.

While the people of the city were fond of amusements, these were not the engrossing pursuit, but were simple reliefs from the strain of business. People had fine literary taste, were fond of music, and demanded the very best, and for years San Francisco had the best, in music and drama. The theaters, while not buildings of any particular size or beauty, were sufficient for the needs of the day. The old Union Theater was on Commercial street, above Kearny. Commercial Street to-day is given over to the Chinamen, but in those days it was an important street. Here, in 1861, I made my first acquaintance with the theater, and saw Julia Deane Hayne, then a popular actress, in "Ernest Maltravers." The audience was mixed, made up of all kinds and conditions,—the man of affairs, with his wife, seated beside the rough-garbed miner and his companion. There was a democracy of feeling, with no divisions by reason of wealth or habit.

Here "Little Lotta," as she was then known, and who afterward gave to the city Lotta's Fountain, was a great favorite. She was a young girl, with wonderful fascination, with just the mood and temper to catch the fancy of miners from the mines. She was always attended at the theater by her mother and father. Her mother was a sedate matron, but her father was fond of the creature comforts, and spent his time during the performances in indulgences with his friends. He was a "character" in his way, and was quite important because he was the father of "Little Lotta." Many times have I seen her, after her song and dance, stand in a rain of gold flung to her by the enthusiastic miners, who were captivated by her charm.

"Gilbert's Melodeon" was situated on the corner of Clay and Kearny Streets, where three beautiful girls known as the "Worrill Sisters" held nightly levees. They were as popular as Lotta with the miners, and with the people generally. This "Melodeon" was a clean place, but was frequented by men only. The old "Bella Union," situated on Kearny Street, near Washington, was a famous place, but of different character. The amusements of this well-known place were not as clean as those of the other places of the town, and there were times when disorder prevailed. It was owned and carried on by an old man and his wife, known as "The Tetlows," both of them characters,—large of form, rotund of face, and shrewd. None but men ever visited the "Bella Union," for some of its scenes, while not absolutely vulgar, were along lines that would have been rather offensive to women. It was a combination of theater and general-entertainment-house, and it was not a difficult matter for a stranger who occupied a box to become acquainted with the actresses upon the stage, during the intervals between turns. The performers were not of a high type, being of that free and easy joviality acceptable to the men in those days.

Here among the vocalists, for several years, was a once brilliant, beautiful and still sweet-voiced Italian, formerly an operatic star of the world, who, through dissipation, had fallen from her high estate. We called her "Biscicianti." Often have we seen her, staggering upon the stage and leaning for support against a table, sing until the air was sweet with music. It was a melancholy sight, for beauty and talent had in her been drowned in drink.

On Montgomery Street, near Jackson, was the Metropolitan Theater. On Sansome Street, between Clay and Sacramento, was the old American Theater, where many of the noted actors of that day were found. On Washington Street was Maguire's Opera House, a popular place of amusement in its day, where varied performances were given,—sometimes legitimate drama and at other times vaudeville, although "vaudeville" was an unknown term at that time. Here some of the most remarkable characters of the time amused the people. Ada Isaacs Menken, a celebrated actress, a woman of great beauty of form and face, for many months performed as "Mazeppa." She was a wonder, and crowded the house during these months. The principal scene of the play was when she, lasht to the back of a supposed wild steed, in fact a beautiful horse owned by her, apparently nude and exhibiting a matchless symmetry of form, was carried across the stage, back and forth, while the audience went wild. She was a woman of varied accomplishments, and was the author of a book of poems under the title "Infelicia," which contained many poems of rare poetic beauty and much pathos.

Here also Alice Kingbury for months played to jammed houses "Fanchon, the Cricket." She was a delicate little damsel, but was married. It was said that her success was due to the fact that she was the wife of a young man dying of consumption. They had been destitute and stranded in the city. What to do they did not know. Finally, she said to her husband that she was going to see Tom Maguire, and see if he would not give her an opportunity to play "Fanchon," which she had committed to memory. She had no stage education, was a mere novice, but her love carried her through. She won in the tests she was submitted to, and was given the opportunity, and upon the first night thrilled the audience by her recital of the pathetic little story. It caught the town, and for months she filled the theater, and it was said made comparatively a fortune. She disappeared and was gone for several years and then came back. She was advertised to appear at the same theater, and of course everybody, remembering the beautiful story and her wonderful acting in former years, flocked to see and hear her. It was not the "Fanchon," but some more pretentious play was presented, and she failed to draw, and then and there passed out of theatrical history. The motive was gone and with it the genius she had exhibited, when she was fighting for bread for her beloved. Indeed, love is master of the world.

Maguire's Opera House was owned and carried on by Tom Maguire, a noted man. He was of magnificent presence, of great energy and business capacity. He was uneducated and depended largely upon his brilliant wife for direction in matters which required education. He had great ambitions for the drama, and it was said spent more than a million dollars in searching through Europe for the best talent obtainable, maintaining agents in various countries hunting for new stars.

At this house we saw McCoppin, the great Falstaff. He played a season in San Francisco, then left for Australia, and was lost at sea. He was a natural born Falstaff, in face and form, and gave to the celebrated character a wonderful exposition. The younger Keane came out from London, and played "Louis the Eleventh," and the "Merchant of Venice." We remember the crowded houses and the intense interest connected with this engagement. The younger Keane had much of the elder Keane's genius, was a marvelous actor, giving to the characters of Louis and the Jew great brilliance.

The Booth family began their career here, and Edwin Booth, altho a young man, exhibited the genius which made him an immortal in after years.

Barrett and McCullough, young men at that time, came to Maguire's to support Edwin Forrest, who came from New York under special engagement.

Well we remember Mrs. Leighton with her laughing song. She was a woman of great beauty and magnetism, and in her celebrated laughing song convulsed the house at her will. It was perfectly impossible for any one to resist the melodious laugh which was the chorus of her song.

Lady Don, beautiful English Lady of quality, from Australia, played a season at this house, with great acceptability. One of the actors who was here constantly engaged was Harry Coutaine, a young Irishman of handsome presence, great versatility, and magnificent face. When he was sober enough, he was very popular, but this was not very often. He was a victim of the drink habit, and it was impossible for himself or friends to break him of it. His wife, a devoted woman, endeavored for years to win him from his dissipations, but she was unable to do so and finally was compelled, in self-defense, to leave him to his fate. We saw him often during those years, on the streets, ragged, foul and drunken—a creature to be avoided.

The "Metropolitan" was the staid house of the town, where the operas were generally given, although it was frequently occupied by stars and lecturers of fame. Here we saw Boucicault, during a three months' engagement, when he played his own productions,—"Arrah Na Pogue" and "Colleen Bawn,"—to crowded houses. George Francis Train, for a couple of weeks amused the people, and Artemus Ward, with his wonderfully pure wit, was a leading attraction at one time. One thing is to be said in favor of the old town that can not be said in favor of the new, and that is, that the best of operas were given at the popular prices. A dollar and a half for a reserved seat was the highest price asked at the old "Metropolitan," for the best opera rendered by such artists as Pareppa Rosa, Bambillia, Sconcia and like known stars.

One of the principal places of amusement of the city was the Minstrel Theater, at 330 Pine Street, where Billie Birch, Ben Cotton, Sam Wells, Dave Wambold, Charlie Backus and Johnny De Angelis constituted the main features of the San Francisco Minstrels, a big band which was popular in San Francisco, and popular in New York after they went there. Poor Sam Wells was a great minstrel and a genial soul, who came to a tragic end by accident, in Virginia City.

We had our restaurants in those days, not like those we have now, but offering to the gourmet the best that was afforded not only by California, but by the world itself. The principal restaurant, frequented by ladies, was Peter Job's, on Washington Street, opposite Portsmouth Square, where for fair prices the best could be had. There was no adornment in the restaurant itself, but the food was the best; the service excellent, and here the ladies of the town were accustomed to gather during the afternoons for refreshments. The present after-theater custom was not in vogue in those days. People lived at home; dined at home, except when they were on an afternoon outing. Peter Job was an irascible Frenchman, in constant bad humor, but an excellent caterer.

The old "Poodle Dog" was in existence on Dupont Street, near Clay. It was at that time a French Rotisserie. We did not then have grills and cafés. The "Poodle Dog" was kept by an old Frenchwoman, fat and unattractive, but a great purveyor of good things to eat. She had a dirty-haired poodle dog, of which she was very fond,—her constant companion,—and the name of the restaurant was derived from this dog. Miners when coming to town, discussing where they should have their dinner, would say, one to the other, "Oh, let's go up to the Poodle Dog," and thus the name was fixt.

There was a class of restaurants that we do not have now, known as the "Three for Two,"—that is, three dishes for two bits, or twenty-five cents. They made no pretentions whatever to style, but supplied to their customers good, substantial food, well cooked, and fairly served, and for the floating population of the town these were the best, for they were democratic. The chief of these were the "New York Bakery" on Kearny Street, near Clay, and the "United States Restaurant," on Clay Street, below Montgomery. There was one in earlier times called "The Clipper" restaurant, on Washington Street, which extended from Washington to Jackson, and was so large that meals were served from the kitchen on a little railway, upon which the food was transmitted from the stove to the guest.

The Coffee Houses of those days were celebrated, altho they were mere "holes in the wall" in the water-front principally, kept by foreigners. They were the rudest kind of eating places, but the coffee served was of the finest, and gave them great reputation. On Merchant Street, near the Montgomery Block, a little "hole in the wall" was kept by three Swiss brothers, under the name of "Jury Brothers." This was a favorite place for lawyers, judges and professional men. It was across the street from the well-known Clay Street Market, where everything good to eat was to be had, and from this market the "hole in the wall" found its provender. At Jury's a man could reserve a table, walk over to the market, choose his own food, return to the restaurant with the same in his arms, and have it cooked to his order, paying only for the service. Oftentimes have I seen Alexander Campbell, Milton Andros, George Sharp, Judge Dwinnelle, and other well-known lawyers and judges dining at this little place. Campbell was the caterer for the crowd, and he would go over to the market and order from the stalls what to his taste would seem good—a feast for a king. He would return, followed by one of the market men, into the kitchen, and all was delivered to the cook. While the dinner was cooking, they discust the fine wines kept by the Jury Brothers; and when the dinner was served, here, from six along till nearly midnight, these lovers of good things would enjoy themselves to the limit. Those dinners were almost daily occurrences.

The city had a saloon life, as now. Some of the saloons were historical places, and no history of California or of San Francisco could be written that did not include some mention of them. In the corner of the Montgomery Block, at Washington Street, was the old "Bank Exchange," kept by the Parkers. One of the adornments of this saloon was a ten-thousand-dollar picture of Samson and Delilah, which splendid painting was spoiled by an anachronism,—a pair of Sheffield shears dropt in a corner of the room by Delilah after having sheared Samson of his locks. This old picture was destroyed by the fire of 1906.

Barry and Patton, two distinguished looking men, both scholars and gentlemen in the highest sense of the term, kept what was known as "Barry & Patton's," on Montgomery Street. Here might be found the literature of the world; books to gratify the taste of the most exacting scholar. There was no disorder in these places. Everything was done decently, and with the highest regard for good conduct.

Billy Craig, an erratic old Scotchman, for years kept a wholesale and retail liquor house at the corner of Washington and Dupont Streets. His whiskys and other liquors were of the best, for he was a connoisseur. Here, for years, he was the celebrated dispenser of "Hot Scotches" to the leading men of the town. It was the custom of those who liked such things, at least once during the evening to call on Billy for something good, especially some of his wonderful "Hot Scotches."

Billy Blossom, a well-known and beloved old chap, kept a first-class place on California Street, below Sansome, where he dealt out the very best the world afforded, and in addition thereto he gave his customers at noon a splendid repast. This was a popular place among the merchants, often at noontime crowded to suffocation.

Garibaldi, a relative of the celebrated liberator of Italy, for many years kept a saloon on Leidesdorff Street, near Sacramento. This was also a popular place, for he dispensed rare punches, for which he had the formula, and which he concocted personally. They were delicious, and a couple of them would make a man dream dreams or write poetry, if he had any poetic sense.

The hotels were sufficient for the needs of the day, but had nothing of the magnificence of our day. They had no grill attachments. Everything was *table d'hote,* and one who wanted a meal had to be on time, for the dining-room door opened and shut at fixt hours.

The principal hotel was the "International," which for many years stood as the first-class hotel of the town, on Jackson Street, near Kearny. Here many of the distinguished men of the State made their homes. The proprietor was "Old Man Weygant," who became known to almost every leading man in California by reason of his eccentric and kindly character. He was a natural born hotel man, and lived and died in this work.

A place, perhaps never duplicated in the world, was Woodward's "What Cheer House," on Sacramento and Leidesdorff Streets. This was a hotel for men only; no woman was ever seen on the premises. It was managed by R. B. Woodward, who made a great fortune there, and his management was along peculiar lines. The main hotel was at the point stated, while the upper floors of many adjacent houses were occupied as annexes. The rooms were plainly furnished, but were scrupulously clean. Complete changes were made every day in the rooms. This was the favorite home of the miner and the farmer. Of course, there were but few farmers, but they knew and availed themselves of the comforts of the "What Cheer House." It was the first house in San Francisco run upon the European plan. A large restaurant was connected with the main house, where the guests could take their meals, or not, just as suited their whim. Here a meal from ten cents to ten dollars could be obtained, according to the purse and appetite of the guest. A fine museum was a part of the establishment, and a splendid library, free to all the town, for nobody was ever turned away from the "What Cheer House," whether guest or not. A free bootblack stand was maintained, where every one could black his own boots without charge. In the library could be found men who were literary men, and actors beginning to be known and who afterwards became famous, not only in California but throughout the world. Here have I seen bending over some book Mark Twain and Bret Harte, and others of lesser fame, together with judges, doctors and lawyers. This was the only free library in San Francisco at that time.

Woodward had the catering instinct in a large degree, and after the growth of the town bought "The Willows," a little entertainment place at the Mission, which he transformed into the famed "Woodward Gardens" that for many years was the only place where the poor of San Francisco could find amusement. All these places have passed into history.

The Mission at this time was a separate settlement, altho a part of the municipality. It was reached in the earlier times only by a planked road running along what now constitutes Mission Street. This was a toll road and led across the marsh lands which covered this portion of the town, and was the creation of that underflow which comes from the hill slopes lying to the northwest of where is now the City Hall. The underflow referred to caused the discussion over the site of the present postoffice, for about the corner of Seventh and Mission Streets was a creek, crossed by a bridge. A stream of water flowed out into the levels lying between this point and South Beach, until it formed a morass, which required in after years filling up from the sandhills before it could be used for building purposes. This toll road was a matter of profit to the owners, and the only means of communication with the Mission; later, however, the sandhills of Market Street were cut through, Valencia Street opened and a regular standard gauge railroad built and run out, from where Lotta's Fountain stands, through Market and Valencia Streets, to the Mission. The beautiful Golden Gate Park was then unknown, but people began to enjoy the beach and a toll road was built out as an extension of Geary Street, the sand dunes were leveled, and macadam made a fine roadway. This became popular, and on afternoons, after business hours, here could be seen the best of our people, driving teams, racing like the wind. It was often said that the money represented by the horse-flesh that was owned by our citizens at that time mounted into the millions.

Oakland was a terra incognita, and but few people ever thought of going there for pleasure. There was no continuous ferry service between the places, only at intervals little, dirty boats carried people up the creek and landed them at what was known then as San Antonio. There were no inducements for the pleasure seeker, and business was the only thing that called a San Francisco man to Oakland.

There were certain sections of San Francisco, as now, celebrated, and the most celebrated street was Montgomery Street, from Market Street northward. It had two sides, facetiously called the "dollar" side and the "ten cent" side. The dollar side was on the west, and here, day and night, could be seen a promenade of the aristocrats of the town, for this was their parade ground.

Kearny Street was a second class street, not so wide as now, a narrow, dirty street, given over to all classes, and by its dirt and squalor unattractive to the eye. Dupont Street, now Grant Avenue, was also a narrower street than now, and was given over to small trades, low saloons, and at certain northern points to the "red light."

Washington Street, from Stockton, was the principal street used by the better classes for going and coming from the residential to the business parts of the town. It was a clean, well composed street, upon which were situated many of the retail stores, and here was the celebrated Job's restaurant.

The Chinaman, as his numbers began to increase, fixt his eye on that portion of the town which included Washington Street, and a slow but sure occupation began. His plan was to commence at a corner and work round a block, which he did with great success, until Chinatown now constitutes the section which could be said to have its center at Washington and Dupont Streets, with a radius reaching on the east to Kearny and on the west to Stockton Street. Two leading churches of the town, the First Baptist on Washington, and the First Presbyterian on Stockton Street, were taken in by this encroachment, and I believe before the fire they had both been converted into Chinese lodging houses.

North Beach and Meigg's Wharf were important points at that time. They were places where the population went for fresh air from the sea, and here could be seen at any hour of the day groups of the best people, strangers and citizens. Meigg's Wharf was the depot for the fisherman, where he fitted out for the deep sea fishing, and to which he brought his harvest. Crab fishing in those days was a great pursuit, and here in the early morning could be found piles of crabs, ready for distribution to the markets. The wharf was built by Harry Meiggs, who was at that time a noted, active and honored citizen, but who fell into bad ways and fled the country finally, to show up in Peru, where he became, by reason of his genius, a prominent character, building a railroad into the Andes, and assisting in developing the resources of that wonderful country. He had a hunger for the old town and for the State, and endeavored more than once to come home, by offering to pay all that he owed through his follies and crimes, on condition that the edict of banishment be removed, but the State would not consent to dismiss the indictments. He finally died an outlaw, so far as California was concerned, in far-off Peru. Of a truth "the way of the transgressor is hard."

At North Beach, just at the beginning of Meigg's Wharf, was situated one of the curiosities of the town, a place of enticement to the crowds from the country who were searching for points of interest in the city. It was an old tumble-down saloon, connected with which was a museum and menagerie. The museum was filled with all sorts of curious and rare things, some of great value, and was the object of intense interest and examination by people who frequented Meigg's Wharf, more particularly to the countrymen, who found this one of the most interesting places in the city.

West of Meigg's Wharf, between it and what is now Fort Mason, were a number of bath-houses, where the people of the city took their sea-water baths. From six to nine o'clock in the morning hundreds battled with the cold waters of the ocean. It was exhilarating sport. The waters coming in from the sea through the Golden Gate were cold, but this did not deter the energetic swimmers from tackling them in the early morning. It was here that Ralston, the great banker, lost his life on the afternoon following the historic failure of the Bank of California. Before this time he was frequently seen here in the early morning, enjoying to the utmost the vigorous swimming in the sea.

A history of the city would not be complete without some reference to the Long Wharf. Commercial Street, although now an unimportant side street, devoted to commission and produce houses, was in those days the principal street of the city leading to the water-front. From the water line had been built out into the bay a long wharf, and that was the name given it. The life on this street and wharf was full of curious sights, for they were constantly crowded with all kinds of people engaged in all kinds of pursuits, with straggling crowds who found here many kinds of divertisement. Cheap John auction shops, old clothes stores, gambling houses, saloons and second-class hotels constituted the business places of the street. The auction stores were usually full of people, lured in by the loud voice and wit of the auctioneer. Plated gold watches and flashy cheap jewelry were sold "for a song"—not always for a "song," for some Rube from the country, imprest by the statements of the auctioneer, would be induced to pay four times the value of the article sold. The auctioneer was always a character, rude and vulgar generally, but full of wit, and able to attract and hold a crowd.

In one of the gambling-houses was for many years, as an attraction, a remarkable Liliputian, called by everybody "Auntie." She was not a dwarf, but was well-formed—a dainty little negro—full of kindliness and cheer. Many a man was drawn into the house to see "Auntie," for she was a fine conversationalist, and full of ready knowledge and wit. Of the casual visitors, many a man remained to spend his money at the gaming table.

Another of the attractions of the water-front was the landing place of the Sacramento and Stockton steamers, the only means of transportation between these cities being by the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers. The steamers were built for comfort and speed. Every afternoon, at four o'clock, Jackson Street wharf was crowded, not only with those about to embark, but with their friends and the usual sight-searching crowd. The incoming and outgoing of these steamers were always matters of the intensest interest. There frequently arose great competition between river steamboat lines, and several tragedies grew out of this competition, by collisions on the rivers caused by intent or recklessness of the captains.

Benicia, on the Straits of Carquinez, at one time the capital of the State, was the first landing-place. At that time it was quite an important station for the reason that many of the best citizens of the Sate, during the "Capital" days, had settled here, with their families, and became attached to the town, and made it their dwelling place even after the incoming of the railroad and the consequent change of conditions. Here were situated military barracks, which may yet be seen by the traveler on the railroad to Sacramento. "Uncle Sam" is still in possession, but so far as their occupation is concerned, they have become unimportant except as a storing place for ordnance.

There were some unique characters in San Francisco, known to everybody. Among these was "Emperor Norton," an insane old Frenchman, who imagined himself to be the Emperor of the World. He had been, during previous years, a man of affairs as a merchant. He was a man of vast experience, with courtly manners and great kindness of spirit. He was seen upon the streets constantly, and was a great frequenter of the theaters and churches. Altho of disordered mind, he was mild-tempered, and a friend to every one he met. He had been a member of a Masonic Lodge, and on account of this affiliation he was taken care of by the Masons. He had *carte blanche* to all places of amusement, and to many of the eating places of the town. Everybody knew and liked "Emperor Norton." He was always drest in military garb, which he obtained from the officers at the Presidio, who gave to him from time to time their uniforms that had passed beyond their own use. When he wanted money, which was not so very often, he would issue his "bonds," and these he would sell to the people he met at fifty cents apiece, redeemable some years off, at double their face value. For many years he was a well known figure, but finally disappeared, we suppose, to the Great Unknown.

Another peculiar character was "Uncle Billy Coombes," who was also of disordered mind, imagining himself to be George Washington. He evidently had some means, for he was never known to apply for any privilege or charity. His parade ground was Montgomery Street, on the western or "dollar" side, where on almost any pleasant afternoon he would be seen strutting up and down, from block to block, garbed in a Continental uniform, spotlessly clean, and made out of finely tanned buckskin. In face he was very much like the portraits of Benjamin Franklin. He was, in form and feature, a perfect "Continental." A great jealousy existed between him and Emperor Norton. Norton did not recognize the right of any other aspirant to public favor, to parade upon the streets of the city. On many occasions they met and theirs was a physical collision, and the police were on constant watch, to prevent them from doing each other serious harm.

Another well known figure on the streets was an old Frenchman, a miserable specimen of humanity, seedy and decrepit, who crawled through the streets, gathering out of the waste barrels of restaurants and in the slums of the street the food which sustained his poor life. He was an abject sight, unclean and wretched, and his nicknames indicated this, for he was called "Old Misery, The Gutter Snipe." Many a time have I seen him gathering up the refuse from the street, but I never saw him speak to a human being. Where he lived, no one ever knew. He appeared like a bird of prey in the morning, and disappeared from sight about noon. From whence he came and where he went, no one knew.

Another character, who frequented Kearny Street, during parade hours, was a man who was never seen to converse with anybody, never paying any attention to any one or anything but himself. He was faultlessly drest at all times, and appeared to have an unlimited wardrobe. His clothes were of the finest material, and he seldom wore the same suit more than two or three times. He was referred to as the "Great Unknown." What he did for a living, where he lived, or who he was, was never discovered. It was surmised that he was a lay figure of the tailors of the town, on account of his constant change and the fineness of his apparel. He also, after several years, disappeared.

Two other well known and remarkable characters were not human. Two mongrel dogs made their headquarters at the corner of Merchant and Montgomery Streets, around the old Blue Wing saloon. Here for years they were found every day, always together, and there existed between them a relationship beautiful, altho it was a mere animal affection. "Bummer" and "Lazarus" were known to all the people of the city, and were the subject of frequent mention in the Press. They had no trouble to find support, for they were kindly in disposition, attended to their own business, and by reason of their peculiar relation to each other, made friends, and these friends always saw to it that "Bummer' and "Lazarus' had their daily food.

We had a remarkable artist, who had much of the genius of Nast, the celebrated artist of the War, whose caricature of Tweed in "Harper's Weekly" led to Tweed's arrest in Spain at the hands of a little Spanish constable, in a far-off and remote village in the Pyrennees. It was said that Tweed, by reason of his personality, had made himself noted in the little Pyrennean village, and attracted the attention of the local constable. Finally there drifted into the hands of the little constable Harper's magazine. He immediately recognized Tweed and began to make inquiries, and finally telegraphed to New York, asking if this man was wanted, and this led to the arrest and return of Tweed to New York, and his trial and conviction and death in Sing Sing prison.

Our artist had much of this talent for keeping in his caricatures the face and personality of his subject. His face work was as perfect as Nast's, but his art was not as fine. He was a rapid artist, and was fond of grouping into his caricatures numbers of the best known people, were they politicians, merchants, actors or professional men. Before the fire, many of these caricatures could be found in old saloons, but they have all disappeared in ashes and smoke. In these caricatures one acquainted with the old city and with the public characters, or the well known men of the day, was able without effort to pick out the persons represented in the group. The legislature was a favorite place for his work, and members of the legislature were grouped together in some of these historic caricatures.

Chapter VIII

SOME OLD NEWSPAPERS AND THEIR GREAT EDITORS

HAS the Union come?" This phrase was at one time in California the most frequently uttered of all phrases in the English tongue. It was at the week's end on the lips of farmers, miners and home-folks, and meant had the *Weekly Sacramento Union* come. At that time the *Union* was published at Sacramento and was a great newspaper, full of news from all parts of the civilized world, and with full narratives of local incidents. It contained also wisdom, literature, poetry, science and religion, to quicken and satisfy the cravings of the multitude for education, advice and culture. It was a great journal in the hands of great men, and to it the people looked for information and guidance. Its daily issue was limited to the cities that could be reached on the day of its issuance. The *Weekly* covered the entire coast, and was to be found in the farmhouse, the country hotel, the village home and the camp of the cattleman and the miner. A man could not in those days travel far enough on the coast to be beyond the territory where this paper was not a welcome visitor, a trusted counsellor, wise teacher and familiar friend. It was a stalwart in all things. It had views upon all living questions and gave to them vigorous expression without fear or favor. As an educational force it had no equal in the State, either then or since. Its proprietors were men to whom the Press was a trust; commercialism had no part in its creation or life. Its columns were not open to purchase. It stood, as all papers should stand, for worthy things, the things that counted for righteousness in political, social and commercial life. Its editors were men of lofty ideals, great erudition, extended experience, with great gifts as writers. They worked from love of their craft, and thought and wrote upon all questions that entered into the warp and woof of life. Local news was gathered from all accessible territory, and cast into shape in the columns of the *Union*. Masters of the art saw that no waste of words padded long-drawn out columns; clear, clean-cut facts made up its news items.

Upson, Seabaugh and Weeks, three wonderful men in the newspaper world, worked together with the ease of well-oiled machinery in the news and editorial columns, giving out of their disciplined and equipped minds, during the very noon of its existence, the greatest newspaper the Pacific Coast has ever had, and giving to it rank and place among the great journals of the world. The *Union* was no mere business concern, altho by reason of its vast circulation, it was of profit to its owners. It recognized and executed a great mission, that of leading and inspiring a people building a new commonwealth. With clean lips they proclaimed the truth, and with clear hands administered its affairs. The *Union* worked to create popular opinion, to exalt virtue, to drive vice into the ditch, and to lift the hopes of the multitude to the higher levels of noble thought and living. It stood behind public men only when they were worthy, upheld public measures only when they were righetous. It avoided, as far as possible, the purely personal attack; wielded the battle-ax or the bludgeon against men only when it became a necessity in behalf of the common good. Sin it crucified with pitiless vigor, the sinner it left to the correction of his own conscience. He was a strong man and it was a rugged group of men who could long withstand the bombardment of the *Union* against any of his or their schemes for public plunder. Gain had no part in its discussion of men or measures. Its attacks were made from principle, and like all attacks so made, were to the death. Steady, disciplined, unyielding, its influence was thrown against a wrong with the quenchless valor of an English Squire on the field of battle. It won its victories for the people by the tremendous gravitation of a steady, moral pressure. This high character was maintained until the death of some, and the removal of others, of its guiding spirits left it the prey of designing interests; and by change of ownership and policy it, at last, slowly but surely, in later years, declined from its high estate.

From out of the shadows of the past let us recall its great spirits, whose worth and genius were as much a part of the paper in its day of power as was the ink and paper upon which it was printed: First, the slow-motioned, taciturn Weeks, who with tireless energy gathered facts and made local history, who molded simple news items with unerring skill into the force of epigrammatic statements. He had no superior in this department. His instinct for news was like unto the instinct of a hunting dog for a bird. News flowed to him by a sort of magnetic attraction. Men brought to him items of interest with the same impulse that moves them to bring to the scientist rare specimens of rock or fish or bird. He was a master of orderly arrangement and subconsciously grouped into attractive shape the history of the day. He lived and moved and breathed in his work. The columns of his paper were all of the world he cared to know. If he dreamed any dreams, none were the wiser; for of silent men he was the most silent. For years he came to and went from his desk as regularly as the sun comes and goes in the sky. He was a kindly soul, but withdrew from the common association of his fellows and had the rare faculty of great men to find in self-communion sufficient for inspiration and solace. The business office of the *Union* was to him holy ground, and no devotee at a religious shrine ever yielded more of reverence than did he to the object of his endless work. He died an old man, in the service of his paper, to which he had lovingly given his best years and work. How could a paper fail to be great, that had among its workers such as he, pouring into it the choicest of a devoted life!

Upson, the managing editor, was a gracious figure, full of spirit and charm. He was tempered as finely as a Damascus blade, winning and sweet in manner. The term "gentlemen" described him accurately.

Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re was perhaps his distinguishing characteristic, for to a persuasive gentleness there was added the inflexibility of steel. He gravitated toward high ideals, and once fixt in the certainty of what was right, he was immovable. He combined in rare measure the man of affairs and the dreamer. His visions were clear outlines of truth, and to a faculty of profound reasoning was added an imagination active and brilliant. His mind was framed by the highest culture and stored with the wisdom of the ancient and modern world; his range of learning was from the centers to the horizons; a comprehensive, aggressive intuition, opened a vast field of accurate detail. He seemed subconsciously to arrive at the exact truth. Like an eagle from the sky he surveyed situations in atmospheres free of mist and cloud, and like the eagle also he swept in great circles of endeavor. Aggressive, incisive, direct, was all of his editorial work. When any important public movement was on foot, men waited for Upson's editorials to make sure of the road as a guide to them for action. He was at once forceful and reliable, reasonable and faithful. Men trusted his wisdom and his honor. As a controlling factor of the *Union's* forces his business instinct was unerring. His policies were based on established principles and an obedience to a settled purpose. This was the mainspring of the intellectual and commercial machinery of the great journal. It was fit in every way on the Western fringe of our country to rank with the New York *Tribune,* the *Times,* the *Sun* and the *Springfield Republican.*

While not the equal of Upson in many respects, Seabaugh as an editorial writer was his superior. In fact, in his special department Seabaugh had no superior during his prime, in California, or in any other State. In spite of habits which would have sapped the faculties of a smaller man and clouded his vision, Seabaugh to the day of his death remained the most brilliant newspaper man in the State. He was born, not made, and his instincts for the highest work were as sure as the instinct of an eagle for the sky. A recent writer has made the statement that intellectual women are ugly, giving notable examples of great women whose faces were devoid of personal charm. This is not true either physically or psychologically, so far as gifted men are concerned, for many of the noted men of the Pacific were favored in perfection of face and form, as they were in the fine order of their minds. Among such was Seabaugh. for he was a marked man in any group by his splendid physique, and his face as attractive as the face of a Greek model. Tall, erect and graceful, he stood a perfect specimen of the courtly gentleman and refined scholar. Delicacy was in every motion, and to all he added an artist's instinct for perfect apparel. He was always the clean, well-dressed, attractive man, the choice companion of his fellows, and the despair of women.

Just before the Civil War Seabaugh was engaged in the editorial work of a country paper in a mountain town in the Southern mines. He had attracted attention by the vigor of his writings, and as the issues of the war became more intense by reason of the divided sentiment between the men from the North and the South, he was brought to Stockton to edit the *Independent,* then, as now, one of the leading papers of the central portion of the State. There existed here at this time a large number of Southerners, among whom was the fiery Terry, whose dominant spirit and courage had much to do in fostering a spirit hostile to the Union, and the war. These men were aggressive, and largely controlled the political situation. The Union men needed a spokesman with no uncertain voice to uphold the loyalty of the masses who were true at heart but lacked the capacity of expression. Multitudes there were who loved the flag and longed for victory, but who shrank from a bold front. Social relations had been close between Northern and Southern families; business connections existed between neighbors whose hearts were divided over the great national struggle; everywhere there was tension and strain, the blood was moving hot in the veins, the pulse was high, and passions in constant danger of outburst.

The *Independent* was loyal, but it lacked aggressive vigor, and Seabaugh was given freedom and told to write as he knew how, to write for the maintenance of the Union, for a firm conduct of the war at all costs, for the freedom of the slaves, if this were found to be a war necessity—for a unified country. He was unswervingly loyal, he saw clearly the issues, and in the columns of the *Independent* he poured out his heart in burning editorials, the best that was in him and the best was good. He was the master of a diction brilliant, clear and convincing. He had the capacity to reason from premises founded upon recognized principles to the irresistible conclusion. His editorials were clothed in choicest language, eloquent, majestic and luminous. He tore sophistries to rags, beat down specious reasoning, and built up the faith of the people by appeals sweet and winning. He wrote as one whose love saved him from weariness, and day by day with unceasing fervor, he poured upon the country's enemies terrible words of condemnation, and as with a trumpet from the heights called the faint-hearted to act like men who loved the institutions of their country and were ready to stand with her in her days of trial. To Lincoln and the soldiers he extended a great support and sympathy; to all measures he gave intellectual and moral strength. He quickened the hope and conscience of the people. It would be a liberal education in love of country for the young men of these days if Seabaugh's editorials in the war days were available. To him it was a day of inspiration, and he spoke like a seer. The *Independent* became in his hands a political power, its columns were read everywhere, and men formerly of doubtful mind were won to steady allegiance. It was a great work, performed with clean heart and hands in a great cause, and by it he won a grateful remembrance at the hands of future generations.

The fame of Seabaugh extended and he became a member of the staff of the *Sacramento Union* in the reconstruction days. He was rising now, still in his prime; Stockton and the *Independent* had expanded and ripened his genius, and in the new and larger field he found a greater constituency. He was more than equal to all of these, and he grew in grace. He still gave his best to his country, and in the measures of the country's reconstruction found place for wholesome advice and suggestion. There was never a weak place in his work; all was strong and instructive. It must not be understood that he was great only as a political writer. He was versatile and of the widest range. No question was too deep, no place too elevated, for his easy reach. He was a ripe scholar, and to his editorials brought the riches of a world-wide philosophy; of science, political economy, education, religion and human experience. He was equally happy and at home in all. There seemed to be no limit to his capacity, no horizon to his vision. He sang with the poets, talked with philosophers in the schools, suggested new tints to painters, new curves of beauty to the sculptors, dreamed sweet dreams with dreamers, and laid new sweetness upon the lips of orators.

After a few years at Sacramento, he came to the *Chronicle* in San Francisco, and became its chief editorial writer. The times had become settled and there was no call for the intense work of former years. The *Chronicle* had a right to its claim of literary excellence, for it had on its staff a group of first-class men. The demand in those days was for the editorial column, and no paper held a prominent place which did not deal out well-considered, mature and well-exprest opinions upon all questons. The coarse illustrations, silly pictures, and rot of the present day would not have been possible in the days of great journalism in California. Of course, the people, not the newspaper, may be said to be to blame. Papers publish what the people demand; they have long ceased to create and compel public thought. They used to lead; now they follow.

Personally, Seabaugh was dignified and reserved, with perfect manners and the air of a courtier. He was a lover of the good things of the earth, a *bon vivant*, and this taste oftentimes led him into indulgences that in an ordinary man would have been disastrous. They seemed, however, to have no power over him and he was always the brilliant writer, no matter what his condition. We remember on one occasion, as we entered one of the old restaurants of the city, we noticed him sitting, asleep, over his soup plate, oblivious of the surroundings and dead to the world. He so remained for the time that we were taking our meal, but just as we were about to leave, he roused himself, took a survey of the situation, settled his bill and went out. Knowing the wonderful capacity of the man, we wondered what would be the morning's paper in so far as Seabaugh was a part thereof. We looked for something good, for he could never be commonplace, but were not prepared, as we unfolded the paper on the following morning, for the learned disquisition upon an exciting topic then in the public mind, requiring in its discussion great care and skill. The article was ablaze with logic and illustration, a marvel of intellectual achievement. It was an astounding exhibition of the perfection of his mind and its immunity from all disintegrating influences.

For a time he gave his very best, while in the zenith of his powers, to his profession. He was a star of the first magnitude, but like a comet blazing with light seen for a while in the mid-heavens, he drifted off into the unknown, and we can not at this day recall his career after he left the *Chronicle's* employ.

Speaking of the *Chronicle,* we well remember its birth and evolution from the *Dramatic Chronicle.* Many years ago, when the old California Theater was in its heyday, the De Young boys, Charles, Augustus and Michael, then very young, published a little paper for free distribution as an advertisement and program for the theater. For many months it was published on Montgomery Street, near Clay, distributed by boys on the street during the daytime, and at night handed out in the theater as the program. It was a small four-page sheet, but was in addition to the theater program full of spicy items, and frequently had editorial matter of great merit from the pens of some of the best known writers of the day—and that was the day of good writing. We were in those days a law student in the Montgomery Block, much given to theater-going, and read the *Dramatic Chronicle* with daily interest. One morning there was thrown into the office a copy of the *Morning Chronicle* published by the De Young Brothers. This was the surprise of the hour, for its first announcement was that on account of the unprecedented success of the *Dramatic Chronicle,* the boys had concluded, without more ado, to make a try in the more pretentious field of journalism. That was the beginning of its career, and it became a part of the State's economic, political, and social history.

The history of journalism on the Pacific Slope would be incomplete without a reference to *The Bulletin,* and its heroic editor, James King of William. He lived a hero and died a martyr. He fearlessly fought for the welfare of the people, for decent living, pure administration of law, exact justice, and the supremacy of public morality. Against a horde of desperate and brutal men he battled with his might, regardless of personal danger. He walked in the presence of constant threat, in the shadow of tragedy. Assassination dogged his footsteps and yet he did not flinch; his dauntless spirit was without fear. He recognized the duty of a leading newspaper to the community and to that duty he gave full measure. The people stood behind him with moral support, and in this support he found his solace and consolation. The desperate despoilers who preyed upon the city felt his power and feared him. He could not be bought or intimidated, and he began to be a marked man. It was up to the desperadoes to leave, or to silence his voice that cried aloud for justice and decency. In desperation he was assassinated in the public streets by a crowd. Like other similar events, in other times and places, his fall was a call to arms. Suppressed indignation became a flame and an aroused people were moved to action by an avenging spirit. It was the mood that fired the Nation when its soldiers marched to battle singing "John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave, but his soul goes marching on."

King's death was terrible, but it was proved to be a providence to the city, and for years his martyrdom was a controlling factor in the city government and in a perfect municipal rule. Heroism stirs and fascinates the human spirit, and his is a mean soul that does not in the presence of the martyr's ashes grow warm with yearning for nobler things. No event from the outbreak of the war had as deep and widespread influence for good as had the untimely, tragic taking-off of King, in the prime of his life, by cruel and bloody hands. Men saw through their tears their duty and did it with determined hands. It brought about the reign of morals in public affairs, followed by the peace of well administered law.

The career and work of King can be contrasted but not compared with that of the editor in these days, who looks upon his newspaper as the banker does upon his countinghouse, the merchant upon his warehouse, and the manufacturer upon his machine-shop—a place to make money—his paper a commercial enterprise, fearing to offend iniquity in high places, for fear, forsooth, business may be injured. Men are too weak-lunged now to blow blasts upon trumpets from the housetops to warn a plundered and outraged people. It is an easier and more profitable task to lay bare, with picture and column, scandals in high life, or detail the rounds of a prize-fight between a brutal negro and a more brutal white man. This is what the people want? Granted; but it is under a low, public conscience permeated by an equally low and possibly lower administration of laws governing public morals. The newspapers of the city could in a week, by a concert of action, firmly carried out, make it impossible to carry on amusements in the city and county of San Francisco that were detrimental to the morals of its children. There would be fewer nickels in the coffers, of course, but there would be a sweeter atmosphere everywhere, and the environment of our school children would be cleaner and safer. In discussing this subject recently with a well-known, seasoned newspaper man, engaged upon one of the city's leading papers, I said: "You are the father of a family of growing children; do you allow them free run to the columns of your paper?" He looked me in the eye for a moment and said "No, to be truthful, I do not." Then I remarked "What about the other men's children?" A shrug of his shoulder and he was off down the street. Oh, no, he was not his brother's keeper. How easy in the feverish rush for gold it is for us to shed our moral responsibility, and to put money into our purse—honestly if we can? Will the old days ever come back when our papers shall be again standard-bearers, crying aloud for order, law and decency? Will they ever again create and uphold high standards of moral excellence in human affairs?

There was a marked literary difference in the papers of the early and intermediate years. Various professions and trades had their respective newspapers. The *Bulletin* was the merchants' and professional men's paper. The *Alta California* represented the auctioneer interests. The *Morning Call* the working men and the working women. The Southern Democrat had the *Daily Examiner*, and the literary people the *Golden Era*. The *Bulletin* was owned and conducted by Fitch and Pickering, two active and resolute men, who were men of genius in newspaper work. They also owned the *Call*. The *Call* at this time was widely read and abundantly supported by the working people. Fred McCrellish, aided by

John McComb and Noah Brooks, took care of the *Alta*, and Frank Washington and Phil Roche, under the ownership of an old farmer from the San Joaquin, W. S. Moss, dealt out in the *Examiner* the stuff relished by the Democrats who hailed from south of the Mason and Dixon line.

We well remember the afternoon when we stood on Washington Street of the day of Lincoln's assassination, and watched the mob toss into the streets the type and press with which the *Examiner* was printed. The *Examiner* had been shaving close to the line of disloyalty to the Union and the Flag, and in their hour of frenzy the people worked upon it their vengeance. It became wiser and better by the experience after its resuscitation, tho Frank Washington would once in a while forget the serious afternoon and take a fling at the Flag and the Army, both then invading the soil of his birthplace.

During this period there were several minor literary ventures supplied chiefly by the effusions of seminary girls, and the maiden efforts of youths who were ambitious to try their wings in the literary sky. These, of course, had a precarious existence, and came and went like the seasons, and about as often. There was, however, one steady old publication, the *Golden Era*, that lived for quite a period, and was the one outlet for the real literary talent of the coast. It was published once a week by G. B. Densmore, a fine old chap, and was given to essays, reviews, original poems and short stories. It had upon its list of contributors names that have since become immortal—Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Prentice Mulford, Orpheus

C. Kerr, Steve Massett or "Jeems Pipes of Pipesville." Massett did the funny business for the whole. It runs through our mind that Ambrose Bierce, once in a while, took a fling in its columns, but of this we are not quite sure. The matter published in the *Golden Era* was not at all bad, and oftentimes much of it was really good—on a par with matter which came from the pens of some of its distinguished contributors in after years. Steve Massett was a quaint, easy-going, genial soul, full of good humor and the friend of everybody. He was a charming companion, with an unfailing flow of fun. For some years he had his home on a creek then flowing near the present corner of Mission and Seventh Streets, where the United States Postoffice now is. Here he lived the life of a bachelor Bohemian, in his little shack, which he called "Pipesville." He was never lonesome, for his geniality acted like a magnet to call his friends there, where in perfect freedom they enjoyed the best of material things, and the best of Steve as well. We remember him as he frequently drifted into the law office, where we were a student. He was always welcomed by his old friend the New York lawyer. Here, of course. by accident, at the same time would drift in the Bohemians of the town, among whom was George H. Ensign, the Beau Brummel of the town, the organizer of the Spring Valley Water Company. Massett and Ensign were great friends, and it was a treat to be in the presence of these two, at the same time.

One of the things we miss in these sordid days is the close, real friendship that existed between men

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then. It seems that these relationships have lost their savor. Bret Harte was a silent, preoccupied, unapproachable fellow. We never could determine whether this was by reason of his temperament or of his dreams. At any rate, he never seemed to be much of a friend to anybody but himself. Twain was of a different stamp. He was the friend of everybody, would take a smoke or a "smile" with anybody, and was a "Hail-fellow-well-met" at all times. It was this quality which at last brought him fame, money and long life. Shortly after the time of which we write, he drifted to Virginia City, and convulsed the Comstock with his witty contributions to the Nevada papers. From thence he went to Honolulu, and thence across the world with his "Innocents" and became focalized in the minds of all who love a laugh.

Poor Prentice Mulford, philosophic soul, a lonely dreamer of sweet things, was a welcome presence personally and in his writings. He was an occultist, and loved the domain of mystery. He belonged to the transcendentalists on the one side and to the Puritans on the other. A rare purity pervaded his writings, and he was much read. Later he went East and wrote much of things that no man could verify except by personal, spiritual experience. His sad and mysterious death, while alone in a boat, on the bosom of an eastern lake, has made his memory to those who knew him best very tender. He was as harmless as a child, and of great simplicity; a lovable and gentle soul irradiated his life.

The future, of course, must hold men of intense genius and charm; but California will never again have grouped together so peculiar and rare a lot of literary men, to think and write for very love, as did the early Bohemians. The Bohemian of that day was genuine. He was as real as the climate; and the so-called limelight Bohemian of the present to the early Bohemian is as paste to a diamond. Men were Bohemians then because they were so, not because they wanted to be so. They were "to the manner born" and were hopelessly beyond imitation.

During the war times, as the war editor of the *American Flag,* an eccentric, reserved but virile old Scotchman, D. L. McDonald wrote with his pen dipped in vitriol. We recall him now, a slovenly old figure, bowed with years or physical infirmity, as he shunted in and out of the editorial rooms. He communed with no one, but took keen notice of everybody, and everything about him. He seemed to have no associates, was always alone, and worked like a dray-horse. During the short life of the *Flag* in the hottest times of the war, he filled its columns with burning stuff. He either had, or simulated, a passionate love for the Government. Whether this mood was from love for the country or from an intense hatred for his opponents, having its foundation in the vindictive nature of the man, we never were able to determine. His physical make-up was opposed to all softness of spirit. At least this was the outward expression of the man. It is difficult to analyze a human spirit from the outward shape, but a close touch with McDonald for several months gave us the idea that love had no part in him. As a literary man he had no superior on the coast. Even Seabaugh in his prime did not exceed him in versatile brilliancy. He was confined to no specialties but was equally vigorous on all subjects. To his enemies he was as merciless as a blade. He wielded his pen as the fencer does his sword, and cut or thrust with unerring skill at his opponent's vital parts. Withering sarcasm, cruel criticism, torturing ridicule, were ready weapons in his hands.

It was, however, in the use of invective that he exhibited extraordinary genius. He pursued his victim with a relentless spirit; when he camped upon a man's trail, he stayed there until he had wrought his venom on him. He left him only when he was full of wounds. The deadly coldness of the man was something terrible, and you almost shuddered as you watched the continued attack. There were in him, however, some sweet places where beauty and fragrance had a homing. Amid the rocky and frowning summits of his mind were valleys where there were sunshine and birds, streams and flowers. There were hours when he turned from the battle-field to revel in the beauty of the natural world, to drink in the sweetness of the fields, to lie down by living waters, to listen to the song of birds, and to lift to the glorious dawns and sunsets the poet's eyes, and then to phrase it all into speech beautiful beyond compare. He was too stern for poetry, but no man could make prose more beautiful than he. We remember the result of a trip he made into the Yosemite many years ago, when that great valley was known only to those who were lured into the heart of the Sierras by the "call of the wild." He was resting from a fierce campaign and wandered off alone into the wilderness, to hold communion with inanimate shapes whose grandeur and beauty would aid him to forget the strife of man. He spent a week in the great valley and studied its features with a passionate interest. He stored his memory with pictures of its sky-line domes, its stern-faced cliffs of rock, its waters falling from the sky, its streams flowing amid the green of the valley's floor. He caught and held the splendor of the early morning and the mellow shade of the evening. All these he made his own, and when he came back out of this antechamber of the Almighty, he brought with him these memories and made them immortal. In a series of six double-column articles he wrote of the Yosemite as no man has ever done before or since. It was a revelation of the man and his capacity to interpret the divine as it exists in the caress of the hills, the curves of the heavens, the drift of cloud and mist, and the silence of mountain solitudes.

In keen contrast to this fine pastime of brain and heart was a series of philippics hurled, shortly after this diverting vacation, upon the California Bank and its management, more particularly against its then popular manager, Ralston. The occasion of the enmity of the *American Flag* toward the Bank and Ralston we do not remember, but we do recall the determined, persistent, vicious, daily attacks made against the bank. It was a battle to the death, and was waged without the hope of quarter. About the same time George Francis Train was holding forth in his eccentricities at the old Metropolitan Theater, and he soon joined in the hue and cry, and it was said as a part of the history of that time that to these influences was largely due the historic run upon the bank, its failure and the subsequent tragic death of the beloved Ralston. The bank had its revenge, however, for the *American Flag* was upon unsteady financial legs, and soon the sheriff closed its career. For years we lost sight of the old Scotchman, and heard of him only during the last year as a sad, wasted wreck of his former power, dying without kith or kin to deplore him, in a public institution of Alameda County. Such as he have seldom the saving instinct; they live from day to day, often finding more necessity for drink than for bread; the present is all that concerns them. "Let the dead past bury its dead" is their motto. They are careless for the future. How many drifts there are that float out of the literary sea into the haven of the hospital or poorhouse, brainy derelicts wrecked by temperament! It is one of the mysteries of life that from such as these the world receives many of its richest gifts.

The history of municipal journalism shows the usual ups and downs, some going out of existence, some into decline, some retaining nothing of their original character except the old name. The *Call* is a shining example of this last kind. The *Alta* was a notable death known to this generation. There were many newspaper deaths in the old time, but they are forgotten. The *Morning Chronicle* of 1856 and the *Herald* of the same date were important in their day, in the hands of able men, and yet no headstones in the graveyard of newspapers tell men that they ever lived. *The Post* has had a precarious life and varied experience. It had its birth at the hands of Henry George, the brainy advocate of the single tax, author of "Poverty and Progress." He was an honest soul, gave his life to the proclamation of what to him was the central truth of political science. He was essentially a man of the people and sought to be their deliverer. He may not have wrought entirely in vain, for a larger wisdom may yet illustrate the width of his faith.

The *Post* was started as a one-cent paper, in the hope that it might afford by its cheapness a journal for the very poor, and make them readers of current news. It was well edited and deserved to have fulfilled its mission, but alas, the expenses of metropolitan dailies are too great to be met, in days of expensive labor and materials, by the limited flow of pennies. As a cheap paper it lived long enough to break the projectors and passed into the hands of Colonel Jackson, who had means and ambitions. It lived a while behind Jackson's political hopes, and again passed into the possession of well known political schemers who for a while labored to infuse into its visible life the strengthenings of political support, and more recently it has been transferred to other ownership and joined with the younger *Globe*, now flourishing as the *Post-Globe*.

What of the future under the peculiar conditions of the resuscitated city? Money is king, and to its dominion we are compelled to yield. Things precious to former generations are handled with careless hands. We are too busy to waste time wandering in old fields, for we must keep up with the procession. The midnight oil burns no more on the lawyer's desk; precedents are more easily found than principles; the painter paints for the market; eloquence is a matter of commerce; the sculptor carves no more for immortality, and the newspapers grind out news for the purchasing multitudes with an eye single to bank accounts. They are content to prosper financially, forgetting the old days when newspapers dominated the conscience and thought of all the people.

Chapter IX

A GROUP OF GREAT LAWYERS

IN early days the Bar was not behind any of its kindred professions in the number and high character of its members. Some of the names then written upon the signs of practising lawyers have since been engraved upon the pages of judicial history and become the symbols of learning and wisdom. To gather together now such a group of immortals would require a patient search through the world's centers of learning. Possibly even then it would be a vain task, for the lawyer of the "old school" is a rare creature. He still is to be found, though rarely, in the higher forums, a man of years, to whom still clings the old habit and tradition of the profession.

The field was a great one for judge and advocate. Complex questions were arising out of the conditions attendant upon the acquisition of California. The Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo sought to firmly preserve the rights of the Mexican, and to keep inviolate *private* as distinguished from *public* rights. The release of the public domain from the operation of the Mexican law was absolute, but private property was still held under the tenure of the old Mexican and

Spanish laws and customs, which laws and customs were by the Treaty, so far as private property was concerned, continued in force and made the supreme law of the land.

So far as personal property was concerned, the rights of the Mexican were easily preserved; it was no difficult task to construe and apply the old laws and customs, but the adjustment and recognition of titles covering great grants of lands were more difficult, and for years taxed the patience and minds of great lawyers and great judges. Years of litigation followed the Treaty and the acquisition of California. There was more or less chaos in the condition, and much fraud. This made easy solutions impossible, even where the main title was plain. Crudeness of description and imperfect detail of attendant incidents made ultimate certainty a difficult task, even at the hands of the most skilled.

This was the field that invited the best equipped minds of the entire country. The work was abundant, its long continuance certain, and its fruits promised to be rich. To fix definite boundaries by surveys at the hands of national surveyors, who measured under the authority of congressional statutes and the decrees of federal courts; to construe the often doubtful terms of ancient grants; to establish in court records the evidence that often rested in uncertain memories, and to expose villainies in forgeries and perjuries, were but a part of the task presented to the robust young lawyers, first of the Territory, then of the young State from 1850, and thence through succeeding years.

International law, Spanish law, Mexican law, Spanish and Mexican customs, State legislation and federal enactments were all mixed in a sort of hotch-potch, and the mere tyro was certain to be lost at the very beginning in the tangled mass. It was a great work, possible only to the greatest in the profession. This opportunity, as well as necessity, attracted men competent to master the situation, and for thirty years following 1850 California could proudly call the roll of a list of lawyers whose names quickly became famous, and in after years illustrious, and whose achievements enriched legal history. Some were but temporary residents; most, however, permanent citizens who closed here their careers and their lives. Those who moved to other spheres of action did not decline in fame, but in other commonwealths and in other lands rose to and held, with masterful ability, their station in the profession. Among the latter were Judah P. Benjamin (afterwards Queen's Counsel in England), General H. W. Halleck, a notable soldier in the Civil War, Frederick Billings, his one-time partner, General E. D. Baker, splendid orator and gallant soldier, and Judge Stephen J. Field, the contribution of California to the Supreme Court of the United States. The list of those who cast in their lot with the State and made here their homes is long and illustrious. No city of its size in the civilized world ever had as contemporaries such a splendid group of supreme men in a single profession. It is a roll of fame, and as we read it and recall the faces and figures of many as we saw them in office and court, the heart grows tender, for with many of them, as a law student, we had personal relations. To have been a law student in those golden days of the profession was a privilege unattainable in the present.

We can name from memory many who in their prime adorned life as lawyers and as men. Among those whom we knew, some personally and all by face, were: Hall McAllister, for forty years the acknowledged chief of the legal fraternity on the Pacific Coast; Joseph P. Hoge; John W. and Samuel H. Dwinelle; Alexander Campbell; John B. Felton; Samuel M. Wilson; John Garber; Lorenzo Sawyer; E. D. Sawyer; Nathan Porter; Frank Pixley; John F. Swift; Calhoun Benham; Elisha Cook; Milton Andros; A. C. Peachy; Trenor W. Park; James McM. Shafter; Oscar L. Shafter; John Curry; A. P. Crittenden; Sharp Brothers; Nathaniel Bennett; Silas W. Sanderson; Edward F. Head; Joel L. Blatchley; John Satterlee; T. I. Bergin; H. P. Barber; Henry Byrne; Harvey S. Brown; Samuel Cowles; James A. Zabriskie; Henry E. Highton; Morris M. Estee; Edward D. Wheeler; Solomon Sharp; James H. Hardy; H. P. Irving; W. W. Cope; H. H. Haight; William Hayes; W. H. L. Barnes; W. T. Wallace; W. H. Patterson; W. W. Stow; Delos Lake; Tod Robinson; Henry Edgerton; Thomas H. Williams; O. C. Pratt and Eugene Casserly.

We could extend this list, but enough has been written to emphasize our claim that we had a great Bar. Two only of these immortal names represent living men: John Curry and T. I. Bergin. The others have passed on into the silent republic of the dead.

Most of these men were content to remain in the field as advocates; some were called to the Supreme Bench and some to the Federal Bench, and some to the nisi prius courts. Oscar L. Shafter, John Curry, Nathaniel Bennett and Silas W. Sanderson sat with distinction upon the Supreme Bench of the State. Lorenzo Sawyer was their associate, and was afterwards called to preside over the Federal Court, being Circuit Judge of the United States for the Northern District of California during the latter part of his life. Samuel H. Dwinelle was the acceptable Judge of the Fifteenth District Court for many years; E. D. Sawyer in the Fourth District; O. C. Pratt on the Twelfth Bench, and E. D. Wheeler in the Nineteenth District. W. T. Wallace sat upon both the Supreme and Superior Bench, and J. P. Hoge closed his life as one of the Judges of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco.

A comparison of the old names on the District Benches and the old roll of the earlier lawyers, with modern judges and lawyers, does not detract from the fine old names now a part of the State's judicial history and a part of its glory. The *comaraderie* of the old Bar was delightful. Its members were genial and congenial. A fine confidence in a common integrity and generosity was in force, and while conflicts were often fierce, they never marred the genuine friendships that existed between the warring advocates. The friendships were based upon a mutual respect one for the other, moral and intellectual. They were members of a republic of wisdom and morals. and to each other they extended kindness and confidence. They called each other by their Christian names, were full of cheery salutation, rejoiced with each other in victories or condoled in defeats. They made up a noble brotherhood, having a community of interest in fine things, and treating with a common scorn the things that were mean and unholy. It needed in those days no carefully drawn written stipulation between lawyers in the regulation of practice, tho the law required it. They extended to each other professional courtesies without writing, and a word given was a bond never broken. Oftentimes millions were dependent upon a verbal promise given upon the street. They warred like giants but dwelt together like brothers. A wide, warm charity was the climate of their intercourse. It was a charming hour for him who happened to be present before the opening of court on some field-day, which called together in the courtroom many of these genial souls; it was an hour of eloquence, wit and repartee. Hall and Sam and Joe were full of wisdom or fun, and the merry crowd made the moments radiant with the happy intercourse of lofty-minded men. These were hours when they were free from care and ready to sweeten their own hearts by adding joy to others.

Motion day in the District Courts was always a congregation day. It became a custom to gather there, drawn by the attraction of social intercourse, if not by legal engagements. Each one seemed to bring to this gathering the best in him for his contribution to the general fund of wit and wisdom. Here, too, in the discussion of motions or demurrers in great cases involving tremendous issues, were heard arguments that were the perfection of learning and eloquence. In these discussions such giants as McAllister, Wilson, Patterson, Felton, Thompson, Campbell and Dwinelle often took part. It was a liberal education in law, logic and rhetoric to sit in court when these men were holding forth with their might, their minds made radiant for the occasion by a preparation, the intensity of which would astound the lawyer of these rushing days. Men could then give a reason for their faith, and call upon history, poetry or science for an illustration, draw from the deeps of erudition forgotten lore, or appeal to lofty human experience for precedent. The common was made brilliant and the brilliant glorious. Many such days were filled with arguments upon the details of evidence or upon the principles that were at the base of the case. These were classics, worthy to be made permanent gems of thought and language. Those who first listened could only wonder in amazement that men could exhibit such power. These splendid efforts were so frequent, however, that one ceased to regard them as rare exhibitions of the capacity of the human mind, and becoming familiar with greatness at last to cease to wonder at it. One felt but could not describe the spell. The charm was beyond analysis, just as the perfume of a rose is a something that homes in the personality, a fascination understood by the spirit but too evanescent for the portraiture of speech. Personal magnetism is a phrase that seems too coarse to suggest the spirituality of faculties that made these men winning to all who were fortunate enough to be within their recognition. To be taken into the inner house of their friendship was like the initiation into some secret rite. Their confidence had in it the comfort of a benediction.

Young as we were when these men were in their prime, we were thrown into close personal touch with many of them by reason of their relations with the law offices in which we were student and clerk. We shall never forget the kindliness, the condescension so gracious that it had the warmth of a personal regard, that characterized them. We never look upon the statue of McAllister standing on the fore of the City Hall grounds, that we do not feel the charm of the old days, when he gave us salutation and audience with a dignity as serene and with attention as close and patient as if we had been his equal in age, learning and achievement. If we were disposed to become a pessimist, to look upon our race as degenerating, to read in the signs of the times a decline in our civilization, we could not hold to the pessimism while our mind was brightened by the memory of McAllister. When we first knew him in 1871, he was at his zenith, if there were possible to him any highest mark, while his mind was free from the later weakness which the tremendous labor of years brought upon him with a partial eclipse of faculties.

No matter how lofty may tower a mountain range, there are always summits that lift above the average lines and become individualized. These uplifted peaks attract and hold the eye, no matter how lofty may be the mountains from which they spring; and so out of a group of prominent men there are a few to whom by their uplift is accorded the first place. This held good among the members of the San Francisco Bar, and no one will ever challenge the leadership of Hall McAllister, the brilliance of General E. D. Baker, the eloquence of Henry Edgerton, the great tho eccentric genius of Rufus A. Lockwood, or the profound learning and acumen of Nathaniel Bennett.

The qualities of these great men were imprest upon one as the sweetness of a summer morning is imprest upon the senses. The artist needs the frequent presence of his subject that he may catch and make permanent the personality upon his canvas. Our recollections of McAllister are so vivid, that had we the painter's art, we could glorify a canvas with his form and face, without this exterior aid. He was of splendid physical mold, a massive figure whose dignity and poise made a fit framework for the supreme mind of which it was the temple. The proportions of his body were in keeping with the noble head that crowned a breadth of shoulders which would have made him an athlete in the Olympic Games, had he not been a giant in the athletics of the brain. Strength was suggested in every movement of his superb body, a strength that was strong and beautiful. To retain for so many years the leadership without question or challenge, as did McAllister, was a great achievement.

Men of ordinary mold strive and toil to acquire and hold such places. To McAllister it came by moral gravitation. Story, in speaking of the great Chief Justice Marshall, said that he was born to be the Chief Justice of any county in which Providence had cast him. So of McAllister. He was born to the purple robe of leadership. The wonder of it all was his modest acceptation of it. His fellows placed him where he was, and with no self-consciousness he simply went about his work, careful in it, but careless of his fame. He was always, outside of his profession, a simple private citizen. The law office and the courtroom were his world, and there he worked and lived. He was never known to take part in public office, never seen in popular assemblages or upon public platforms. Politics had no attraction for his busy mind. He was essentially an advocate who served the law, which to him was a jealous mistress. He wandered in no other fields, coquetted with no outside loves, remained to the end an example of the highest type of the professional man, to whom his profession was an inexhaustible field for earnest, lofty endeavor. The simplicity of greatness gave him wonderful nobility of presence. He was stately on occasions, like a Roman Senator in the forum. A woman's sweetness was his normal mood; it was the climate of his spirit and made irresistible the grandeur of his mind. Resistance to this quality was impossible to him who came within the circle of its influence.

In trying a case he was urbane and gracious, careful of the very accent of his speech, lest his adversary might be wounded by a seeming arrogance. A courtly deference marked his intercourse with the Judge upon the Bench, and his fine regard for the proprieties of the profession was an education in courtesy. Strong and thoroughly equipped he entered into and ended his trials. He loved a trial and gloried in the struggle at the Bar. Careful preparation made him the master of the law and evidence, and he moved forward with the terrible certainty of success. He had the genius for hard work, and loved work. He never went into court until the minutest detail was a clear and personal possession of his mind and the whole case revolved about some well defined principle, as upon a pivot. We were often near him in the trial of great cases and became familiar with the care he gave to mere minutiæ—the arrangement of his evidence in detailed notes, the careful grouping of his evidentiary exhibits, and the arrangement of his law books wherein were stored his authorities. In those minor details was the work of a master. He was especially great in the preliminary statement to the court of the facts upon which he intended to build his case, and it became a maxim of the courtroom that when McAllister had stated his case, it was half won. There was only one other among all the gifted lawyers of that day that approached him in this capacity for clear and luminous statement, and that was William H. Patterson, a member of the distinguished firm of Wallace, Patterson and Stowe. With the Court and Jury in possession of his facts through this clear statement, McAllister, through the examination of witnesses, piled up in seeming mountains of truth, the mass of evidence, so clear, so logical, so impressive, as if to make it apparent that modesty alone had held him back from being cruel to his adversary by a statement of all of his facts. He was a generous and kindly adversary but terribly dangerous, and was rarely defeated. How could he be defeated with jury and witnesses but plastic clay in his hands, to be molded as the potter molds his clay?

McAllister was an all-round man, equally at home in all departments of the profession. He was too large for a specialist. He stood upon the summit and saw clearly all below him. There must have been in his mental make-up a profound sub-conscious faculty, for he read men and things and their relations to each other with unerring certainty. He measured men by the length and breadth of their environment and knew them to be the scientific moral product of this molding condition. Thus, becoming familiar with the underlying character, he was able to read as from an open book, and thereby became a ruler of men. There was no brutality in his searching after a man's soul. It was a psychological effort, and the touch he was compelled to lay upon some sore spot in the spirit was very gentle. As if it was but yesterday, we remember his first criminal trial. For years he had been engrossed in great civil business, with a wide clientage among the leading commercial men and corporations, and had never been engaged in the trial of a case involving criminal law.

A simple old man named Johnson, living south of Market Street (then, as before the fire, the home of the laboring classes), had warned a young hoodlum, who was paying undue attentions to his daughter, to desist and to leave her alone. It was a simple command, but, as it developed, it had in it a deadly earnestness. The warning was unheeded, and one night the old man waited, with his shotgun, at his gate, and slew the hoodlum. It was a tragedy of the lowly, and would have awakened no public interest except for the fact that McAllister was retained to defend Johnson. Immediately an intense interest focalized about the case, it became a *cause celebre*. People *vs.* Johnson was one of the remarkable murder trials of the State. The greatness of McAllister was illustrated in his professional relation to this deed of vengeance. Men wondered and speculated as to what McAllister would do in the new field. The trial was had before Judge Dwinelle in the Fifteenth District Court, and so intense was the interest, that it was the one topic in the public press and mind. Curiosity was a-tiptoe, and almost the entire Bar of the city was in daily attendance for nearly a week. Curiosity, however, soon gave place to wonder, as McAllister, with the same grasp and power he had always exhibited, unfolded and elaborated the defense with the same irresistible detail of law and evidence. His address to the jury was a tremendous arraignment of the despoilers of women—a defense of the inviolability of the lowliest home, and a sweet and winning narration of the sanctities of domestic life. No man, unless he had been blind and deaf, could have swayed away from that marvelous appeal, and within an hour after the jury had retired, the newsboys on the streets were shouting the acquittal of Johnson. From that day no man questioned the range of McAllister's genius.

His preparation for a trial was an engrossing concentration. It seemed as if every physical energy were marshaled in the brain, and he worked with an almost superhuman energy. On one occasion, on a matter important to him, which was the sole reason for our being allowed to intrude into his working den, we found him in his shirt-sleeves, without his collar, walking up and down the room like an aroused lion. He looked like a man in the grip of pain, and beads of sweat stood like dew upon his face. On every available desk and chair and table were open books which he had been consulting. He was the personification of work. We dared not risk more than a moment with him, and we said, as we asked his pardon for the intrusion, "Mr. McAllister, you seem to be a busy man." With the winning smile so common to him, he said: "I have to work harder than anybody else at the Bar to keep up with the procession." He told me once that a speech, a masterpiece of eloquence he delivered to the jury in defense of a well known citizen charged with an assault with a deadly weapon, was dictated in its entirety four times to his stenographer. Of course the jury acquitted his client, for what other result could follow such devoted labor?

This capacity for continuous, exhaustive work was the secret of his success. It was the habit of his mind. It would naturally be supposed that such as he would be arrogant and proud. He was too sure of himself for such artificial aids, and was of all men most simple and always approachable. He was especially kindly to and regardful of the young practitioner at the Bar, and never failed to recognize and counsel him. Once, as we were walking down Montgomery Street, in the days when it was the main street of the city, he overtook us, and slipping his arm affectionately under ours, said "Walk along with me; it might do you good for people to see that I like you." It was a beautiful condescension of a great spirit. Years after we saw him in Stockton one time, after court, when he needed a little relaxation, and he was playing pool with the bellboy of the hotel, and both of them were as joyous as kids.

In Nevada, at one time, it became necessary for us to give references in connection with a possible professional employment. When asked for reference, we took the chance and referred to McAllister. In a few days a letter was received from him, couched in the kindliest phrases and highly recommending us by reason of old recollections and affiliations. By such services as these he ingratiated himself into the life of his fellows, and what wonder that men loved him as much for the greatness of his heart as the greatness of his mind.

It would be an incomplete sketch that did not include some analysis of his power of speech, so far as it is susceptible of analysis. He was not given to flights of oratory, had none of the arts of the mere actor. He strove for no effects artificially attained. In pure and musical English he talked conversationally, but as one who was terribly in earnest in a faithful effort to perform a duty. The occasion was too full of moral responsibilities to permit of vain words or doubtful appeals. Calm and deliberate was every phrase, and the flow of thought and word was as steady as the march of the day. No halt marred the integrity of his argument, but by logical climb he reached the altitudes where the lands were clear and men could see the truth as he saw it. He dealt in principles largely, and relied but little upon mere authority. He frequently quoted from the best of modern and ancient authors, and would also often quote from St. John, David, Isaiah and Christ. This appeal to the Scriptures was a favorite habit, and his application of its sublime truths to a case was always timely and happy. His power before the courts lay in the clearness with which he presented the facts, and the application thereto of the legal principles which governed them. He had perhaps no equal at the Bar in this capacity to apply the law to a given state of facts. With a jury he was irresistible by reason of the consideration he gave to them; he made each individual feel as if he were a personal friend. This same influence he exerted upon the most hostile witness. With persuasive smile he appealed to the reason of the jurymen, pleased their vanity, and by graduated climaxes grouped his facts into their appropriate relations to the case. He was like a skilful general, paying attention first to the individual soldier, then to the companies, and then to the regiments, until he had molded the *personnel* of the army into a victorious fighting force. He always built his case about a central fact and worked with unerring skill to make all subordinate evidence verify it. When he left his case in the hands of the jury, there was no mist or cloud; whatever the case might be, it was always clear. He never asked for the benefit of a doubt.

Whatever the future may hold of greatness in the legal profession on the Pacific, however splendid may be the achievements of its members, the day is remote when its most gifted son shall be equal to more than a comparison with Hall McAllister.

There were great law cases frequently on trial in the Twelfth District Court. One we recall. Michael

Reese, a well-known and unique character of those days, a great hulk of a man with a keen instinct for money, held title to a lot on the northwest corner of Washington and Kearny Streets, then a central location. Many years before an old man, named Sill, whom, if we recall correctly, had been in San Francisco when it was a Mexican pueblo, was one of the sailors of a ship that had drifted into the little port for hides and tallow. He was a blacksmith, and he had acquired from the then occupant, or at least thought he had, the lot in question. He was gone for years and then died. Years afterward, in 1864, his son appeared, and finding the property valuable, entered suit for its recovery. John W. Dwinelle, a distinguished lawyer, was his counsel, and Reese was represented by S. M. Wilson, John B. Felton and Thompson Campbell. It was a battle royal, of absorbing interest, because of the great advocates ranged on each side, the local questions involved, and the character of the witnesses. The Sill title ran back into the days of Mexican possession, and of course depended upon Mexican laws and customs, outside of the statute of limitations under the State law. The trial lasted for weeks, before a jury, and a host of witnesses, who were familiar with the condition of affairs before California became American territory, testified. Careful preparation on both sides made respective counsel historians, as well as Mexican lawyers, and if the testimony in the case was not burned in the great fire, it is full of exact narration of the traditions, customs, habits, and laws existing on the peninsula from Portola's time down to the transition of the Mexican pueblo, known then as Yerba Buena (good herb), into an American city. Witnesses were called, whose heads were white with the frosts of years, well known Mexicans and Spaniards, familiar with events here from their youth; Englishmen and Americans, who had in years long before become identified with life in this then remote seaport.

Wilson, then a noted practitioner, famed for his keen analysis and a persistent pursuit of facts, was at his best, and his efforts in this great case would have made him famous, if he had not already risen to the very front of his profession. He was a frail man physically, naturally irritable, but of great nervous energy, and with an endurance of steel. He was regarded as one of the most dangerous of adversaries, and his record was full of work successfully done. A noted figure in the case, however, was Thompson Campbell, a great lawyer, of marked individuality, physically and mentally. His absorbed attitude, associated with over six feet of attenuated frame, crowned with a deeply lined face deadly in its paleness, attracted the spectator with a sort of occult charm. You looked at him with a strange fascination, for he seemed to be the personification of brain, as if the mind in him had become flesh, and one, in looking at him, more thoroughly understood the psychological statement of St. John, when he said: "The word was made flesh and dwelt among us." In Campbell the mind was made flesh and moved among men. He walked as a man of silence, capable of living in the solitude of his own nature. A profound sadness rested on his pale features and even when deep in the discussion of great things, no flame of interest or passion ever warmed up their terrible pallor.

As a counsel in a case Campbell was a tower of strength. His acute intellect grasped every detail, and his power of analysis was so masterful that he was able to discard all features that were not of controlling value. There was no waste in his work. Like a skilful sculptor, he chipt off unnecessary material until he presented a perfect case. The aid he rendered to the trial lawyer was along the winning lines, for he was like a pioneer cutting out a clear path through the complexities of the evidence and the law. His temperament was too cold for the advocate, and he seldom participated in jury trials. His strength lay in the presentation of the law to the court. To the trained mind of the lawyer his arguments were great treats. They could not be understood by the civilian, for he reasoned out his position with about the same enthusiasm with which a mathematician calculates the coming of an eclipse. His spirit was able to find companionship within himself. He was usually alone, able to find solace such as he desired in self-communion. He had the habits of lonely natures, and indulged them to the full. He was fond of stimulation for its own sake, and he was as unique in his use of stimulants as he was in all other things. He was a stranger to the resorts of pleasure, where men usually gathered after hours of toil. It was in the quiet of his own chamber that he often outsat the night, seeking in the power of wine to stir his forces to the warmth of common men.

We well remember once at Benicia, an intermediate port, between Sacramento and San Francisco, when a queer old dominie asked us if we knew Campbell. On our replying that we did, he said, "Well, he beats all men I ever saw; he comes to my place and sits up all night and drinks twenty bottles of champagne, and in the morning he is sober,—what a man, what a man!" It must have been in this tremendous stimulation he found that he was human.

In those days intense individualities made men stand clearly apart with the distinctness of cameos. This was found in intellect and personality, and gave to these men an attraction that was compelling and forceful. General Baker was one of these, of the very highest type. In spite of the habit of frequent dissipation that at times removed him from ordinary rational intercourse, he was in his sober hours gracious and winning, and the choicest of companions by reason of his abundant kindness of spirit and his richness in human touch and sympathy. He was of noble presence, classical in feature and with the manners of a prince. He had great conversational gifts, and in the hour of good fellowship became a fountain bubbling over with wisdom and wit. Free of vanity, unconsciously he became the center of any group by common consent; and the hours flew on rapid feet while he poured out his soul from the affluence of his gifted nature, as a fountain pours out from secret caverns abundant pure and sweet waters. He was a natural orator, with every grace of speech and gesture, and on great occasions, when his soul was stirred, he spoke as one inspired. Words fell from his lips in joyous association and with the melody of music. He was a magician, and under his touch common things became beautiful. His audiences were to him as a great organ under the fingers of a master. He called up from dull natures, from cold hearts, unsuspected sweetness, and lifted high natures into altitudes of lofty feeling. When his own nature became flooded with the splendor of his dreams, he was beyond resistance, for he spoke as one having authority from the oracles. He was too much of the orator and the dreamer to be a profound lawyer. His restless spirit was too much in love with beauty to waste itself in the silence of the study. His arena was the open places of the world, where men toiled and hoped and suffered. It was this quality that drove him at the breaking out of the war, to the battle-field, and led him to his heroic death at the head of his troops, in the needless exposure of himself to peril. He was a great soul, and this greatness was beyond the reach of habits that would have destroyed him, had he been within the power of mere animal tastes. Dissipation blurred only for a time his immortal faculties, and he rose from temporary degradation to the strong and majestic figure of a noble man.

Baker's achievements at the Bar were confined to criminal trials, where by reason of his magnetism and eloquence he was successful. Before a jury he was suave, gracious and compelling. He won their attention and affection by a rare sweetness of manner, and made them feel that his client was a good man because he was so earnestly pleading in his defense. He could make the worst appear the better part, and then in a great burst of passion lay in the hands of the jury the fate of their fellow man. Such appeals were seldom in vain. Baker had great political ambitions. He loved popular assemblies, and gloried in the opportunity to lead in popular movements. He saw in the political condition of California no opportunity for the realization of his hope, and became a resident of Oregon, where his genius found sudden recognition, and he was sent to the United States Senate. His heroic, chivalrous nature could not resist the call of the country to arms, and he went to the front to lose his life at Ball's Bluff in a heroic charge at the head of his troops; and so ended a glorious life, of human weakness but essentially of divine qualities.

In the beautiful Napa Valley, when the State was young, there grew to manhood a rare native son. It was long before the organization, which came into being later, that boasts as its membership only those who are native born. Henry Edgerton grew in years and in great qualities amid the wooded hills and inviting meadows that make Napa Valley a restful and wholesome dwelling place. The hills, the woods, the inviting loveliness of fields and the balm of sunny skies drew out and fostered the genius of Edgerton and gave him that mental fiber that in after years, in legislative halls and in courts, gave him conspicuous place and entitled him to rank among the leaders of both 7 forums. A quick intelligence was enriched by an imagination that in ordinary environment saw only things that were fine. There was no coarseness about him. He was as fine as a Grecian statue, and a gracious manliness strengthened the grace and attracted attention in every assemblage and made him a delightful leader.

His mind ripened in his youth, and he was almost a beardless boy when he became famous. To a body graceful in every line of perfection there was inwrought a certain nameless magnetism that was a constant influence, as much a part of him as the perfume is a part of a rose. His features were modeled after that type in which sculptors and painters have in all generations imprest manly beauty. He was far from an egotist, but was not unconscious of the gifts that made him acceptable to his fellows. These gifts were a part of his equipment as an orator, and were the aids to his arts of speech, in which he had at that time no superior. As an orator he was equaled only by Starr King, the great Unitarian divine, of whom he was a contemporary. Edgerton had a fine legal mind, and would have been a first-class lawyer had he devoted himself to the intensity of study that success at the Bar demands, and he would have been as noted in the profession as he was an orator. Had he been gifted with McAllister's capacity for hard work, he could have won the fame of a great advocate. Perhaps these were faults of temperament, and doubtless they were, for he, unfortunately for himself and to the grief of those who cherished him, early fell into habits of dissipation, that as he grew in years fastened on him with a grip that could not be shaken off. It may be that to such as he, high spirited, artistic and imaginative, there may come dreadful hours of rebound that tear at the nerves and to whose despondent loneliness there is no relief but in wine. Who that is not so gifted knows? Who is fortified to criticize and sneer? Surely not those in whose veins cool blood flows, and the beat of whose hearts is as steady as a piston rod. Edgerton's career ran nearly to the noon, and then by reason of his habits, he declined to a sad and lonely death in a friend's law office in the Montgomery Block. This close of a brilliant life was full of woful pathos. We knew him when he was in the flush of his life, and in the long list of attractive personalities, grouped in the membership of the Bar, we recall none more gentle or noble, a brilliant, artistic soul, full of beauty and charm.

As a political speaker Edgerton was a master. He was in great demand by his party, and always was ready to stump the State. He commanded large audiences, and people heard him gladly. As illustrating his power as a public speaker, we remember but as yesterday some exciting discussion of the policies of the Government in reconstruction times. Edgerton was called to defend his party, and in old Platt's hall on Montgomery Street, for four hours, to an audience of men intensely concerned in the question and opposed many of them to each other, he delivered an oration that has never been surpassed for its clear grasp of the situation, its flights and fancies, its beauty of illustration and its sallies of caustic wit. His opponents, even, were held enthralled by his wonderful exposition. The questions involved legal principles, and he read from law books authority sustaining his argument. It was the first and last time that we have heard an orator read to a popular audience the dry words of the law, as if they were as musical as a poem. It was a fine psychological achievement, and could have been done by no second-rate man.

As a native, intellectual product Edgerton suggests that the sunlit places, the noble mountains, the flowering fields and the glorious skies of California may be the cradle of genius, at last, when we have come fully into our own and the spiritual side of man, by environment and atmosphere expands into those whose brain and heart shall rival if not excel in their work the intellectual development that glorified the shores of the Mediterranean in the past. Much is expected from our "newness of living" and unless all present races have reached the summit and are looking down the decline, there can not fail to yet arise somewhere on the Pacific supreme men whose supreme race shall expose how nearly the merely human may reach upward toward the divine. We may yet reach the promised land where we will cease to hunger after the "flesh pots of Egypt."

There are two characters of note, whose faces appear to us out of the past, and whose features are part of the movement that gave so much of color and strength to the "Bench and Bar" when we were young and strong. One, Rufus A. Lockwood, came and went like a comet, a strange, mysterious soul, of profound learning, forceful and eccentric. He drifted into port as a sailor before the mast, from whence no man knows. We recite the story of his life as it was current at that time, and while he was for a few years a figure at the Bar, luminous and illuminating by the exhibition of capacities almost measureless in their range of scholarship and erudition. Upon his advent into the city, he sought out a well-known law firm, at that time engaged in extensive litigation affecting

Mexican grants of land. He sought only for a janitorship, which was given him. He came and went in the office, faithful to his duties, until one morning the leading member of the firm found on his desk a brief, written in a scholarly hand, which dealt with the facts of the case just decided, the transcript of which lay upon the lawyer's desk. The lawyer glanced through the brief in amazement, followed the clear statement of controlling facts therein, and recognized the lucid and apt quotation of the law applicable thereto. Filled with wonder, he called the janitor and asked him where the brief came from. He, with a quiet smile, said, "I wrote it." "You wrote it—are you insane?" replied the lawyer. "No, I am not insane and I wrote it last night; I stayed up all night to do it." "In God's name, then, who are you?" "I am a lawyer and have had a little experience in such work." The janitorship was then given up and he was made an attaché of the office, and was enrolled as one of the most striking, peculiar and brilliant members of the California Bar,—for a few years only, for there seemed to be a deep-seated eccentricity and restlessness in his nature, and one day he disappeared as silently and mysteriously as he came. What became of him remains unknown to this day.

One day, while examining a hostile witness, whom he believed to be guilty of determinate perjury, and whom he was unable to dislodge, after many questions he stopt a moment and paused as if in some occult meditation. He then looked up into the eyes of the witness with a piercing glance and said to him quietly, "Would you believe yourself under oath?"

This was too much for the witness, the attack was too sudden, and in great confusion he seemed unable to proceed with his testimony.

This chapter would not be complete if we closed it without mention of the Supreme Court of the golden days. California ranked high among the States of the Union for the great names that made the decisions of its supreme Court authority wherever law books were read and known. Nathaniel Bennett was one of the first Justices of this great court. He was then a young man, and the reports for 1850-51 of the Supreme Court decisions, many of which were written by him, were and are quoted as authority in all courts, not only in America but in England. Daniel Webster, while arguing an important case before the Supreme Court of the United States, after reading from one of these decisions written by Bennett, said to the Court, with an expression of his surprise and admiration: Who is this young man Bennett? He seems to have a fine legal mind." This was true, for he had unerring instinct for legal principles. He was at this time vigorous physically and mentally. For years after his retirement from the Bench he practised in San Francisco, and was in great demand as a counsellor.

About middle age, Bennett was much afflicted with serious infirmities which interfered greatly with his activity. He was a ponderous man and strong in every way, but sometimes yielded to spells of dissipation, which, while interfering with his continuous practice, never interfered with the clearness of his mind. While engaged in one of the District Courts as assistant counsel in a case, he sat as if asleep, and some one said, "Does Bennett sleep all the time?" To which came the answer from opposing counsel: "No, but if he is asleep, for goodness' sake don't wake him up." It was in this same case, while he was apparently asleep, in this attitude of indifference, that an opposing lawyer was reading an authority to the court. All went well for a while, until some phrase was read which did not express sound law, and Bennett, arousing himself, startled the Court by shouting, "It is not there, it is not there." And a close examination of the case showed that it was not there. He was a profound student and read his books from love of them.

The Supreme Court of California maintained its great character for many years, and in the sixties Sanderson was Chief Justice, and John Curry, Lorenzo Sawyer, A. L. Rhodes and Oscar Shafter were Associate Justices. Reports of their decisions are illuminations of the law. Sanderson, although harassed with physical infirmities that would have weakened an ordinary man, and driven him into retirement from the activities of life, worked like a slave and was as brilliant as he was sound. He was a scholar of the best order, and into his decisions often wove by way of illustration philosophy and poetry. In the case of Fox *vs.* Minor, while he was castigating the faithless trustee of a minor, he quoted from Shakespeare this: "He kept the word of promise to the ear, but broke it to the hope." In Falkinberg *vs.* Lucy, a contest between rival soap-makers over a trademark, he added much to humorous literature by his references to the testimony in the case. The report of this decision is humorous reading, and is to-day the leading authority on injunctions. He was always clear and illuminating, and a lawyer leaning upon one of his decisions as authority felt always sure.

Of this noble group, John Curry, in his ninety-fourth year, as he recently told me, was a resourceful man, stalwart in body and mind, given to the law from love of its principles. In 1910 he still moves about the streets of the shattered city,—an example of the impotency of years to hamper a great spirit. That was the Augustine age on the Pacific from 1850 until time's scythe mowed down these masters of the law.

Before we close this chapter we must speak of two old friends, Morris M. Estee, identified closely with the growth of California since his early manhood and deemed one of the best loved ones of the Golden State. Both as lawyer and legislator he left the impress of his thought upon the annals of California history. As the author of a work on Code Pleadings and Procedure, his name has been associated with code practice in every state of the Union wherever a code system prevails.

In 1900 he was appointed by President McKinley to be the first United States District Judge for the Territory of Hawaii, where his broad, liberal type of mind, and keen, almost intuitive, sense of justice, impelled confidence in his administration of the duties of that Court, even from those opposed to him in opinion. While still in active service in Hawaii, Judge Estee died, in October, 1903, after three years of fine judicial work, beloved and regretted.

And Judge James V. Coffey, who was a law student at the same time we were, and who with us and ten others, on April 5, 1869, sat all day long before Silas W. Sanderson, A. L. Rhodes, J. B. Crockett, Royal T. Sprague and Lorenzo Sawyer, in the Supreme Court, and from ten o'clock A. M. until five o'clock P. M. were bombarded with legal questions. Students then were examined in open court by the full Bench. Judge Coffey was easily the best equipped student of the class. For twenty-five years, with distinguished ability and learning and a noble honor has Coffey presided over one of the departments of the Superior Court of San Francisco. Recently celebrating his sixty-third birthday, he is still in his prime, and we want to go on reord as saying that when he retires from the Bench, the community will suffer a loss nearly akin to a public calamity.

Chapter X

THE PULPIT AND PULPIT ORATORS

THE intellectual life of San Francisco, during the period dating from the dissolution of the Vigilance Committee to the building of the Central Pacific railroad, demanded the very best of all things; and the Pulpit, the Stage, the Forum and the Press responded. A fine moral atmosphere fed the conscience of the masses, and lofty individual character was a part of the social and religious life. The Church was a revered institution, and to its support, by personal attendance and finance, notable citizens contributed. Church attendance was not mere fashion; rather the result of a purpose to give to its services one day in seven, for example of good living, even by those who claimed no especial spiritual relation to it. Church-going was a habit, and the Sabbath a day of repose and calm. There was no complaint of empty pews, for all classes found solace in the sanctuary. Noisy crowds, perambulating the streets with banner and band, were no part of the Sabbath in those days. It required no Sunday Law to close the business houses and places of amusement, to keep undisturbed the reverent silence, and to give to the toiler the peace of sacred hours.

The people were a law unto themselves and were obedient unto their own laws. The Sunday Schools of every church were crowded with happy children, with young men and maidens, with mature men and matrons. Women of the highest social standing, who gave character and sweetness to the home life of the city; leading merchants, judges of courts, had charge of the Sunday Schools and gave out of their minds and hearts uplifting education. Auxiliary Bible classes, attended by young and old, were presided over by men of piety and scholarship. Here were discust, on Sundays, the history, life, poetry, song and revelation, exposed in the old Book to which mankind has looked and must look in all the ages, for the beauty of holiness. I was myself a member of one of these classes, at "Old Calvary," presided over by H. H. Haight, a leading lawyer, and subsequently Governor of the State. The membership of the class was young men, many of whom in the succeeding years rose at home and abroad to stations of honor. These Sunday hours were inspiring and many a discussion arose, which quickened to intense activity intellectual and moral fibers, deepened the sense of personal responsibility, and broadened the horizons of truth. A revival of such classes would be a good thing for the city of the present day.

The churches were migratory, however, and there were only one or two in the entire city just before the fire that occupied their first sites,—old "St. Mary's," at the corner of California and Dupont Streets, just rehabilitated, holds its ancient foundation. As the city reached out and business houses encroached upon residential sections, the churches gave way, and moved further from the center. Many have moved twice, notably "Calvary," "Trinity" and the "First Unitarian," formerly known as "Starr King's Church." There are no ancient churches in San Francisco except the old "Mission Dolores," established more than a hundred years ago by the Padres. This simple structure, built out of the sun-dried adobe, is in a fairly good state of preservation, and we may have here for some time this lonely example of constancy, a historical church like St. Paul's and Trinity. This old church is seldom seen by the tourist, unless he searches for it, for it stands far from the center, hid away on an unfrequented street. There is at present a newness about everything, and before many years men will utterly forget how the main city, built between 1849 and 1906, looked. Nothing is familiar outside of streets and parks, except a few substantial structures here and there, whose walls stood the stress of fire and shock sufficiently to permit a reconstruction without material change in outward walls. These will stand as landmarks in coming years, to assist the imagination in recalling that which has passed away. Another half century must pass before we will have a history. The present generation must pass away before there can be either history or tradition in connection with the things of to-day. The fire has swept libraries and art galleries, with their books and pictures, into ashes, and a new literature and new paintings must come to preserve all we can know of the old features.

The church life of the city was well represented in its denominations,—the Jews with their Synagogue among the rest. The modern cults, if they had followers, were modest, and were not, as now, "thick as leaves in Vallambrosa." While it could not be said that there were rivalries among the denominations, each demanded and had in its pulpit men of distinguished zeal and of great eloquence. For some years San Francisco could proudly say that she had five of the most eloquent pulpit orators in America. Dr. Stone, Dr. Wadsworth, Dr. Guard, Dr. Scudder and Starr King, twice on each Sunday, preached great sermons to great congregations. These were men of wide scholarship, and wonderfully gifted in speech.

Dr. Wadsworth was called to "Calvary," the leading Presbyterian church, after the discussions which arose between Dr. Scott and the larger part of his congregation because of his sympathy, openly exprest, for the Southern Confederacy. Dr. Scott, in the flower of his greatness, and he was a great man, came from New Orleans to fill Calvary Church, then perhaps in the character of its membership, its wealth and its social standing, the most powerful religious body in the State. He was acceptable to the masses generally, and soon, in the noble church building, on Bush Street, between Montgomery and Sansome, became a popular and influential factor in the moral life of the city. He was a Southerner, loving the South with the strong sectional affection that before and during the war had the force of a passion. His Scotch blood gave him intensity of feeling and conviction. The times were tragic. Man lived in an atmosphere of battle, and he could not suppress the expression of his love for the South and his hope for her success. This was fatal to his influence with the majority of strong men who were on the other side. He retired from his pulpit, and his retirement separated many friends, and later resulted in the establishment of St. John's Church, to which he was afterwards called as pastor. The old charm and power, however, were gone, and he never regained his old place in the esteem and affection of the masses, which was his before this unhappy incident.

To this disturbed, and, in a measure, disrupted congregation, in those stormy days, came Dr. Wadsworth. Doubtless he profited by the example of Dr. Scott, and while he was a strong Union man did not preach politics. In fact, in those days, men in the pulpit confined themselves to the great truths of the Scriptures, followed the Master in spirit and action; found in the Sermon on the Mount, the vision of the transfiguration, the parables and the Ten Commandments sufficient inspiration for the spiritual necessities of their congregations. A great preacher in California, in giving expression to the intent and purpose of his coming to California, preached his introductory sermon from this text: "I am determined to know nothing among you but Jesus Christ, and him crucified."

Dr. Wadsworth was a commanding man, of large and robust frame. His face was full and florid, attractive by its fine intellectual lines. His attitude and motions were those of a man of power, conscious of his strength. He was eccentric in many ways, but his was the eccentricity of a noble nature. He was exceedingly absent-minded, given to great concentration, which had in it the air of modest retirement from touch with his fellows, as if he feared that he might be disturbed in his thought. These characteristics were marked and at times caused him embarrassment. We recall an evening when we, with others, at one of his weekly receptions, called to see him. We found him in his study, although it was at a time regularly given to the visits of his friends. His wife notified him of our presence, and he came into the parlor, greeting us all with kindliness and cordiality. For a time he talked of general things, but by and by he grew silent, and soon left the room. He was gone for a time, and his wife, knowing his tendencies, excused herself for a moment. She had gone to hunt him up. She knew of his sudden moods of concentration, and of the forgetfulness that was a part of them. She soon returned, and, somewhat embarrassed, but smiling, said to us that the Doctor, forgetting about us, had retired. She begged our indulgence, and added that the Doctor, during his absence from the room, had fallen under the spell of his moods, and had simply forgotten that we were his guests. He, however, afterwards remembered the occasion and circumstances, for he had withal a marvelous memory, and apologized for what he feared might be regarded as an intentional affront. He said that he was at times greatly annoyed by his forgetfulness, but that he could hardly be charged with neglect when he had more than once gone to the postoffice for his mail, and forgotten his own name!

This peculiar forgetfulness was said to have been true of John Adams. It is related of him that he too, once, on coming away from the postoffice in Boston, was met by a friend who said, "Good morning, Mr.

Adams," and he replied, "Thank you, that was just what I was trying to remember,—my own name."

The Doctor, in his intellectual make-up, combined in a wonderful way reason and imagination. In his sermons he reasoned like Newton and dreamed like Milton. He had few of the graces of the orator, none of the mere arts by which a public speaker charms his audience. He carried his eccentricities into the pulpit, and often startled his hearers by the quaintness of his gestures. One who frequently heard him said to us, "Wadsworth's gestures always make me think that he is catching at flies." This uncouthness was in a measure true, but as one became familiar with him, was moved and satisfied by the eloquence of the man, this peculiarity seemed so much a part of him that it added to his charm, and made impressive his utterances. It seemed as if carried away by his eloquence, he physically lifted his thought out of the mind. A frequent gesture as he laid his premises and reasoned to his conclusion, which always seemed to be upward, was to straighten himself upward as far as he could, and then, as if he subconsciously saw something yet above, he reached upwards with his hands, with a sort of impatience, as if the glory of his vision was beyond his reach. It was a suggestive act, and added a force to his words. It was a gesture peculiarly his own, and no student of eloquence would have dared to copy it as one of the graces of oratory. It was great, but not graceful. He was a master of the English tongue, and the beauty of his illustrations reminded one often of the poetry of the Bible. The Psalms, whose beauty and sweetness have been the source from which generations have drawn inspiration, were not finer than many of the sentences of Wadsworth, as he rose on great occasions to the heights of loftiest eloquence. He was fond of logic, and delighted to enforce the truth as he understood it by *a priori* deductions. It was when enforcing some of these reasonings that he appealed to his imagination, and clinched the whole by some poetic outburst that captivated the heart. This power seemed to come from his perfect knowledge of the Scriptures, for he was a Biblical scholar of the old order. Higher criticism had not yet disturbed the learning of the Christian world. We can to this day recall a number of his wonderfully beautiful utterances. In one sermon, in which he was enforcing the ineffectual power of temporary things to satisfy the spirit, he said, "These things are as impotent to satisfy the soul as the sickly scent of a dead flower is to comfort a dying man."

Another time he illustrated the maladjustment of human action by saying "How often do we see giants spinning threads and dwarfs bearing burdens." And yet again, in declaring that the soul knew of its immortality, he used this fine sentence: "The spirit knows by its own consciousness that it is immortal, as the eagle chained in the market-place, by the instinctive flutter of its wings, knows that its home is in the upper deep."

During the years that Dr. Wadsworth filled Calvary pulpit he preached morning and evening on each Sabbath to congregations that crowded the large building to its fullest capacity. Here at all services were to be seen men from the highest ranks of business and professional life, the rich and the poor, the old and the young, the believer and the unbeliever,—all fascinated by the marvelous words of the mighty man. His congregation was not drawn from the residents of the city alone, for men frequently came from other cities to hear Dr. Wadsworth, as they now go to the Opera, and in one case, a gentleman, resident of Sacramento, made a trip to the city every Saturday afternoon for the purpose of being present at Calvary services during the Sunday. The great preacher longed always for the culture he had left behind in the Eastern States. The new life of California had no charm for him, and after a few years of devoted and faithful service he went back to Philadelphia, his old home, and became the pastor of one of its great churches, and within a few years thereafter died in the midst of his acceptable services.

The old Unitarian Church was on Stockton Street, near Sacramento, and as the town moved south, the congregation moved with it, and a fine new church was erected on Geary Street, near Stockton. Starr King became pastor of the church before its removal, and it was due to him that the change was made. At the time that he was called to San Francisco he was preaching acceptably in Boston. In that center of learning and culture, though a young man, he had won his way, and was fast becoming noted for his nobility and eloquence. It was in California, however, that his genius expanded, and he soon became one of the world's great orators. He loved the city and State with great affection. He drank in from the sunny skies, the hills and the fragrant gardens, the joy of life.

With him life was a trust. By effort for good he grew in grace. He was a toiler, and endless work made up his days and nights. In fact, it was from the wear and tear of overwork that at last he became an easy victim of disease, which cut short, before the noon of his career, his priceless life. In him was verified the sad experience of humanity that "The good die young."

His personality was magnetic and winning. Gentleness radiated from him as light radiates from the sun. His manners and speech were gracious to all alike. No one could resist the fascination and charm of his presence. He was delicate, physically, a spiritual rather than a physical man. It is hard to make a pen-picture of his face, for there were lines too pure, lights too fleeting, to be caught by words. In the poise of his head there was nobility and power inexpressible. Passing on the street, to a stranger, he was always an object of attraction, and one, looking on him, knew that he was great and good. There was in his face the serenity of him who had seen a vision, and to whom the vision had become a benediction. His intellect was cast in a lofty mold, had been trained in the culture of New England, and ripened in the atmosphere of the great universities. There was breadth and depth and height to his mentality, sweetness and light in his spirit. He was bound to be, wherever his lot was cast, the guide and solace of the distrest. At the time of his death he was the first pulpit orator in America, and without doubt had no superior in the world. His abundant spirituality touched and mellowed his hearers, and he was a hard man whose soul did not respond to the greatness of Starr King.

The masses crowded to his services, and for a few short years he lifted up his voice to teach "the way, the truth, and the life." Spiritual truth was to him more than creed. He was not what is called orthodox, but believed with a mighty faith in the fatherhood of God, and preached it with a terrible earnestness. Simple manhood was to him a splendid reality, and he saw the divine in the human always. He had no compromise with evil, sin was an abhorrence, and the salvation of man was possible only through purity of thought and action. He proclaimed the beauty of perfect life, and sought to win men by an appeal to affection, rather than to fear. He sought to make holiness so sweet that no man could afford to lose it. His hunger for the pure, the beautiful and the true had in it the intensity of a passion. What wonder, then, that he was a power for the best in the life of the entire community, and that he was beloved by friend and stranger alike!

His presence in the pulpit was commanding and gracious. He knew he was a master, and his frail body, under the inspiration of the services, towered like a giant. In him were the feature, form, and voice of the perfect orator. The pallor of intense thought made him beautiful, and his perfect voice, as he read or spoke, rose and fell in waves of sound, captivating the senses like music. It was music. The range of his voice was wonderful, and the deep tones were vibrant with richness of inflection. We never heard him that we did not wonder how a human being could be so gifted in our common speech. In the reading of hymns, poetry took on new beauty, and through him the texts of scripture gave out what was in the heart of him who wrote them. To hear him read a Psalm of David was the treat of a lifetime, and the parables were made as new as when they were first spoken in Judea. He had the faculty, by intonation and emphasis, of making dead things become alive. He could, like Moses in the desert, smite a rock and make sweet waters gush forth. We well remember a most sublime service one Sunday in the long ago, when he had persuaded Annie Louise Cary, a popular opera singer in those days, who was in the city with an opera troupe, to sing a solo as a prelude to one of his sermons. After the usual service leading up to the sermon, in the choir rose a fair woman in perfect white, the organ pealed forth a familiar tune, and she, lifting her voice, in the attitude of adoration, sang the old song, heard a hundred times before in countless services, but really never heard before:

"When I can read my title clear to mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear and wipe my weeping eyes."

A breathless silence fell upon the great crowd, and every eye looked upon her as if she had been an angel, with this message from the sky. As she closed and poured her soul into a triumphant burst of music, a deep sigh of satisfaction in the audience exprest its joy and gratitude, and King rose to preach. He had felt the beauty and pathos too, and he preached as we never heard him before. It was a service never to be forgotten.

Starr King loved his country next to his God, and gave of his great life to its support during the Civil War. He was the soul and providence of the Sanitary Commission, organized for the aid and relief of wounded and sick soldiers in camp and hospital. California was called upon to aid in money, for great expenses had to be met. King undertook the task, and lectured in the principal cities of the State. At one great mass meeting, held in Platt's Hall, standing on Montgomery Street, upon the present site of the Mills Building, we were present, and never before or since have we seen or felt the power of a mere man to do with a great audience what he willed. Moved by his own strong emotions, he magnetized the audience and swayed them as the tempest sways the leaves of the forest trees. At the climax of a matchless narrative of the heroism of our soldiers in the field, and of their terrible sufferings from disease and wounds in lonely hospitals, he lifted his hand in one of his gestures, almost as eloquent as his words, and the audience, under the spell, rose to their feet and cheered for the soldiers of the Union. It was like the sound of many waters.

This was the supreme moment, and he called for subscriptions. The response was immediate and generous. A capitalist of the city, who was known to be shrewdly close, with all his means, went to the subscription table and wrote his name, and when King read the subscription, men looked at each other in wonder. The subscription read: "Five hundred dollars a month, payable on the first day of each and every month during the war." The magnitude of this subscription was great, for the war lasted for three more years. King had smitten the rock. The aggregate sum raised by him for the Sanitary Commission was in the neighborhood of three hundred thousand dollars.

In 1864, the city heard that Starr King was dangerously ill, and his life despaired of. It was hard to believe that so splendid a factor in all good work could be in peril when so young and so necessary. The sad news was true, and in a day or two, men, with pale faces, repeated with quivering lips, one to the other, "Starr King is dead." And so, in the prime of his life, at the zenith of his achievement, before its noon, this sweet, great soul passed away, leaving to those who loved him dust and anguish. Well do we remember that almost at the moment of his death, a minor earthquake shook the city, and men said, "Even the earth shudders at the thought that Starr King is dead."

The Central Methodist Church, at Howard Street, near Second, was the center of the influence the Methodists exercised in their zone of work. It was for years their choicest pulpit in the city, and therefore in the State, and the Conferences looked to it that here should be a man in mental equipment and speech able to hold his own, and the dignity of his church, on a level with the distinguished ministers of other denominations. And so here, at the time Wadsworth, King and others of like gifts, were filling other pulpits, Dr. Guard held forth to a large membership, and to a great outside congregation. At every service the spacious building was crowded. One of the remarkable features of the audience here was the percentage of the young. A glance at any Sunday assemblage would disclose that the great majority were men and women on the sunny side of life, many indeed in the springtime. Dr. Guard's sermons had a drawing power for the young. This was easily understood. He possest a wonderful imagination, and was given to extended illustrations of his subject. His discourses were like lectures of travel, illustrated by scenes of places spoken of. It was a sort of mental painting. This quality of speech was fascinating to the young mind, for it kept always within the reach of their capacities. While it satisfied and gratified, it made no severe demands upon the reason. His texts were given as *ex cathedra* declarations, and there was nothing to be reasoned out. Nothing was required but to magnify, beautify and emphasize the conceded truth. He preached to believers, not to those who questioned. This was the order of his mind. The truth was true, and stood without support. His office was to extend the view, lift the people to elevations where the horizon should be widened, and the heavens exalted.

Of the great orators we have listened to,—Beecher, Hall, King, Wadsworth, Puncheon, Simpson, Fowler, Ingersoll—we have never before or since found just the same quality of eloquence as was part of Guard's speech. There was an endless reach of description. He always seemed in the land of beauty whose paths were endless, or ran in circles. One never seemed to be at the end or within its reach. His sermons were ceaseless flows of illustration. He did not have reason and imagination combined, as had Wadsworth, nor did he move you by the indefinable sweetness of the man and subject, as King did.

Dr. Guard had a peculiar mannerism, one that always kept his hearers in expectation. He would often hesitate at the close of a sentence, as if he had lost the thread of his thought, a mental habit he had of seeming to go lame. It would not be dignified to call it a trick of speech, but one thing was always evident when he quickly caught the thread, and that was that it had been a readjustment of his fancy, for following these halts he always soared into higher flights. Personally he was of that type that fills the Methodist pulpit. His manner was free and cordial, and he was a good pastor as well as a fine preacher.

Dr. Stone, in the old Congregational Church at the corner of California and Dupont Streets, was a distinct figure in church life. Exclusive and reserved in manner, he had but little of personal magnetism, but attracted by the signal eloquence of his discourses. He was brilliant, and satisfied intellectual tastes, but seldom warmed the blood with the passion of desire. He had the mien and voice of the scholar. He loved the Schools, and in his sermons drew his illustrations from them. His literary taste was delicate, and a rude form of expression would have been to him a pain. Smooth, shining and beautiful was the flow of his speech. His modulated voice was set to a perfect key, and words flowed as if they were obedient to some gravitation within the mind. Clean-cut and polished was every phrase in which he gave utterance to his thought. His discourses were as perfect and symmetrical as a Corinthian column carved from Parian marble, and as serene,—no sweeping toward the heavens in great bursts of words that thrilled. There were no arts of inflection; all was like the tide of a noble river, flowing between banks of trees and flowers, majestic in the sun. His charm was in the placid utterance of brilliant thought. His brain was a storehouse from which he drew at will. There was no hesitation, for he was a master in preparation and brought to the pulpit the fruition of the study. He never fell below the line of great excellence in his work. There was never any disappointment to his congregation. They were always sure to receive that for which they came. His capacity, for the high class work he did filled his church, was great, altho in later years he broke somewhat under the steady strain and retired, a worn man, full of well-earned honors in a high place.

Dr. Stone's genius and attainments were the possession of the entire Congregational Church. He was well known in all parts of the Union, and no mention of its greatest men could be had which did not include him in the front rank. The history of religious life and thought was enriched by the purity of his life and the fineness of his great mental gifts.

The last of the quintette of great pulpit orators, who filled pulpits in San Francisco, was Dr. Scudder, who occupied the Mission Street Presbyterian Church, just opposite the Grand Opera House. Dr. Scudder was born in India, the son of the well-known missionary to that country. The son was educated in India and had acquired the acute mental acumen which has distinguished the scholars of that ancient land. He was a fine scholar in the literatures of the East, was perfectly familiar with their faiths and cults. He was also of wide erudition in the learning of his own land, and intuitively made use of both cultures. His distinguishing quality was the capacity to reason down to conclusions almost too fine for the slow and ponderously moving mental machinery of the average Western mind. He often dove too deep or soared too high for minor understanding. All of this, however, had a good office, for he compelled a close concentration on the part of his hearer, and no mere lazy listener could hope to understand what Dr. Scudder said. He was a master of Oriental reasoning, although he seasoned it with the fresher Occidental lore. There was an ultra fineness in his thought, as if it had been ground to a razor edge. It was glittering and keen, pierced the waste places of the mind and woke into life faculties that had grown dormant through misuse. There was in his speech the tracery of Oriental imagery and often the poetry of his sentences was exquisite. He draped his figures of speech with the laces of wisdom, and the fascination was in both thought and utterance. His faith was robustly orthodox, and he had in no respect been harmed by the occult environment of his youth and education. It was a liberal education to sit under him. He illustrated truth frequently by appeals to things that were part of the oldest lands under the sun. He contrasted the old faith of the Hindoo with the life of the Christian, and made clear to the mind the reasons of both. He often alluded to the conditions of human life, with its poverty, caste and squalor that the religions of the East had left unsoftened during the centuries, and in the radiance of Calvary compared them with the product of the Man of Galilee and His teachings. Such was the opportunity of this skilled master, and in this knowledge and its application to human conditions he had no rival. He combined the knowledge and the genius of both lands.

There were minor men in those days doing good work, who were far above the ordinary preacher of the present day. They were, however, lesser lights, and their efforts were lost in the splendor of larger men. It would be a difficult task to-day to gather together in any city of the world five men who would, in purity of personal character, loftiness of spirit and might of mind, equal Wadsworth, King, Guard, Stone and Scudder. Great men were everywhere here then, for it was a great day in the city,—great in everything but mere numbers of people, and the records of many of those lives have been lost beyond the regathering. This was a result of the fire, for these records can not be rebuilt as can be the modern market place or the bank. The immortal has perished, and men for ages will suffer loss.

Before we close this chapter it may be well to glance at a few of those who were among us for a time only, as strangers within our gates, who out of their abundance gave unto our treasury. There was a natural attraction to California of many great men, who could not resist the coming, even when the journey was one of toil and discomfort. The Annual Conference of the Methodist Church called here her Bishops, and it has been the glory of that old Church that her Bishops have been men of piety and eloquence. It was always a day of intense expectation when it was announced that some famed Bishop would hold services in a city church. Here we have heard Peck, Simpson, Bowman and Fowler. Each, after his own method and order, unsurpassed in gifts of mind and heart, was of massive mold, and their lips "dripped with the honey of the Attic bee."

Peck was a ponderous man, weighing more than three hundred pounds. A very mountain of flesh, he had, however, a great physical capacity and seemed as agile as an athlete. He, as men of such bigness usually have, had a sunny nature, and made sunshine wherever he went by his genial presence. His smile was beneficent and inspiring. Often have we heard him in the pulpit, and here we forgot the physical proportions of the man in his mind sweep. He had a wonderful breadth of vision,—the world and its afflictions, its sin and suffering. Its struggling masses moved him to tenderness of speech, and when speaking of such matters he used to spread out his great arms as if he would clasp and hold them all by his strength against the shock of the storm. His was a great soul in a great body, and his people loved him with a great love.

Bishop Simpson was just the opposite of Peck in physical structure, and was the unchallenged head of the College of Bishops. He was a most remarkable man in every way, so great that his influence could not be bounded by his relation to or his affiliation with his Church,—could not be bounded even by any race. He was truly a man of the world, recognized for his matchless qualities of mind and spirit. In person he was tall, rather ungainly, much like Lincoln in this respect, whom he greatly resembled in mental and moral traits, and by whom he was greatly honored. His face, except for its spiritual illuminations, would have been unhandsome. His forehead, from the peculiar slant of the head, looked low, but it could not have been so and been a part of the brain of such a man. I once heard a gentleman say, after having seen and heard him in one of his services, "Simpson looked like a spiritualized prizefighter." This came from the shape of his head and forehead. He stood among the great figures of the world, and his character added luster to the American Church, irrespective of denomination. He was at once the foundation and the pillar of ecclesiastic virtue wherever the Christian religion was offered to men as the way of life. Once heard, he could never be forgotten, for no life would be long enough to make one willing to forget the man and his work.

Nothing could more perfectly illustrate his power than a simple story of one of his meetings in the Grand Opera House on Mission Street, years ago: It had been advertised that the Bishop would preach, and it was known that there was but one house in San Francisco that would hold the vast throng that would flock to hear him, and so the Opera House was secured. At ten o'clock the vast auditorium was jammed from pit to dome, and the stage crowded, with only room enough left for the preacher. It was a great audience, made up of rich and poor, young and old, the halt, the lame and the blind, black, yellow and white,—a vast cosmopolitan crowd, gathered together as if the world had been searched for an audience. It was an impressive hour, and the Bishop afterwards said that it was the grandest audience to which he had ever preached. A deep silence settled upon the vast mass as the Bishop rose to preach. He was full of majesty, and there was in his face the light of a divine power. He stated his text as follows: "And every knee shall bow to and every tongue shall confess Jesus Christ." Beginning with the simple story of Christ's birth, the fulfilment of prophecy in that event, his marvelous youth, and his glorious development, he lifted his audience by his narration into a realm of history, prophecy and fulfilment. He led them along the way of the new gospel for the remission of sins,—step by step, carried them from summit to summit until the audience was at the tensest strain. But he was the master. He knew how and when to remove the tension, and this he did at the climax, when with a voice ringing as a trumpet, strong, passionate and prophetic, he quoted his text. The mass was too wrought up for silence, there must be relief and it came; for as he closed and turned to his seat, a thunderous applause shook the house, round after round, like the thunder of the sea on a rocky coast. There was no pause to the tumult. No one cared to stay it, for a crowd from the world was cheering the victory of Christ. What a triumph for the man, his mission and his effort. Doubtless no more inspiring audience ever stood in the presence of a great preacher, and so triumphantly responded to the majesty of his subject. Thousands were there—sinners and saints—all moved by a common pride in Christ, all by common impulse cheering the vision of His supremacy in the world. At this moment everything was great,—a great man, a great audience and a great theme.

Bishop Fowler was excelled by no orator of his day. He possest an exquisite imagination, which he used as a sculptor does his chisel to hew from the dead stone forms of beauty imperishable. The commonest circumstance in his hands was made of interest, and the large things of the world grew larger under his magnetic touch. He had a rare habit of climbing the heights, instead of soaring above them. He was like one who has made the ascent of a great mountain but lingered a while in the valley at its base,—long enough to feel the cool of grateful shade, to lie down by the laughing streams, to cull the blossoms and to drink in their fragrance, to bend his ear to the song of the bird, and then, lifting his eye toward the sky he climbed, but not with toil, toward the heavens. Now and then he halted, that the expanding horizon might reveal the grandeur of the world. And thus from height to height he led his hearers delighted to the summit, where as a climax he waved his hands in a salute to the beauty of the world. He was a splendid being, rarely graceful in form, with a face as fine as a cameo. If "beautiful" could be fairly applied to a man, one could truly say that Fowler was beautiful. It was the beauty of an exquisite mind and soul radiating every feature, and refining every animal line. This fineness held the eye like a picture, and it added greatly to the grace of speech. A musical voice was added to other perfections, and in the completeness of noble manhood, he was a model for a sculptor. No one having heard Dr. Fowler once could ever fail to do so again when opportunity offered. He deservedly ranked high in the councils of his Church, and was one of her chief ornaments.

In addition to the frequent visits of the great Bishops, we were honored by the presence of other learned men, who were lured to our shores by our repute. Beecher at one time lectured and preached here. De Witt Talmadge also. Dr. Hall of New York, and Morley Puncheon, the brilliant English Methodist, who many years ago delivered a series of lectures that for range of information, beauty of diction and splendor of imagery have never been equaled in later days. Two of his lectures, "Bunyan, the Royal Dreamer" and "The Huguenots," were masterpieces of the lecturer's art. He preached several times, but his power as a lecturer was greater than as a preacher. In this he was the opposite of Beecher, who was a great and unsurpassed pulpit figure, but not always so happy on the rostrum. He never seemed to catch the spirit unless he was in his accustomed place amid his moral environment.

Chapter XI

THE OLD CALIFORNIA THEATER AND ITS IMMORTALS

BEFORE me lies an old photograph of a group of the stock company of the California Theater when it was a famous playhouse, where once gathered men and women of genius and fame. It was a happy family of free souls, held together by a community of love and interest. Among these well remembered faces there look out of the photograph many of the world's stars, who came at intervals from other lands, to shine for a time in these Western heavens: Edwin Booth, Barry Sullivan, Charles Matthews, E. A. Sothern, Edwin Adams, Mrs. D. P. Bowers, Madame Janauscheck, John E. Owens, and others of like repute. This old picture was taken by Bradley & Rulofson, famous photographers, whose work was the perfection of their art. Before the fire of 1906 swept many like things into ashes, there could be found in private hands and in public libraries many groups like this, of people whose character and work entitled them to grateful remembrance. Since, these pictures have become priceless, and are held by those who own them as precious as jewels.

The popular actor and actress, more than any other professional, are near the heart of the people, when they are kindly, and to those who frequent the theater become dear by ties strong and personal. There is not a theater patron of the days when the "California" was in its glory, who can forget when it numbered among its regular actors John McCullough, Lawrence Barrett, Harry Edwards, John Wilson, John T. Raymond, William Mestayer, Louis James, H. J. Montague,—the beautiful soul whose light went out suddenly one fateful night upon its stage,—and such sweet and womanly women as Mrs. Judah, Mrs. Saunders, Sophie Edwin, Bella Pateman, Alice Harrison, Katie Mayhew, Dickie Lingard, Zelda Seguin, Annie Pixley Alice Dunning and Lotta Crabtree.

The heart grows sweet and sad with memories, as we look upon these faces and write these names. How they dignified and broadened the drama when popular taste would have none but the choicest of the masters. Shakespeare in the hands of Booth and Sullivan, McCullough and Barrett, crowded the house. "The Romance of a Poor Young Man," with Montague making it a sweet story, was sure of a great audience, and John E. Owens with "The Cricket on the Hearth" drew tears from multitudes. It would be an education elevating and beneficient, if for a single week the new city could have the old theater with its old plays illustrated by the old masters.

Pure cultivated taste in dramatic art in those days was not confined to the "California." It is universal, and other theaters were careful to keep their work up to the highest standard. We remember when Ristori, the peerless Italian, held forth at the little

Bush Street theater, and Edwin Forrest, and the younger Keans delighted audiences at Maguire's Opera House. Concentrating forces were, however, at work, and slowly but surely the "California" became the center of legitimate drama, and finally for some years to it were drawn all of the stars that drifted westward, and here they loved to be, for they were sure of welcome appreciation by the public, and of delightful personal friendships with men and women in private life, whose hearts were open and warm. In these days of circuits and trusts, when whole companies are transported with the play and scenery, back and forth across the continent, the patron of to-day does not quite understand the plan of the time when theaters were compelled to maintain a stock of competent and gifted performers qualified at all times to support the star, who was the sole importation. They must be familiar with tragedy, comedy and melodrama,—ready to play *Hamlet, Richelieu, Virginius, Sparticus, A Trip to the Moon, The Two Orphans, Marie Antoinette, Rip Van Winkle and Lord Dundreary.* We doubt whether there were ever gathered together under one roof, for so long a time, so many fine actors and actresses as were for years maintained by the "California Theater."

When the system yielded to business methods, and the theater declined to a purely commercial venture, where the box office was more to be considered than the stage, the old theater families were broken up, and there was a constant change of face and personality in the actors. Necessarily there can not exist between the public and the theater the strong personal touch that existed when the man in the seat knew and loved the man on the stage and was concerned with his success. The actor is no more a man about the town, a familiar figure to thousands who, though perhaps not personally acquainted, feel free to salute him as he passes them on the street and invite him to partake of a friendly "smile." Poor, genial John McCullough had more friends than any man in San Francisco, when he was one of the managers, as well as one of the actors at the "California." Montague, Wilson and Edwards had a host of such friends who had for them a fine and genuine regard.

Mrs. Judah was accepted as mother to everybody, and Sophie Edwin was regarded with the affection accorded to a sister. The score of an opera was no more complete than was the fitting in of the membership to the demands of the drama. It mattered not what human experience or feeling needed illustration, the fit instruments were at hand; they worked together in harmony as perfect as the keys to the pipes of an organ. Despair and hope, the fine uplift of pure thought, and the deep designs of the depraved, found equal interpretation in skilled hands. The claim that the stage should be educational, make vice hideous and virtue attractive, was justified by the steady allegiance of managers and actors to high ideals. During the years that this house was the home of the legitimate drama, it maintained unsullied the best traditions of the stage in *personnel* and conduct. Scandal kept its unclean hands off its reputation. The psychology that gives to inanimate things a character; that with human traits ennobles them with excellence or makes them repulsive with ungracious features, had its work in fix-ing the repute of the old house. Its atmosphere was sweet and wholesome, and the very walls were eloquent of refinement and peace. People went there not only for amusement but for rest,—inspiration to the mind and consolation to the spirit. Refinement was a presence unmarred by the monstrosities of modern fashions. The auditorium was not a show place for ladies' absurd fashions, but rather the reposeful circle where the people in dignity found delight in the artificial world on the stage, where lofty creations of genius were made familiar by the lips of men and women worthy to repeat the great things that had been the gift to mankind from all lands and by all generations.

The Roman Brutus walked in his majesty through the corrupt Senate; the Merchant of Venice demanded again his pound of flesh; Portia preached of the quality of mercy; Iago, crafty and treacherous, played upon the passions of the jealous Moor, and the lean and hungry Cassius conspired, during the watches of the night, against the mighty Caesar. Again, amid the splendid temptations of Egypt and the witchery of Cleopatra, Antony threw away his empire for the dalliance. Here the quaint Rip Van Winkle was resurrected from the dead and made a living man, dissolute but sweet with lovable humanities. Across the stage walked the stately processions; grave and reverend seigneurs, dainty queens, old men crowned with honor, young men fronting the future in the possession of hope, and sweet maidens, shy and winning, unsullied as the lilies growing in the radiance of the summer sun. "The Girl from Rector's," even "The Merry Widow," would have knocked long at the doors of the "California" for admittance, but "The Music Master" and "The Auctioneer" would have been welcome guests.

The stage, like modern institutions, has become involved in finance, and if the "Squaw Man" brings the dollars, he becomes a welcome gentleman, while "Hamlet" becomes more melancholy because he looks upon empty benches, where once he was welcomed by breathless audiences. We doubt whether Booth now, with his wonderful gifts, could make "Hamlet" acceptable to a paying audience in this modern city, that boasts more of its pleasure-loving quality than it does of its sedate and steady manhood. There was no prudery, no false assumption of virtue, and the old theater was wholesome. It was the logical product of existing conditions, and the stage was then the reflex of the heart and conscience of the public. Morals, like water, have their gravitations, and both rise to high altitudes only when the sources are lofty. The two decades following the Vigilance Committee had imprest upon them the personal character of the men who made its rank and file. The fineness gave tone to life as age gives tone to a violin, and to the bouquet of wine. Single individuals have even so imprest themselves upon historic eras; Greece had its age of Pericles, Rome its age of Augustus, and Britain its age of Elizabeth. It were vain to pine for the glory of dead years, but those who were among them may without egotism speak of their fragrance, altho it may be the fragrance of flowers laid upon the tomb, but their sweetness fascinates the senses and by the law of relation quickens memories. These pages may be read by some of the Old Guard, and to them will be touched up as an artist touches up an old picture and makes fresh again faces and forms once instinct with joy and the grace of noble living.

We have been familiar with the lot upon which the old theater stood, and have seen it lying in the sun four times as bare ground. As a boy we passed down Bush Street before the site was occupied by any building. We watched afterwards the excavation for the theater, then its demolishment for the new structure, and now again the bare lot is a desolate place left by the fire of 1906. The evolution of the new city is revolutionizing. Business and local centers have shifted, population has drifted, and residential centers are vacant, and out of the confused hesitation of improvement the future is uncertain. All is and will be new. Historic association will have no part in the readjustment of conditions. In a few short years men will forget where once stood structures that exprest the hope and aspiration of those who builded when the city was first assuming its permanence. Bush street has lost its ancient prestige, and its theaters will soon cease to be remembered except in old books.

The magnitude of the destruction, the pathos of the disaster of 1906, is exprest more in moral loss, in the eclipse of history and the perishing of conditions, than in the destruction of buildings. Beyond the shock and the tongue of flame is the fame of those who, in strength and glory of days when life was buoyant and hopes were golden, contributed out of the beauty of their minds and the sweetness of their hearts to that richness of life that made San Francisco fascinating to the world, rivaling cities to whose building the centuries had yielded the treasures of art and experience. The city of to-day, more ambitious in architecture, still boasts of the spirit of its first builders. In the active minds of those who were their contemporaries are still preserved recollections of their form and face. Loving lips are still warm and eloquent in praise of the love and faith and heroism of the master builders of pioneer days. What of the future when these contemporaries shall set sail for the shores of the eternal morning? Have we been faithful to the preservation of the records of priceless lives? Have we made certain the narratives of individual careers whose nobility illustrated how nearly divine the mere human may become when exigency strips off the instinct of the animal, and there enters into action, as the dominant energy of life, self-sacrifice, service and charity? Have we in marble or canvas given to our great dead immortality? We are too young yet, possibly, for regret, but the sorrow of years to come will be that we have been careless of our matchless citizenship. The chaplets we shall weave will be of dead blossoms gathered along trails we have allowed to grow dim.

But let us go back to Bush Street, and rebuild the old theater, and sit down in its auditorium, under its vaulted dome, comfortable in its spacious aisles, where wholesome air and radiant lights are prophetic of the satisfaction which will come to us before the night shall close. Waller Wallace, father of Edna, one of the ushers, shows us to our seats, and David Warfield, now famous in "The Auctioneer" and "The Music Master," in another aisle performed like service for others. It is not an audience of strangers, for the "California" did not depend upon a floating population for patrons. Its audiences were of steady allegiance. The fine taste, that made San Francisco for years the despair of the charlatan and the joy of merit, was fostered by the education of the masses to high ideals by the performances at the old playhouse. As this education became fixt, people were as regular in attendance almost as students are at the University. Men and women studied the drama because it was worthy of study, and made enticing by the eloquent impersonation of fine minds. They took their books with them and between acts read what was to follow.

During one of Edwin Booth's engagements, there was a revival in the study of Shakespeare, and during the intermissions at the plays, many a head could be seen earnestly bending over books, refreshing memory with the dialog, the poetry and the philosophy of Hamlet, the Merchant of Venice or Othello. This same course was pursued when Barry Sullivan for weeks made his great Richard a familiar character, almost with the flesh and blood of a contemporary.

This relation of the resident citizens made the income of the theater almost as steady as the revenues of a bank, and its clientage was as certain. While we wait for the rise of the curtain we watch the incoming audience, for this was an education as to the citizenship of the city. Merchants like Coleman, whose ships gathered up the products of the climes, bankers like Ralston, whose financial genius was the framework upon which the State's expansion was built, whose energy and courage gave strength and courage to trade; physicians like Toland, whose skill is a part of the history of disease and its alleviation, lawyers like McAllister, profound and eloquent, judges like Sanderson, whose wisdom was quoted as authority in the forums of the world,—stalwart men, all young or middle-aged, for there were no old men in those days, from all ranks, whose integrity of action was a proverb; wives and mothers, fresh and gracious, who beautified the social life with all womanly graces, damsels dainty as lilies, graceful as fawns, in whose cheeks came and went the tint of perfect health as the rose and the violet comes and goes in the dawn. This was just an ordinary night's audience, but it was a great one in all human qualities, and made men, when absent from home, boast that they were Californians.

John McCullough and Lawrence Barrett, the first managers of the "California" were both actors of great talent and took part in all performances. They were widely apart in personality, each a perfect type of the actor. McCullough was of great physical build, and overflowed with kindliness. He was genial John to everybody. He took the world at its swing, was fond of good things to eat and drink, and where good fellowship was to be found he was there also. He had the Bohemian instinct and indulged it. It was this indulgence, perhaps, that clouded his mind before his death with the tragedy of delusions. For years about town, in the robustness of his splendid figure, he lived in happy indifference to the frailty of human capacity to defy inexorable natural laws. He worked without tire in his profession, and then gave hours of needed rest to pleasures. His temperament was at once a blessing and a curse. It attracted and held hosts of friends, made him a successful actor, but led him into fatal environments that as the years went by poisoned the springs of strength and sapped the vigor that in his young manhood seemed too abundant for decay. It led him to play with destiny and to chance the future with recknessness. The decrepit stricken shadow of the man, cared for by his fellows because reason had fled, was a pathetic residium of the radiant, athletic, living John McCullough, the happy chief of Bohemians, who on the stage in his prime seemed at variance with his genius unless in Sparticus, Virginius or Brutus, he found an outlet for his glorious strength. He crowded his years too close together and wasted them in prodigality. As an actor he was fond of the historic; his favorite characters were those who had stirred their times with deeds of valor. He loved the parts of heroic men, and rose to his finest exposition of passion in the wide open spaces of action, where native races fought in personal grapple and exprest their loves by violence.

There was vehemence in his action. He was no noisy ranter that tore passion to tatters. His love was for things that were strong, for wild, free life unmarred by the restraints of culture, for the freedom of existence in the woods and hills, for empire won and kept by force. How we recall his splendid action in Sparticus, how he reveled in his defiance, and made his audience thrill with the desperate courage of the old gladiator as he flung with supreme scorn his defiance into the face of Rome. He towered in the cruel virtue of Virginius. There was something terrible in his action as he unfolded his sense of honor mightier than his love. Men felt the sternness of the Roman manhood, the cleanliness of soul, that in her wholesome days made her the mistress of the world. What awful dignity he gave to Brutus when he stood before Cæsar, and for Rome's freedom gave the fatal stab to his friend. The majesty of Rome seemed concentrated in his face as the swaying figure of her great son wailed out to him "And thou, too, Brutus!" And the supreme quality of apology for the desperate slaughter of his friend did he express as looking upon the still form he said, as if to reach the departing soul, "Not that I loved Cæsar less, but Rome more." How real to us young lads did these great exhibitions seem. The centuries seemed to shrink into the present, the dead to become alive, and history became a series of contemporaneous events, and we felt to its utmost the debt of the present to the past, the relation of the centuries to man's development. From personal experience it was apparent to us at the old "California Theater" that the stage, when its high character is preserved, is of the highest educational value.

Barrett was the direct opposite of McCullough. The differences may have been the attraction that brought them together, first as actors and then as partners in the management of the theater. Their first experience in San Francisco was as the support of Edwin Forrest at the Maguire Opera House. They were great favorites with the sterling old actor, and as his support in a line of Shakespearean characters made his California engagement a great artistic success. At the close Forrest left California forever, and the young men were offered the control of the "California" as its managers. It was their first venture in this field, but they were equal to the occasion and fulfilled every expectation. For years they carried the theater on with artistic, moral and financial success.

Barrett, so ran the tradition, was born in a lowly place, but with great ambitions. His hunger for knowledge was a passion, and, thanks to the opportunities of the American school system, at an early age he was able to escape from his depressing environment and launch out into the wide field of endeavor open to every boy with ambition, good habits and industry. In his early youth he was attracted to the stage and climbed up by hard work to its highest places. He possest great gifts and cultivated them with unwearying care. Although of lowly origin, he was an aristocrat, and as he advanced in his profession became austere, exclusive and hard of approach. He had no popular traits, and while he was admired on the stage in his professional work, he failed to endear himself to his associates or to the public. He drew his audiences by sheer ability and captivated them through their minds. It was a general understanding among those who were patrons of the house that he was not loved by those under him, for he was a martinet and insisted upon accuracy in the minutest details. He was of slight frame, but it was knit together as if made of steel. Straight as a Corinthian column, there was grace and elasticity in every motion, and he never forgot the dignity that was a controlling factor of his temperament. He was cold and glittering as a polished blade, cynical and sarcastic. He was an exquisite, and always drest with scrupulous regard for the latest fashion. He was doubtless the best drest man in San Francisco. If daintiness may be applied to the habits of a man, Barrett was dainty.

This quality was carried into his professional garb, and it mattered not what character he portrayed, he was always the same clean-cut figure of perfection. Barring a sneer that seemed at home on his lips, he was exceedingly handsome; a piercing brown eye, in which there was the light of intense intellectuality, illuminated the severely classical lines from brow to chin. A nervous spirit worked in and out of these lines in varying lights and shadows. It was the face of the actor, capable of expressing the wide range of human passion. His face was the instrument of his mind, or perhaps we might say its mirror, except that a mirror is passive and there was nothing passive in Barrett, for he was always keyed to a high pitch and worked under the impulse of a tremendous mental stimulus. He was a fine scholar, loved books, and gave to them the affection he seemed to deny to his associates. He was esthetic in taste. This gave him the artistic poise, which he carried into all of his impersonations. He could play the villian with consummate skill and reveal with a rare analysis the springs of action within the mind of the villian, but it must be a villain of high class, who clothed his acts with the manners and movements of a gentleman. We never saw him in the part of a coarse scoundrel, and we believe that it would have been impossible for him to have endured the task of exposing the brutal ruffianism of a Bill Sykes.

In Iago, Barrett was great. The character of this insinuating, calculating schemer had evidently been to him a psychological study, for in its portraiture he revealed a masterly conception of the motives that moved the histrionic villain in all of his actions. In this character he had no equal on the contemporary stage, and we doubt if his equal has appeared since. Booth, with all his equipment of mind and heart, his metaphysical genius, his grace of body, magnetic eye, and face of a mystic, did not rise to or descend to, however it may have been, the keen analytical exposure of the moods of Iago as Barrett did. This we know by comparison, for during one of Booth's memorable engagements, when he fascinated us all with his great conceptions, he and Barrett played together in Othello. They alternated in Othello and Iago, and we had an opportunity to compare them, for they played on successive nights, and the action was so close together that memory was able to parallel the performances, and the consensus of opinion was that Barrett was the greater Iago. This would seem impossible to one who had not seen Barrett but had been under the spell of Booth, as with facial beauty and melodious sweetness of voice he read the immortal text. Of course Booth's Iago was a portraiture, keen, true, impressive, practically beyond the reach of description,—could be felt only, not spoken,—but withal there was in Barrett's interpretation a something Booth did not have,—that intangible, evanescent, mental light and shadow which lay deep in Iago's ego, not expressible in his speech alone or foreshadowed in his designs: All of this Barrett caught and exposed,—a glance, an uplift of the chin, a subtle suggestion in gesture, a frown or smile, the quick hiding of a half-exposed thought. Barrett was for the time Iago and lived with the Moor and preyed upon his weakness with the mastery of intrigue. As Othello he did not reach the excellence of Booth, and fell below him in the portrayal of the Moor in the passion of his jealousy and the despairful conclusion of his crime. We greatly suspect that when they were on the stage together in this play no stage had ever presented so perfect a picture of Shakespeare's thought, as he wrote this tragedy of passion.

As a reader of the text, Barrett had no superior. He had as a scholar become familiar with its beauty and rhythm; with its philosophy that measured the rise and fall of all human passions, the depths and the heights of nobility possible to a human soul. He knew the exact relation of every punctuation mark, and phrased the sonorous sentences so that sense and melody were one. His articulation was clear and perfect, and his accent placed where the text needed illumination. How often in the theater now do we pine with Tennyson for "the sound of a voice that is still." Barrett's voice was musical, resonant, and carried into the remotest part of the house like the tone of a sweet bell.

The same cynicism that made Barrett an unapproachable Iago gave to his Cassius a like excellence. The picture of the physical man was complete as Cæsar speaking of him said, "Yond, Cassius, hath a lean and hungry look." One having seen Barrett's make-up could never after read those lines without at once bringing before the mind the face and attitude of Barrett at the moment of these critical words. It was a perfect piece of word-painting and fitted the actor as perfectly as a Roman garb. While in some characters that fitted his own mental moods Barrett's facial play was a study, he did not have the facile breadth of expression that Booth had. Booth had in this respect no limitations. It was a part of his mental and moral capacities; it was the mirror he held up to nature. Barrett had his limitations, beyond which it seemed impossible to go. His sneer had frozen on his face, and while it made him a perfect Iago and Cassius, it marred the features that were a part of a character whose life was sweet. There was no gracious condescension in Barrett's smile; his was the smile of the scorner, who had drunk deeply out of life's spring, bitter waters, and upon whose lips dead-sea apples had turned to ashes. We have written this as a portrait of the actor. Doubtless under all this surface of scorn, which was but a demeanor, there was a heart of flame, which down in the silent places was nourished by a sweetness too sacred for speech. He was a clean, honest man, earning his place in the world by toil and holding his honors without reproach. He, more than any one, by his careful attention to minor details, by high ideals, by a strict discipline in professional work on the part of those under him, built up the California Theater, and during his administration made it a famous center of art. He died revered for his sterling worth, and left a vacancy in the ranks of great men in his profession, and, taking him for all in all, we may never look upon his like again.

Life drifts at times along the levels of the uneventful,—a steady monotony between dawn and sunset,—days in which the spirit's only comfort is that "not enjoyment and not sorrow is our destined end or way." Just as we begin to wonder if we are destined to endless plains, the vision changes and we see in the distance heights lifting into the blue of perfect skies, visions of clear waters in the sunlit meadows, cool aisles of darkling woods, and sphinx-like the face of cliffs, the tower of crags toward the sun, and hear the voices that make nature's cathedral musical with the full-throated sweetness of bird songs, and the voices of the trees when their leaves swing in the dalliance of the breeze. These are the soul's hours when the animal lies down and we rise to our first estate. Memory treasures up our great moments to reproduce them again when we are weary and the mind sags under its load. Such are hours when we go back over the years and sit down in the old theater and let imagination have her perfect work. We hear again Zelda Seguin, who was lovingly known to us all as "little Seguin" because of her exquisite daintiness. She sings to us her favorite song, "Angels Ever Bright and Fair." Her notes, clear as the flute, flow out like unloosed birds towards the dome. A tremulous ecstasy is in her voice and her uplifted face is beautiful with the rapture of feeling. It always seemed as if Mrs. Seguin was conscious of some presence, invisible to all but her. Her personality was soothing, and as she floated to the footlights, rather than walked, a hush fell upon the audience and a sigh of satisfaction, audible as a breeze, preceded her song. Later years have brought us more pretentious artists, of wider fame and demanding more of the world, but none of sweeter voice or more winning in exquisite personal grace. Loving and lovely soul, she poured out the richness of her heart without measure. She sang as if music was her life, as if her heart might break unless it found its outlet in song.

All great artists have their favorite song, the one to which they turn always, when the passion of their soul is stirred. Patti loved "Home, Sweet Home," and this little woman loved "Angels Ever Bright and Fair." She loved the encore that called for it, and her audience, conscious of this love, returned it, and seldom was she allowed to leave the stage without singing it again and again. It was aspiration and consolation,—at once a prayer and a benediction, and doubtless many a sore heart found healing of desperate wounds as the little woman, fragile and alluring, lifted her soul in this prayer.

Her counterpart in the drama was Bella Pateman, long one of the "California" favorites. She was a poem wherein was made audible the tenderness of the human for the human. There always seemed in her attitude and voice a pathos that yearned to find an object calling for ministrations and kindliness, wherein she could pour out her treasures of sympathy. Sacrifice was to her the devout inspiration of worship. She was beautiful, but it was her mind equipment and her soul that gave her that peculiar quality as an actress and in which she shone most. This quality was akin to the light in a jewel, a radiance that might have been invisible, except for the light that flooded it from out the sunny spaces of the sky. Like Mrs.

Seguin, she was of gentle mold, and while her features would not have been in repose perhaps satisfactory to an artist, she grew beautiful as her soul became aroused, and so upon the stage she was always beautiful. She loved her art and her work and was devoted to the highest ideals of the stage. It was impossible for her to walk through a performance, because for the time the artificial became the real, and her associates in the play were living beings, instinct with real passion, joy or suffering. She was too intense for simulation. If she wept, real tears dimmed her eyes, and when she laughed, her happy heart sang out in its joy. It was this quality which made her, even in little characters, magnetic and compelling. She pleased and satisfied always. Beyond all her charm and excellence otherwise, it was her wonderful voice that made her irresistible. In all intense personalities, spirituality baffles description, and is beyond analysis. This spirituality was about Bella Pateman, and no man ever looked upon her and listened to her alluring voice, but fell under its charm. The sweetest hearts are those whose fibers have been torn by some sorrow which ends only in the grave. This is the terrible mystery of life. The soul grows only when nourished by tears and ripens in the loneliness of unutterable sadness. The poet puts it thus:

"Some hearts are too happy for greatness;
Life does them a blissful wrong;
Love kisses the lips into silence
That sorrow would have smitten to song."

In "The Treasures of the Humble" Maeterlink speaks of the faces of those who are destined to sudden death, and with the sculptor's skill carves out in words the face that appeals to us with a pathos that makes the heart ache. We seem unable to speak of poor Montague, who died during one of his performances on the stage of the old "California," without remembering this chapter of Maeterlink. We have seen three rare souls like this move through the shadow of short years, and while their sun was half way between the dawn and noon, go out, leaving to those who cherished them, tears and desolation. Is it any wonder that when we remember our dead, we refuse the consolations of philosophy, and in the radiance of the Resurrection and the Life, say with Tennyson,

"Stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
* * * * * *
And fondly trust the larger hope."

The first time we saw Montague was in "The Romance of a Poor Young Man." He was young, but a rare genius. The immortal Ristori was playing at the little Bush Street theater wholly inadequate to accommodate the crowds that were anxious to see her in "Judith." We were one of the disappointed, but having made up our mind for the theater that night, wended our way to the "California,'" in the next block. As usual, we glanced at the announcement, posted at the entrance, and read: "The Romance of a Poor Young Man,"—H. J. Montague in the leading rôle.

We had not then read the book, but there was something attractive in the title, for we belonged to that class, although we were as yet without our romance. Looking down the names, we saw that Bella Pateman had a part, and as we were fond of her, chanced our money and went in with the crowd. We had been greatly disappointed by our failure to see Ristori, and were in no very receptive mood. But if the disappointments of life were always of so happy an ending, we would pray for disappointments, for we shall never forget the beauty of that performance. Beauty of performance, as applied to this play, is no mere rhetorical phrase, for it was a rare one and the story unfolded by Montague gripped the heart. He flooded the waste places of lowly life with fragrance; he set roses beside the doorway of poverty and lifted it from the lowlands of human experience up to the tablelands where mid wholesome airs the ambitions of youth built for itself a place of hope. Montague could not have been excelled in this play. It seemed as if he had some occult relation to it. If we had been a believer in reincarnation, we would have more than suspected that in the great somewhere, sometime, he had lived the life he exposed. From that night we felt a personal friendship for Montague. He had made a conquest of our minds and hearts, and we handed both over to him as willing captives to the witchery.

The demands of the stage have always been for the highest types of grace and beauty in actor and actress. To this demand the American stage has abundantly replied. Montague was a perfect example of this type.

He was a rare individual. To perfect symmetry was added a face of such ethereal beauty that one was somehow seized with a terrible foreboding that not only the good but the beautiful die young, and so it proved, and the two others of whom we have spoken who died young had this same unearthly mystic beauty of face. Was Maeterlink speaking by the oracle when he drew his portrait of those who are to be slain by sudden death? Montague, shortly after his great performance in the "Romance of a Poor Young Man," laid down his life on the stage he loved and where he was beloved. Few were the years of his brief life, but he lived long enough to adorn the profession in which scholarship and character were then essential requisites.

How like the maze of a Mardi Gras procession do the figures come and go as we lie back with shut eyes and dream. The familiar stage becomes a place of life, the music of the orchestra floats out, and, from the wings, forms well remembered walk in the mimic world. Barry Sullivan as the tempestuous *Richard* with the strut of ambition, coquettes with fate and "wades through slaughter to a throne." The hunchback becomes a real being and we are carried by the force of the impersonation to the disjointed times in English history when the genius for evil by daring treason inverts the order of the throne and by murder masters destiny.

Mrs. Bowers—as the mighty *Elisabeth,* in whose train great spirits seek in jealous rivalry for opportunity to make her mistress of the ages; or as the pathetic figure of the unhappy Queen of Scots, beautiful in the shadow of desolate hopes—a sweet woman in ruins, despair in her eyes and tears in her voice—Mrs. Bowers gave to the majesty of either queen great attraction and dignity. We could never forget her, as she stood upon the parapet of the prison, and looking towards the hills of Scotland, with her gracious head poised in devotion, cried from her soul to the mists that floated before her, "Ye fleecy messengers of God;" nor forget Marie Antoinette, paying with her life for the crimes of her predecessors in a dissolute court. On the American stage, Mrs. Bowers was always a heroic figure; she was unrivaled in her delineation of great passions connected with tragic historic eras. Her capacity was a genius for the interpretation of mental and moral moods of women who had lived and suffered in great places. She was a study. Her work was a marvel of execution, in which she seemed for the time to be lost and even physically transformed. She lived on the stage. Its air was her breath of life, and she seemed always to live and expand out of self into the character she portrayed. On the street she was but one of many sedate and womanly women. Neither in face nor form would one ever suspect that she was the first actress in America. In repose she could not be called beautiful, but when she played the queen the majesty of empire sat upon her brow like a crown, and the robes of state were additions to the splendid grace which made her fascinating.

The great Janauscheck, in unmatched excellence as an actress, was able to compel the admiration of thousands, tho she was handicapped by a massive, almost masculine build of body, and hindered in speech by the inaccuracy of a foreign accent. As Lady Macbeth she was unapproachable in her terrible exhibition of what a woman can be when ambition eats out her heart and dries up the springs from whence she should have distilled milk for her babes. There was in her action such a deadly unsexing of all womanly tenderness, that the very air of the auditorium seemed to chill, and one shivered as if struck by an icy blast. It was the triumph of art over human feeling, for which it seemed as if the woman must have hated herself for the time while she instilled into the king's heart the murder of his unsuspecting guest.

From this heroic arena of ambition and passion we turn to the sweetness of homely life and love, and spend a delightful evening with John E. Owens, as he brightened the poverty of his home with the beauty of a love that was divine because it was human. We sigh and smile with lovable Jefferson as he makes us love the irresistible vagabond Rip Van Winkle; we suffer with "The Two Orphans" and long to leap upon the stage and throttle the villian for his inhumanity. John T. Raymond convulses us with his inimitable "Colonel Sellers," full of optimistic dreams of wealth to be derived from pure "pipe dreams." John Wilson furnishes a study of the ordinary modern villain, without any redeeming virtues—just the common, average bunco-man of the streets. Mestayer, fat and funny, part of the time sticks to his text, but most of the time indulges in side plays with gags to disconcert his fellows. "Romeo and Juliet" gives Mrs. Judah a chance to show us how lovable the old nurse was, and what an exquisitely perfect picture of devotion in lowly lives was in Shakespeare's mind when he cast Juliet into her loving care.

As I stand before the vacant lot on which the old theater stood, now a desolate vacancy, tender recollections flood the mind, glorious memories sweeten the heart full of regret for it all, for somewhere in the silence of the Eternal are the great majority of those that once constituted the happy lot of artists that, in the splendid and beautiful past, gave to their profession here the grace, purity and sweetness of their own lives.

Chapter XII

SOME OLD BANKERS, MERCHANTS AND FINANCIERS

THE boy who rollicks through the streets of a city in his careless way often is the very best critic of men and things which appear about him. It has been frequently said that the greatest critics of human nature are the children. As a boy growing up in San Francisco, with the boy's inquisitive nature, we became acquainted accurately with the little city, and by daily touch with most of its leading men and public characters. These men went long ago and passed out of their relations to the city, and the city itself is now gone and nothing is left to suggest the old life. The old town, in every department of commerce and business life, had groups of representative men, who by rectitude made reputable the transactions of men. This was a fine race that possest and managed life as manifested in the bank, the store and the exchange. They were the choicest specimens of well-groomed, largely endowed men, whose energy found fields for its activity in the trade of a constantly increasing territory. There were many differences in individual character and capacity for business, and there was a difference also in the means owned and by which results were accomplished, but these differences were not deep outlines of division,—they were mere matters of equipment and resource, which did not hold men apart as they do now. Men knew each other intimately, associated together, met in social life without restraint. There were strong individualities that flowed out of men into their business. This individuality fixt itself upon the very places of business and gave the houses in which business was transacted a human personality.

Some poet has finely said that a shattered vase will in its severed fragments retain still the perfume of the flowers it once held. We might have applied this to many an old building we knew as the business places of well remembered men, had the earthquake only shaken the city, but the devouring fire has left nothing but ashes, and ashes contain no suggestions. Out of the terrible new we are able to recall but little of the old things, and this capacity grows fainter year by year. The stranger of to-day, who comes through our gates and rests within our walls but a night, knows almost as much as we do of the city as he looks upon blocks of massive buildings less than four years old. We are almost as likely as he to become lost in the maze of streets. We seem to know them now only because we read their names upon the street-lamps at the corners. We shall never again be able to rely upon the law of relation to aid us in rebuilding pictures of the city. Memory must work alone. She must work out as best she can the outlines of places and old houses, and if her pictures are sometimes faulty, even dim, it must be remembered that time has effacing fingers, or if she does not always see clearly, it may be because the eyes are clouded with tears.

If we should stand for a moment only, before 1871, in the shadow of the old Bank of California, what supreme figure would we see coming out of its doors into the sunlight of the street, with the wonted smile and salutation, to pass down the old familiar sidewalk? Who but Ralston, whose genius, working under mighty pressure more than a hundred other men of his day, inspired and molded the industrial life of the entire coast. For nearly forty years we have felt the lack of his inspiration and work. Nearly four decades have gone, and there still lies open the gulf between the direction of his mind and the achievement of the hand, which he left. It still seems that out of the ranks of men who have come after, not *succeeding* him, there is no stalwart able to lift or wield the instruments with which he battered into shape the resources of the Pacific, from Arizona to British Columbia, and from the shores of the sea to the Rockies. His life was a marvel to men. With the throng that were lured to California across the Darian Isthmus, W. C. Ralston, young, ambitious and competent, was a leading spirit. He was more in touch with the spirit of the land itself than any of the multitudes that came with him. The country filled him and he was as large as the country. He was preeminently a man of genius, without any of its eccentricities, for he was sound of body and comprehensive of mind. On his arrival in San Francisco he wasted no time in search for opportunities; he created them by force of will and entered upon serious work. From the first he had a comprehensive realization of the resources of California, backed up by the expanding resources of all the Pacific Coast. He acted with great rapidity, but his speed had in it no weakness of impulse. He saw clearly the natural advantages of San Francisco as a great seaport, and that it would be a world city with a great commerce, where, perhaps slowly at first because of the newness of things, but finally, would be centered beyond rivalry the busy life of a great city, with its multitude of people and manifold activities. He saw clearly into the future and set about in a masterful way to lay the foundations upon which its wealth and prosperity should be built. Like all masters he had a purpose about which, with absolute faith, he centered his will. Having determined upon a course of conduct he was not moved from what to him was the way of life. Ralston counseled with himself, drew his inspiration from his own spirit, both illuminated by an artistic imagination, for the great worker must be necessarily a man of imagination,—he must build to dreams altho he builds of iron and stone, and if he builds largely, he must work into them lofty ideals.

No citizen of the Pacific Coast, then or since, has approached Ralston in the breadth of his conception and scope of his accomplishment. The vision of the night with him became the work of the day. He, doubtless, had as the basis of his marvelous achievements the ambition to be the owner of vast wealth, but he spurned the mere gold that men did no more to obtain than to dig in the earth. While others, many of them gifted with rare minds, of brilliant faculties, were content to delve in dirt for gold, he measured the resources of the wonderland, applied to them their relations to improved conditions, and wrought for his own as well as for future generations. He stood almost as the lone builder of an empire that would live and flourish in increasing power and beauty when the gold-fields would be deserted and the race of mere seekers for gold would be dead or forgotten. From this work no temptations lured him. He pursued the path he had laid out with patient faith and worked with marvelous energy. To his work he directed the resources of his mind, gave to it the affection of his heart, turned mistakes into accomplishment, and failures into victory. Though often he faced disaster, he was not cast down. His will grappled with situations that would have driven an ordinary man into insanity or the grave. These were to his indestructible courage only the spur to mightier endeavor, a call upon some of his unused reserve,—just as a great soldier in the presence of defeat turned the tide of battle by ordering a waiting regiment to charge.

In the development of California, in fact of the entire coast, it may be truthfully said that Ralston did more than all of the other men in the State. There was a time in his career, when in the noon of his activity, his extended influences were so far-reaching, that men were almost frightened by their brilliance. From a mere local banker, he became a power in the nation, and then in the world, and in no great financial center, where California was known, was mention made of California without mention being made also of Ralston. Men are usually said, as they go forward with great schemes, to grow with their work. This could not be said of Ralston for he always *was*,—he did not grow, his achievements grew to him. This was always the essential difference between him and all other men in the State. We knew and admired him, when we were a mere lad, by reason of kindly services he rendered to us when a law student. From the first hour we were fascinated, and the fascination never left our mind and heart, for it was in both. We were always indebted to him for a certain elevation in our estimate of human nature.

To know him as we did was a liberal education in the kindliness of the human heart. It was a simple incident that brought us together, but it was never forgotten. We were a law student, he the manager of the Bank of California. That bank was then the controlling center of the financial power of the coast. We had occasion to make some inquiries as to the financial standing of a man associated with the bank. The inquiry was legitimate, violated no ethics, and while we were timid in making it, we felt justified by its character. We called at the bank and inquired for Mr. Ralston, and without ceremony or delay were ushered into his room. We found him almost buried in piles of documents, over which he was peering. As we entered he looked up with a genial smile and said, "Mr. Woods, I am at your service, what can I do for you?" The smile, the gentle tone of the inquiry, lifted us out of all fear, and in as few words as possible we stated our inquiry. His reply was that he knew something of what we wanted to know, but not all, and that if we would call again at the opening of the bank on the following day, he would be prepared to answer us fully. As we arose to leave the room, he rose from his seat, escorted us to the door as if we were a visiting prince, and giving us his hand wished us "goodday." It was a gracious condescension and we never forgot it, for we knew how gracious a large man could be. We, of course, supposed that he would forget the incident and the inquiry as soon as it was over, but it was not so, for during that same afternoon as we were walking down California Street we met him and he bowed and called us by name. This was the only time we had ever had a personal interview with him, and it was short, but he never afterwards met us on the street, and we knew him for many years, without the same gracious salutation. It was in this way that he won and held all men, for no one could resist the beauty of his acts.

Ralston's actions were a spontaneous expression of his generous disposition to aid. This often led him, when much engrossed with business affairs, to stay his work while some distrest one made request for aid. He was impatient with mere pretenders and had but little time to waste in listening to stories that should have been told to a policeman. To the worthy appeal, however, he was a sure refuge. He was hard to deceive; he knew human nature as an open book and was skilled in reading motives. There was in all of his giving a charity which enriched the gift. His charitable nature was widely known and as might be expected appeals were numerous. Two examples of this generosity we recall easily as they were familiar to us at the time.

One day during banking hours, a pale, poorly clad woman sought him out at the bank and with the voice and manner of a gentlewoman used to better things, said that she was a widow upon whom two small children depended for support; that if she could get a sewing machine, she could easily support herself and her children. Ralston told her to go home, after taking her address, and that he would see what he could do. As soon as she was gone, he called his old negro servant who was the confidential agent of his benevolence, and gave him the address and told him to visit the neighborhood and inquire among the neighbors as to this woman. The inquiry was made and the story verified, and on the next day a sewing machine of the very best make was installed in the little home.

One morning, just as the bank opened, a quaint untidy Australian, puffing at an old unsavory pipe, asked Mr. Ralston if he could speak to him a moment. These requests were never refused and he had his audience. He said that he was a litigant in a suit pending in one of the District Courts, which was to be called that day for hearing, that it was necessary for him to tender fifteen hundred dollars to his adversary, which he knew his adversary would not accept, but that unless the tender was made, the suit would fail, and he asked if Mr. Ralston would let him have the fifteen hundred dollars for the purpose of making the tender, promising that as soon as the tender was made, he would return the money. Ralston gave him a swift look, sized him up accurately, and calling a clerk told him to let the gentleman have fifteen hundred dollars in coin, and that he would return the money later in the day. With his fifteen hundred dollars the litigant made his tender, saved his suit, and within an hour the money was safe in the bank again.

It was only a man of the rarest human quality and wisdom that would do such things as these. These are not fairy stories of benevolence, for we knew the woman and man referred to, and more than once heard the story from each of them.

As a banker Ralston never forgot that he was a man. It was not his maxim that "business is business," or "there is no sentiment in business." His brain and heart worked together. He loaned money to men, not things. If he was satisfied of the necessity of the applicant, that he had commercial wisdom and that the venture was fairly promising, the applicant got the money without hypothecating every available resource he had and thus practically handcuffing himself where he needed his resources in his business. Men can not borrow this way now; money is loaned only to things. "No collateral, no money" is written over every banking house in the modern city. No one more fully than Ralston understood the moral relation of the bank to the community, and he lived up to this relation.

Before he branched out fully into the great events of his life, he was a member of the firm of Fritz & Ralston, engaged in general business, commission and brokerage operations. The State grew and its opportunities enlarged, and in 1870 the Bank of California opened its doors for business, in a little storeroom at the corner of Washington and Battery Streets. A single room was then sufficient for its business. This, however, grew like a gourd, and very soon there radiated from it agencies in other parts of the State and in Nevada, where the tremendous gold and silver output was astonishing the world. The digging out, reducing and caring for the great flow of wealth required millions to pay for labor, machinery, fuel and transportation. The work was the work of giants, and Ralston was the chief spirit of all of this brilliant and tremendous industry. He was its first financial director. He was inspired by the greatness of the field, moved by the immensity of the demands, and he was equal to the situation. He built mills, constructed railroads, cut down forests, built canals for water, combined, focalized and used all the collateral agencies that contributed to the production of gold. He was a King of Industry, his power vast, his operations masterful. Wealth poured like a great flood into the coffers of the bank and its agencies, and when the little store was given up for the fine building on the corner of Sansome and California Streets, it seemed a very Gibraltar of finance. Alas for human dreams! The splendor attracted envy and malice, and the great institution and its brilliant master were both marked for destruction by mighty influences, influences of which he had been the chief creator. Efforts were directed against Ralston and the bank, and they both rocked in the throes of a financial earthquake. The master fell, while the institution was shaken to its foundation. No sadder story than the closing of the doors of the Bank of California and the tragic death of its founder is written into the history of the State.

Before this tragic hour, directed by the courage and intuition of Ralston, the vast wealth of the bank had been used in the expansion of the city and the State, often building for the future to meet inevitable conditions constantly arising among a new people. All of this radiated from the common center in all directions. The Pacific Rolling Mills were built; the Palace Hotel, years before it was possible for it to become remunerative, was built as one of the necessities of the coast, so that people from all the world might be housed in the city in the comfort they were used to in the centers of civilization. The wisdom of this construction was more than justified in after years, when the Palace Hotel gave, as the sole agent of progress, San Francisco a repute among the people of the world. The "California Theater" was built and maintained that our people might have the best that could be furnished in art and literature. The story of the "California Theater" and of the group of its great actors and actresses is one of the things that we turn to with pride, when we are discussing the good things of the past years. The wisdom of these forethoughts was more than justified as the years went along and the city became famous.

Ralston did not stand a supreme figure because he towered among pigmies, for he operated in a community of daring and resourceful men who, in contemporaneous days, made the mines, the exchanges and the various arenas of trade battle-fields upon which giants fought strenuous battles by force and strategy. Later the ranks of these dissolved, and in Paris, New York, Berlin and Chicago, individual members found occupation and repute. Forty years have not dimmed our recollections of Ralston, as we saw him almost daily upon the streets of the old city. He was a perfect model of the business man, medium-framed, wholesome, alert and genial. His face was open and sunny, and his eyes full of active, benevolent lights. He was full of force, mellowed by a grace of manner that was attractive. This was the quality that gave to his smile a certain sweetness that drew men towards him and subdued their wills. It would have been a difficult thing to be discourteous to Ralston when he turned toward you his beaming face, full of courtesy and kindness.

These pages have not been dealing with biographies, narrating events only in men's lives or sketching a part of their careers simply, but we write of them as we saw them, when a mere lad, going about among them in the streets, or seeing them in their places of business. We have sought to give impressions of them as they seemed to us. In a large city men never get close together except in exclusive social life, do not expose to him who meets them upon the street their mental and moral make-up. This was possible in San Francisco before she had climbed out west beyond Van Ness or south beyond Market. Here, leading men in all walks of life, were almost your daily companions upon the street, and a boy, even, with an average outlook, was enabled to become acquainted with the faces of men and familiar with their characteristics and habits. This was when Montgomery Street, from Market to Washington, was the chief promenade of the city, and almost every day at some time every man of note passed up and down this boulevard. It was here, first, that we saw Michael Reese, Peder Sather, John Parrott, Sam Brannan and ———— King, known always as "Money King." If he had any other name, it was not known, for he always was called "Money King."

There were many old signs that were familiar too—signs that showed the character of representative men and old firms that have passed into commercial history. Among these could be read any day on the principal streets: "W. T. Coleman and Co.;" "De Witt, Kittle and Co.;" "Macondray and Company;" "Ross, Dempster and Co.;" "Faulkner, Bell and Co.;" "Rountree & McMullen." Those were not the days of short weights and adulterated foods. Consciences, without the aid of Congressional enactments, made the brand of any of these old houses upon a box of goods a guaranty of quality—a pledge that the box contained only good goods. There were some "sky-rocket' concerns too, that by their transactions made the business sky lurid with the boldness and daring of doubtful transactions. The story of the old banking firm of Palmer, Cook & Co., was full of doubtful, elusive, and disastrous operations. It may be read in the decisions of the Supreme Court, and there may be many an old Frenchman and Frenchwoman in France who could tell, if they could choke back their tears long enough, of how they were led by the old French firm of Pioche & Bayerque to invest through this firm in the "great opportunities" of California. Hundreds of thousands of dollars were sent from France for investment to these bold speculators, and when the closing up of their affairs came, the French investors mourned their losses. These were rare and widely separated exceptions, for men gloried in their personal honor, carried their conscience into the counting houses, traded in the open, and dealt with their fellows as they would be dealt by.

There were noted hotel-men in those days, when Pearson was "Mine Host" at the old Cosmopolitan, situated at Bush and Sansome. This was the home hotel of those days, days when hotels were built and operated for comfort. In the old Cosmopolitan were great, spacious rooms, with lofty ceilings, full of sunshine; a magnificent dining room, where fine meals were served by courteous attendants, prepared by cooks who knew how to make the fruits of the earth wholesome and savory. There were no grills, no cafés then. We lived in a homelike way; the hotel was a home, and what we ate and drank were necessaries, not luxuries. With all of the splendor, light and glitter of these days, there can not be found in a modern hotel the solid comfort and repose that were found in the old Cosmopolitan, when Pearson was its landlord, and Brush Hardenburgh its chief clerk.

The old Russ House was then the favorite of the miner and farmer, when the elder Hardenburgh and Dyer were its joint managers. Here all of the solid comforts of a home were obtainable by the farmer and the miner who came to the city for a few days of sightseeing and recreation. The landlord made it a part of his business to become the friend of his guest, and to make him feel perfectly at home. At the old Occidental could be found the Army and Navy, where McShane for years made them welcome, and after him Hooper and one of the Leland Brothers, whose family name had become a part of hotel history in the United States during the years following the early seventies.

There were to be seen any day on Montgomery Street, somewhere between Washington and Market Streets, three unique characters, each of its own kind, familiar personages, not attractive, but catching to the eye, because they were so unlike others, so defined in their personality that they were marked and separated from the general mass.

The first of these historic characters was Michael Reese, a ponderous Jew, who towered and stretched out in the breadth of his enormous avoirdupois, an Israelitish Hercules. His name was never shortened to "Mike," for that would have suggested the Irishman, and Reese was an "Israelite" indeed. He was not fair to look at, for he slouched and shuffled his great mass of bone and flesh along the sidewalk, as if his body were too heavy to trust to a hasty step, as if he dared not lift his feet for fear of disaster. He had a large head, massive cheek, broad mouth, and a colossal nose. Untidy, and careless, never *persona grata* personally, but he was away above and beyond contempt, for he was a power in finance, a master in business, and wielded a powerful influence wherever men in trade, banking, real estate, or mining were making money. He was able by reason of his intellectual strength and big purse to hold, perhaps to a larger degree than any single man in the city who operated alone, the balance of power in critical money emergencies. He was essentially a free lance of finance, and so harbored his resources, that he was always ready to take advantage of situations that got beyond the grasp of others. He was like Sage in New York, always in funds when everybody else seemed to be for the moment "broke." He had great daring, and when his judgment had weighed the chances, he dealt out his money into ventures with a free hand.

His commercial instincts, the gift of his race, he had quickened by many experiences. He was an expert in real estate, had a keen and accurate estimate of present and future market values, was well versed in the demand and supply of things that the world must have, kept his finger on the hot pulse of speculation, and, cool-headed, reaped often where others had sown. This he did because he had frequent opportunity to do so,—opportunity of which he availed himself but which he had no part in bringing about, for he had the reputation always of being "indifferently honest." He was never charged with scheming to bring about disaster, that he might gather up out of other men's estates. He knew that men would bring about their own disaster, and he was satisfied to wait until other hands than his had wrought ruin. To profit then was to him legitimate. Often, in dangerous days, the strongest men in the city went to him for aid, and he was always ready to assist unless he saw that aid was futile and meant only loss to the borrower and the lender.

Reese had no family ties, was a lone bachelor, and lived more than the simple life. Able to have lived in the luxury of a prince in many a block of his own buildings, to have maintained a palatial country home, he spent his days in the streets, or in a little dingy cubby-hole of an office in one of his own buildings, possibly because it was too indifferent to be rented to any one else. If there were a more shabby den in town than Reese's office, we don't know where it would have been found. He had no janitor fees to pay, no brooms to buy; the old chair was strong enough to hold him while he sat down to draw on the rickety old table his checks, amounting frequently into the hundreds of thousands.

There are in all human beings hidden deeps, secret chambers in the heart, unsuspected until death or some accident reveals them. And so it was with Michael Reese. He died in his native town in Europe, it was said, from a fit of apoplexy brought on by a violent quarrel he had with the gatekeeper of the cemetery where his parents were buried. The quarrel was over the price charged Reese for entrance to the cemetery. When his will was probated, those who knew him were astonished by its exhibition of real charities. The history of San Francisco, in its early days, would be incomplete without some sketch of this strong, strange, lone Israelite.

Everybody in San Francisco, even the boys of the town knew Sam Brannan. He was tall and graceless, and when we knew him he was past fifty and was showing his years. He had been a man of dissipation, and was, even in those days, a heavy drinker. He still had vigor, but before his death, a few years after, he had fallen into the feebleness of a worn out man. In his first days he was known as a man of wealth, and was counted as one who had the gift of investing his means in productive real estate. He was rough and violent at times when vexed or crossed in purpose. This disposition cut him off from close touch with many who otherwise might have joined with him in ventures. He was too uncertain personally, and so he was compelled to play a lone hand. While he kept a clear brain, he was able to stand and go alone; but as his faculties slowly yielded to the steady influence of drink, he became more uncertain, unwise in his investments, lost his grasp of opportunities, failed to keep step with the procession, and dropt back until he ceased to be a factor in the city's development. He was a strange being always, about whom was an air of mystery. It was a tale of the street that he had been before coming to California an elder of the Mormon Church, and that he was apostate. There were other stories connected with the money that he brought to the State with him, but it would serve no purpose to repeat these, for whatever may have been the truth, he has accounted to the Final Judge, and with his offenses, if any, we are not concerned.

Poor, old, lonely, slouchy "Money King,"—we never heard him called by any other name,—a miser, who sneaked rather than walked along the ways men strode upright and cleanly,—homeless, money lunatic, he hugged his dirty bags of gold to his heart, and loaned his money out upon certain security, for he trusted no one. For this loaning he demanded exorbitant interest and got it, for he had his customers among the stock speculators who could afford for ready cash to pay almost any rate of interest.

He was a waif, buffeted by fate and fortune, out of whose mind had perished all but the love of money, out of whose character had gone almost all things that adorn human nature. For years his greasy figure hung about the streets where the mining exchanges were, like a hungry hawk waiting for his prey. He had the reputation of having large riches. This we always doubted, as he gave no evidences of extended wealth. There were no records of real estate investments of his, and we always regarded him as a small dealer with a few ready thousands, to which he slowly added. He at last, without notice, dropt from sight, and was forgotten. From Ralston to "Money King" was a long stretch.

There are some characters in the old city, in lowly places, that deserve mention in these pages, and before I close I wish to speak of one James Shea who was the owner of the coaches of the Brooklyn Hotel, then conducted by the well-known John Kelly. Shea for over half a century has held a high place in the community because he has been for all of these years a man. He is still alive and vigorous and frequently comes and goes into my office, hale, strong and sturdy. His is a fine story of a fine life and his career illustrates the value of character. Years ago he wanted a new coach. Its price was twenty-two hundred dollars. All he had was eight hundred dollars in money. The company who owned the coach said to him that they would take the eight hundred dollars and his indorsed note for the remainder. He paid the eight hundred dollars and went away to g[illegible]ote. He applied to John Kelley for the indorsement, which

Kelly agreed readily to give. With the indorsed note they went to the Bank of California and saw Mr. Ralston, then its manager. Shea applied to Ralston for the loan and handed him the note. Ralston looked at the note, the indorsement, and at Shea, and smilingly said to him: "What do you need with Kelly's indorsement?" He took his pen, scratched off the indorsement, handed the note to one of the clerks, and handed Shea the money.

Afterwards Shea was appointed as the executor of the will of James Farrell, who was one of the then millionaires of the city. Upon the death of Farrell, application was made by Shea for his appointment as executor. When the matter came up for hearing, it was found that the bond required was five hundred and sixty thousand dollars. The Judge looked over at Shea and said, "Do you think you can give this bond, Mr. Shea?" Shea scratched his head and said, "I will see, your Honor." He went down town and came back the next day with his bond signed by several chief bankers of the town, and as he handed the same to the Judge with a quiet Irish smile, he said, "Why, your Honor, they said I could have had five millions." And all of this without one cent of security, except the character of the man.

Chapter XIII

A FEW IMMORTAL NAMES OF A GREAT PROFESSION

A WHOLESOME boy has but little to do with doctors. He grows to look upon them as an uncanny lot; but with a boy's desire to know leading men, we came, in the old days, to know by sight most of the really great men who adorned the medical profession—that great profession that has in the last part of the century made greater advances in curative science than any of the other professions have made in any of their particular departments. It has been the favorite pastime of the thoughtless to criticize doctors, to accuse of commercial interest only even its most noble members, who devote splendid minds and sympathetic hearts to the alleviation of human suffering, even to declare that the modern hospital, the great benefaction of civilization, has for its sole foundation the greed of its founders. Dense ignorance alone is the excuse for this shallow and cruel estimate of the great profession and the thousands of noble men who strive and suffer that they may be sufficient unto the heroic work of man's physical salvation.

In the human tide of 1849 came many devoted and brilliant young and middle-aged physicians, and surgeons, to practise their profession while their fellows dug for gold. They were true to their love, even when there were alluring temptations to abandon it and cast in their lot with those who were finding fortunes in the opportunities of the new country. The ranks of pioneer medical men were full of those who, in universities of our land and Europe, had become skilled in the arts of healing—men whose achievements about the operating table astounded the world and made brilliant the pages of journals, where were kept the records of rare and almost miraculous surgical achievements. Their work was too fine to be lost on the shores of a far-off sea, and their repute traveled into all lands and their wisdom and experience were seized upon and made a part of the treasures of the literature of the profession in old seats of learning, where great things, that men do, are preserved as the heritage of the generations that are to come—wisdom to guide future scholars, skill to direct hands yet unborn, that they may acquire the cunning of rare old masters, a cunning that shall be the guide-posts set firmly along the ways of life that men may grope no longer uncertain, but may in beaten paths, illuminated by sure lights, see their way clearly, and perform as a well known and common operation that which was once only possible at the hands of the most gifted men.

This is why the medical profession has so far outstretched other professions: its miracles have been made the ordinary work of its average professor; it has conserved, reservoired its great knowledge, illumined its skill in its text-books.

From 1849 to 1860 there were, in proportion to its population, more great doctors and surgeons in San Francisco than in any other city under the sun. They constituted a brilliant group of gifted, learned, bold men; were worthy to rank in moral and intellectual endowment, in the volume and brilliancy of their work, and in their touch and relation to the social and political life of the State with the other groups of men we have written of in other professions.

It may not be an inspiring literary page, but we will take the chances and give a list of the great doctors whose forms and faces were familiar when we were mere school-boys, spending the daylight hours, when out of school, in strolling about the city, gratifying a youthful passion,—that of studying noted men. Had there, on any day, been a procession of the doctors and surgeons of the city, and any of the following prominent physicians and surgeons been a part thereof, we could have pointed them out to a stranger and given to him a boy's estimate of their worth and repute and of the particular branch of their calling they were prominently identified with. This is the roll:

John B. Trask, David Wooster, H. H. Toland, E. S. Cooper, Henry Gibbons, Sr., John F. Morse, P. K. Nuttall, R. Beverly Cole, Washington Ayre, Levi Cooper Lane, Thomas Bennett, Herman Behr, A. B. Stout, Isaac Rowell, B. B. Coit, and J. B. Stillman.

We do not desire to limit the roll to these names, for there were others great likewise, whom we are not able at this moment out of memory to recall. I challenge the modern world to produce so splendid a roll of the really great from a single profession, in a city whose population was counted by tens of thousands only.

We never go back over the old ways and recall the old forms and faces, that we are not, by their supreme characters, somehow lured, for comparisons, to the shores of the Mediterranean, when Alexandria, Athens and Rome were the homes of illustrious men who contributed to the wisdom of the ages.

For twenty years following 1856,— the year of its moral cleansing and redemption,— San Francisco was a brilliant city and it is a sad loss that no man as brilliant as the city undertook to make those days immortal in books. It would have been a rare contribution to mankind,—would be in these doubtful, uneven days something our people could turn to as a model for the city's rebuilding in civic righteousness. The story can not be written now, for it could be written only by one who had mature personal touch with the mental activity and moral beauty of the old life, and of its many actors. Biographies are too cold in facts, too technical in statement to suggest the nobility and splendor of the minds and hearts of those whose names are being overgrown now by the moss on crumbling tombstones in our cemeteries.

We happily knew Gibbons, Cole, Lane and Cooper, as well as a boy could know men great in their professions and engrossed with its exacting cares and duties. We saw them often and became familiar with their habits of mind and their moods of action. We saw them at times in repose,—times when every man, for the moment, relaxes and opens the windows of his mind and heart that his fellows may catch a glimpse, be it ever so fleeting, of just the man, just the human, when the lights in the eyes mellow a little, and the throb of the heart is visible in the wrist of the resting arm, and the whole form yields to the delicious calm of a moment's rest.

Toland doubtless was the most commanding, striking, and popular personality of all the early noted doctors. He was a southerner from South Carolina, and had the grace and courtesy of manners which ever distinguished and still distinguishes those born and raised in the exclusive social atmosphere of the most aristocratic of all the States. He was tall, spare, erect. There was a courtly stateliness about him whether in repose or motion. He moved as one who was conscious of power and rectitude. He was not handsome, but was distinguished-looking. No one seeing him—and he was always an object of notice—would fail to recognize him as a professional man of exceptional endowment, but whether he was a doctor, lawyer or bishop, a stranger might not be able to say, because there was much about him in form, feature and dress that would easily fit either calling. There was a certain severity in his face. It was the mien of one to whom life was a tremendous problem. It is evident that the pain and tribulation of the world in which he moved had sobered him, and that the sadness of the distrest had somehow found lodgment in his own heart. He was gentle with the sick, spoke to them in low, even tones,—not in the accent of depressing suggestion, but as if the low, gentle voice carried in it the balm of human sympathy and solace.

For years he had great repute and popularity both in the city and in the country, and his reception rooms, long maintained in the building at the corner of Montgomery and Merchants Streets, were daily thronged with crowds waiting for an interview. To his office practise, which kept him at work almost like a slave for long hours during every day, he added a visiting list that strung out the hours of each day's work. He worked rapidly in his office, and was swift in diagnosing. The passage of patients through his consulting rooms was almost as steady as a procession. It was a rare and difficult case to which he gave more than a few moments. It has been stated truthfully that the man most able to deal with difficult situations is the busiest man, for his faculties are concentrated so that under ordinary pressure he is able to work in a certain intuitive capacity. Toland was a living verification of this fact. He worked with the ease of an oiled machine, and the measure of success which attended him for years was an indication of the certainty of his skill.

In one of the articles that appeared in the daily press, at the time of his death, this statement was made, and it was a true mental photograph, "Few persons ever so combined in their character the elements of success. His industry was untiring, his activity almost sleepless." A fine inscription to be written upon the tombstone of a mortal. Medical literature has but few of his contributions; he was too busy to write, his time was taken up with active work. The workers can not be the writers; they leave this work to be done by others in the seclusion and peace of the study—those who have time for the investigation necessary to accurate statement in a profession like medicine.

Another remarkable physician of the day was Dr. Cole, an active, stalwart student of his profession, brilliant and daring, full of magnetic impulses, too strong to be curbed by the limitations of his professional life. He was ranked not only as a great doctor, but was a prominent, active citizen. He had in the highest degree the courage of his convictions, and spoke what he thought as through a trumpet. He was charged with being cruel in his estimates of human character, gathered from his professional experience, and during the latter part of his life, lost some of his professional popularity by reason of some daring statements made in this connection which took from him the force of an authority.

In contrast to Cole was Henry Gibbons, Sr., a sober, sedate, granite-fibered man and physician, who poured out his life, both professionally and socially, for the young Commonwealth which he had chosen as his home. He was of the old Puritan stock. From a long line of moral forebears, he had drawn his life, and he did not know how to express his own life except in a lofty way. His presence was a call to the loftiest impulses of his patients, and to the sick and dying he ever came as a large, fine presence, and the holiest of human interest was mixt with the medicine he gave. It was his joy to alleviate suffering and to solace the distrest. After decades of active work in his profession, he longed for the atmosphere of his boyhood home, and having contributed of his very life to the young State, in his declining years he returned to the quiet of his boyhood, to dream great dreams, to enjoy the peace of well earned years, at last to lie down to his eternal sleep, satisfied with the fruits of a great life.

If a stranger, on the cars which carry him over the Sacramento Street hill, at Webster Street, would ask the conductor what was the noble building that in solemn dignity crowned the summit of the hill, he would be told by the conductor that it is Lane's Hospital. To the stranger this would mean nothing except that it is the designation of a noble pile of brick and stone; but to the one who knows, it stands as a splendid monument to the man who was noble in mind and heart, who slaved to bring his beloved profession to the highest perfection, who, from pure love of man that suffered, forgot himself, who lived and dreamed in the atmosphere of a divine charity, and who, though he suffered weariness and pain, braced himself against human ailment, that he might be sure that when his frail body should lie in the ashes of the tomb, coming generations of the suffering would have an asylum. Lofty soul! He may not have been among the ranks of those who, with lip service in the cathedral, say they love the Nazarene, but his love was a real worship of Him who on Calvary gave up His life for the stricken of the centuries yet to come.

As we approach the name of Cooper, we stand uncovered, for no man is entitled to stand covered when this one of the greatest of names is spoken among men. This is no mere panegyric, for his record is a glorious part of the wonderful history of the surgeon's knife. The records of medical science show him to have been a genius of the highest order; a magician whose skill was little less than God-like, for had he been a mere stumbling man, wandering in the mazes of doubt, he would not have dared to lay his hands upon human fibers, where a slip of uncertain fingers would have been fatal. It would not be fair to his fame if we did not, from his record, give a few of the wonderful things he did. He ligated the primitive carotid artery in two cases—the external iliac in one, the axillary in one; removed a large fibro-cartilaginous tumor from the uterus; made the Cæsarean section in one; exsected parts of three ribs and removed a foreign body from beneath the heart; exsected the sternal extremity of the clavicle and a portion of the summit of the sternum; together with the exsection of nearly all the joints, in different cases, all successfully.

There is one more great physician of whom we wish to write—Rottanzi, a noble Italian, skilled in his profession, but noted for the wide and boundless charity he exhibited to the poor, who were often unable to bear the expense of surgical operations or the care of the hospital. He was a fountain of generous emotions. He gave his life and talents to the ministry of the poor. In this respect he was possest in the highest degree with the spirit of the Master. No man or woman ever came to him without relief. Money he seemed unconscious of. He was moved in the practise of his profession by his genuine love for his fellows.

It is said that comparisons are odious, but the comparisons between great members of all of the great professions in San Francisco could not be odious, for each was supremely great in its membership and in its individual characters, and each shines most wherein its characteristics are measured in the presence of the other. All of the professions were made illustrious by glorious names that shed upon the whole city a fame and strength.

Chapter XIV

A HORSEBACK RIDE FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO SEATTLE

IN the summer of 1866, at the close of school, I felt the need of recreation, and thought it would be a good time to make a trip which for several years had been my constant desire, and that was to take a horseback ride through Northern California, Oregon, and into what was then known as Washington Territory.

About the middle of August of that year, with a student who had just finished his course, we purchased horses and outfits in Suisun Valley, and started upon a trip which lasted for nearly three months, ending at Seattle, then an unimportant though ambitious village on the shores of Puget Sound. We were both young and enthusiastic, and looked forward with great expectations, which were in most respects satisfied, for our way led us along a royal road, which in the splendor of its scenic features was truly a "king's highway."

We started from Suisun Valley, and traveled northward through the counties of Napa, Sonoma, Lake and Mendocino, following the chain of beautiful valleys and across the high Coast Range in the latitude of Red Bluff, and from thence following the Sacramento Valley northward until we climbed over the Siskiyou Mountains into Southern Oregon, and still on through the valleys of that State, over the Columbia, through the deep forests of Washington Territory, to Seattle.

We camped out during the trip, carrying our blankets and simple cooking utensils strapped behind our saddles. The weather, until the last few days, was perfect, and every day and night was full of delight and interest. No eight hundred miles on the continent, or perhaps in the world, offer as much that is grand and beautiful in natural scenery as the eight hundred miles we traveled during that summer jaunt. Every suggestion of scenery was present, from the pastoral beauty of meadow lands to the towering crags of lofty mountains. The eye, wearied with one scene, rested itself upon another, and so from day to day, and from week to week, we rode through this magnificent region, realizing every day that in truth:

"To him who in the love of Nature holds,
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A varied language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy that steals away
Their sharpness 'ere he is aware."

The memory of that trip has been to us as an illuminated volume in a library of precious books. This ride was an experience, for the things seen and lessons learned, during that summer, created and expanded many of the serious questions of our lives. The world grew larger, and the relation of the great West to American hope and thought was made manifest by suggestions of vast and brilliant possibilities. The variety of scenery, of product and climate was marvelous. It was one of the marvels of Nature that in the same latitude and longitude should exist countries producing products as distinct and separate as if they were parted by the breadth of the seas. The relation of material to human things; the educational effect of physical environment upon man's thought, were among the lessons of the trip. It would be difficult to find a more separate thought, hope and feeling than that which existed between the Californian, the Oregonian and the Washingtonian, for their home life, educational processes, and forms even of worship, were as distinct as though they were dictated by differing racial instincts.

Out of Suisun Valley we climbed a line of wooded hills lying between this valley and the wonderfully beautiful Napa Valley, which has no rival on the Coast in its pictures of pastoral beauty. It lies in an environment of hills, beautified by variegated woods which make the slopes of the Coast Range so attractive by their variety of coloring. Its fruitful acres had been held since the earliest occupation of the Coast by civilized men, who had here established homes and were content to remain therein, even in the presence of the excited commercial periods of early California history.

This valley constituted one of the earliest settled and best improved portions of the State, with more quiet scenes of country life than any similar tract of country on the Coast. Here, in 1846, a group of American families had founded their homes; had permanently settled, content to engage in the cultivation of their fields, though they heard the voices of those who were finding in California gold without measure.

At the head of the valley stands St. Helena, a mountain peak flanked with castellated hills and overlooking a grand sweep of meadow land. At its foot lies one of the most beautiful pieces of pastoral scenery in the world, for nothing could exceed the beauty of these hill slopes, overshadowed by St. Helena, with the valley spreading out in the distance into the inviting levels of green meadows.

From thence we rode into the region fertilized by the Russian River, which heads among the mountain places of the north, tracing its way southward and then westward through rich and fertile land, to empty at last into the Pacific Ocean. Russian River Valley is more diversified than any other in California. At times it is hard to recognize it as a valley, for here the road leads through groups of gently undulating hills, thence to emerge into corn lands, and thence to climb into uplands, where fragrant orchards glorify the landscape. From the mouth of the Russian River to its head, the valley is a peculiar region, unlike any other in the State. From its head, in the present neighborhood of Cloverdale, northward the Coast Range spreads out to embrace a number of sequestered vales, rather than valleys, in which are situated Hopland, Ukiah, Potter, Calpella, Sherwood, Little

Lake, Lake Long and Round Valley, all strung like pearls upon a golden string. The blue of cloudless skies, the long reach of level lands, and contour of wooded hills, make this a wonderland to him who is in touch with the delicate and beautiful things of the material world.

The people, who at this time occupied these valleys, were of the pioneer stock; they loved the farm, and the hills, and the license of the woods; the scream of the locomotive to them was a voice which commanded them to move forward into the solitude of remoter regions. We found great hospitality everywhere, originality of character, freedom of life, governed by a few simple rules, and as we became in touch with the simplicity and dignity of their home life, we learned much which makes possible the development of the human spirit along some of its best lines. Honor was a household word, and deviation from simple rules of moral conduct was a badge of dishonor. The demands for education were few, and they found a solace in the simple pursuits of their homely condition, and the enjoyment of their kindly social life. We remember the tender beauty of the intercourse which existed between parents and children in these far-away places. Tastes were simple, ambitions few, and hopes within the range of daily life.

Round Valley at this time was occupied by the Government as the "Nomo Lackee Reservation," at which had been gathered about five thousand Indians from the northern tribes, in an attempt to educate them into some appreciation at least of a semi-civilized life, and to withdraw them so far as possible from a wide territory being rapidly taken up and occupied by white families. The Reservation was situated in the heart of the valley, which is almost perfectly circular in shape and lies like a gem in the lap of a noble range of mountains. It was an ideal spot for any purpose, and seemed especially adapted by Providence for the purpose to which the Government was trying to put it. At this time, about five thousand of the twenty-five thousand acres, which constituted the area of the valley, were being cultivated by Government employees, and such of the Indians as could be induced to work. The California Indian is and always has been the natural enemy of labor, and will not work unless he is compelled to by the leash of hunger. The Government succeeded only partially in cultivating these lands by Indian labor, and much trouble was constantly had in the endeavor to make the Indian a semi-civilized man. The experiment at the time of which I write had not succeeded, and the Government was constantly troubled in its endeavor to keep the Indians within the Reservation, and much time was spent by the management thereof in searching out and bringing back from the surrounding mountains the bands which, from time to time, escaped to their own hunting grounds. This valley and its surroundings have been, during the last few years, "dark and bloody ground." Frequent deeds of violence have made it a desperate territory. The cupidity of rival cattlemen has been at the bottom of many of the desperate deeds, which have made the name of this fair portion of the State almost a synonym for crime.

Northward from this valley, reaching to the Oregon line, stands a mass of tangled mountains, a wilderness which will ever remain unoccupied, except here and there by the camp of the hunter. A wilder region can not well be imagined. It is and has been the home of the bear and the deer. The number of these last named animals is countless, for a hunter whom we met here stated that during a year he and his partner had killed seven hundred, for the purpose only of securing their hides for tanning. This wholesale slaughter was against the law, but into this inaccessible region no officer of the law ever enters, and so the slaughter goes on unmolested.

We frequently had beautiful surprises along our trail, and we met one just on the borders of this wild region. One afternoon, weary from the mountain climbing and desiring rest, we espied a cabin, half-hidden in a dell beside a roaring stream. It was an inviting spot, and the only evidence of human habitation that we had seen during a tiresome day. We rode up to it, expecting of course to find the cabin of some rude hunter or cattleman, who had established himself there for whatever of profit might come to him from the ranging of cattle, or from the product of his gun. As we neared the cabin, we found it to be under the protection of a huge, black bear, so chained that his range encircled the cabin. This careful tethering of the monster had reason in it, for, as we subsequently discovered, he was the guardian of as dainty a piece of humanity as ever carried her love from the centers of civilization into a mountain solitude. This was the home of a gentle woman, just from the wealth and refinement of Boston. Unable to reach the cabin on account of the protecting care of the bear, we sat upon our horses and shouted "Hello." The door opened and we sat for a moment speechless. Realizing, however, the necessity of appearing to reasonable advantage in the presence of a lady, we apologized for our shout and stated that we had hardly expected to meet in such a place a lady such as we could fairly expect only to find in the drawing-room of a cultivated home.

She was young, dainty, appareled in pure white, a perfect picture of a sweet young woman. Our faces exprest our astonishment, and as she saw how perplexed we were, she broke into a rippling laugh, and stated that if we would express our wishes perhaps she could give us the information we desired. We suggested that we did not know where we were and as the day was nearly gone, that we would be glad to have consent to camp upon the stream nearby. She said that her husband was away but that he would shortly return, and that until he did, we could make ourselves at home. With this consent, we unsaddled our horses, and awaited the arrival of the lord of the manor, and toward sunset he came, as stalwart and magnificent a specimen of manhood as the little woman was of dainty womanhood. He confirmed the consent of his wife, and we camped for the night. In our conversation with him we learned that he was from Boston, a college graduate, driven by the fear of the White Plague to seek a healing climate, and had drifted into this far-off region, and established himself here, finding strength and health and profit in the hunting of game. He was a cultivated gentleman, full of kindly feeling, and qualified in every respect to make happy the little woman, whose love had induced her gladly to give up the things of civilization to live with him in this secluded wilderness. He told us the story of himself and wife, and it was beautiful enough to have been the subject of book or song. When we called his attention to the bear, he smiled, and said it was his hunting dog; that in the morning he would give us an exhibition of his capacity, and shouldering his rifle in the morning, and telling us that if we felt at all nervous, we had better mount our horses, he unloosened the collar of the bear, and whistling to him, together they went off into the woods. The bear had been found while a cub and raised by hand; taught all the arts of the hunting dog, he had become an unfailing stalker for deer. He was as gentle as a dog and full of kindly affection.

In the early morning we got away from this cabin, which was made beautiful by its ideal life. We were constrained to leave with it our blessing, feeling better for our touch with such human love. Rude as the cabin was, it was a home, for as has been written by the poet, "Home is where the heart is."

Before another sunset we had climbed to the summit of the Coast Range, and looking off to the east, the north and the south saw, bathed in the beauty of the declining day, stretching before us, the Sacramento Valley, lying like the bosom of a great sea, between the Coast Range on the west and the Sierra Nevadas on the east. Through its center, winding like a band of gold, the Sacramento River lazily sought its home in the sea. Down the eastern slope, through the cool forests, by the banks of roaming streams, we descended into the valley, reaching just at the fall of night a farmhouse at which we requested accommodation. A slight hesitation on the part of the proprietor made us fearful lest we should be denied. At last, however, we were granted permission to stay, and the reason for his hesitation became apparent when we entered the house for we found ourselves in the presence of an Indian wife and a flock of half-breed children. We found this to be the home of a man of education and culture, who had turned his back upon the morals of his race and the customs of his kind and cast his life into the lap of an Indian woman, sinking himself to her social status, satisfied to be the father of half-breeds. We found more than one of these during this trip, and they constituted a type which, for the good of the world, we hope soon to see eliminated.

From the levels of the Sacramento Valley, two hundred miles away, one burning summer afternoon, we saw the shining summit of Shasta. Cool and refreshing to us in the summer land was the vision of snows, whitening almost in the presence of the sun. For four days more we rode towards this vision before we stood in its immediate presence and beheld, in all of its splendor, the mountain shape which glorifies by its face of power and beauty one-third of the entire State. No mountain in the world excels in situation Shasta; fifteen thousand feet in height, it looms into the northern skies a pyramid of rock and snow, sublime, awful, beautiful.

At the northern base nestles the valley of Shasta, green throughout the year, its meadow lands nourished from the snows of Shasta, while touching the very edge of the great slopes are cultivated farms. The lower flanks of the mountain are girdled by luxuriant forests, which climb upward to the snow line, from which the higher crags rise abruptly with an awesome face toward the very stars. Standing in the glory of the dawn, the flush of noon, the splendor of sunset, or in the solemn solitude of the night, it is a figure always of splendor, proclaiming by its majesty that the "Hand that made it is divine." No man, unless he has been to the funeral of his soul, can look upon it unmoved, for it touches the finer senses with a power unspeakable, and by its glory uplifts the spirits into the region of the "larger hope." Its snow fields, never melting, nourish the springs which constitute the supply of the Sacramento River. This mountain was once a volcano and belched forth its inner fires. These have cooled, and for ages it has stood, as it stands now, a serene figure of rest after conflict. To our spiritual senses such a creation is an inspiration, and is as much a call to worship as a Psalm of David.

Shasta is the southernmost of the great summits which culminate in the icy regions of Alaska, where St. Elias, Fairweather and McKinley lift their icy forms in the silence of northern latitudes. The Three Sisters, Hood, St. Helen's, Adams, Rainier and Baker form a mighty procession of towering shafts which divide the lands lying along the shores of the Pacific. They stand like sentinels, saluting each other across the spaces of the sky. There is no rivalry among these summits, for each is a distinct creation commanding attention by an individuality of its own.

After a week's ride from Shasta, through a region burned in the past by volcanoes, past the tablelands of Southern Oregon, we reached the head of the Willamette Valley, constituting the wealth of Central Oregon. On the east lie the Cascades; on the west between the valley and the sea stands the continued Coast Range of California. This valley was the seat of the first American occupation of the western slope of the continent, and is a region full of history and tragedy. Here heroism found its highest inspiration, and devotion to principle its noblest exhibition. It was baptized by sacrifice and made sacred by the blood of martyrs.

Along the northwest rim of this valley, between its fields and forests and guarded by the splendid summits of Hood, St. Helen's and Adams, rushing on its way through the gorge of the Cascades, flows in majesty the Columbia. There is no nobler stream beneath the stars, and as the majesty of the river floods our memory, we reverently suggest that if God ever dreamed and worked his dream into physical form, he dreamed of the Columbia before he created it. Its waters are blue as the sky, into which are reflected the shadow of endless forests and the face of matchless mountains. It is the creation of half a hemisphere. Its floods are gathered together from the vast area of snow lands that contribute in the distant heart of the continent to its life.

Mount St. Helen arises, a pure shaft of white, from the bosom of a forest on its northern shore, and is the most graceful mountain in all the world,—

beautiful without mar, full of grace, so that it moved those who first saw it to name it after a woman.

For a week more we rode through the endless forests of Washington Territory, until we reached the shores of Puget Sound, whose seventeen hundred and fifty miles of shore-line, with shelving beach, precipitous cliffs and dense forests, make the most beautiful inland sea water-view in America. Mountain summits on the west and east are duplicated by reflection in its clear waters. Land and sky and water make a vision whose beauty no man can make understood by words.

Thus, for these three months, with its tangle of dawns and sunsets, with its songs of birds and bees, with days mingled with the bloom of flowers and glory of skies, with its mornings and noons, with the solitude of night and the glory of midday, are mixed together a memory and a delight.

Among the human element we found generosity and meanness. Yet, after all the moral additions and subtractions are made, our memory more readily recalls the kindliness of human nature, as it was exprest to us during the trip. We have for years held as a treasure of memory the wondrous kindness of an old farmer who had lived for years in the valley of Rogue River. His loving kindness to us added a continuous dignity to our appreciation of human nature under every condition and relation, and we could not now believe in the entire depravity of a race which could produce as kindly a soul as his.

Riding up to his farmhouse one afternoon and soliciting an opportunity to rest for a while, we were met by a manner courteous and sweet. We were worn and weary, and this kindness touched us as sleep does one worn out with pain. For two weeks we were his honored guests, becoming at last his beloved friends, and when we were compelled by the approach of winter to leave him, he mourned for us almost as David did for Absalom, and we shall never forget the picture of his almost hopeless despair when, riding away, we looked back for the last time, before distance came between him and us forever, and saw him clinging to the post of his gateway with bowed head, sobbing as if his heart would break. Death long ago claimed this royal soul, but we have often wondered if, in the Great Beyond, he remembers the peace and satisfaction in these two weeks' intercourse, when he ministered unto us, strangers in a strange land, and we are grateful for renewed establishment of our faith in the divinity of our common human nature through such kindliness as his.

No narrative would be complete of this trip, without some mention of the old gray horse that carried us safely over these eight hundred miles, and for whom we formed a great attachment. Day by day, he patiently bore us over hills and through valleys, often weary and worn, yet willing to perform the duties imposed upon him. He had a rare intelligence and most kind disposition, and when we pitched our camp at night, we turned him loose to wander at will, and every morning we found him ready for his work. Oftentimes in the early morning, we found him standing at our bedside, watching us with a kindly interest as if to guard us from possibilities of harm. We remember yet the kind expression of his eyes, gazing on us in these early hours. We were compelled to leave him in the far-off region of Puget Sound. While we remained there, we watched over his comfort, and parted with him only upon an express contract with his purchaser that he should be kindly treated during the remaining years of his life. If there is an animals' paradise, long years ago he was translated there, for he had earned an immortality in the horses' heaven.

Chapter XV

FROM VILLAGE TO METROPOLIS

It is exceedingly refreshing reading in these days to go over the records of Congress and review the exhaustive debates in that great forum on the questions which were involved in the acquisition of the territory lying west of the Rocky Mountains. Our wisest statesman and most enlightened patriots of those days were wholly at sea when they came to discuss the resources and political and commercial value of the vast domain constituting half of the continent, extending from the Rocky Mountains to the shores of the Pacific. Altho there were giants in those days, they were not as large as the country they represented, for their education had been among the limited things of the Eastern States, and they had no adequate conception of the breadth and grandeur of the great West.

The splendid story of Whitman, riding alone over mountains, across trackless deserts, braving unparalleled perils that he might on his bended knees beg those who held in hand the destinies of the Republic, to hold the great Northwest for us and our religion and civilization—such a story moves one to believe in the divine direction of men in great measures and on occasions fraught with mighty issues. What but the voice of

God could have spoken to the heart of this little missionary in his lonely station amid the solitudes of the Columbia, dreaming of the future until he became a seer and his soul burned with the flame of inspiration. The vision of a mighty people crowding silent places, building great cities, making permanent American domain, extending the jurisdiction of beneficent laws, and planting the cross as the symbol of moral power, was before him always—"a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night." The underlying quality of a great soul is the inspiration of the ages, and history nowhere, since the work of man has become a matter of record, exhibits a more heroic soul than in this little minister of the Northwest, whose faith and heroism held for our race and flag these priceless domains of the West.

We sometimes grow faint in our reliance upon Providence when we see lives like his going out in massacre, but as our heart warms with the items of his marvelous story, we know that the fault is with our horizon and not with Providence. If it be true that from the Hereafter "spirits of just men made perfect" recognize the fruits of their faithful labor in a great cause, Whitman must be glad even in heaven as the empire he wrought for and prayed for spreads out under the Western sky by the Western seas, the theater of a vast commerce, the seat of controlling political action, the home of multitudes of industrious, moral people.

Webster, Benton and other great senators saw as men see, "through a glass darkly." Whitman saw as a prophet sees, from the heights from which enlightened souls look off towards God. When we remember the desperate fate of himself and family by massacre, we are constrained by the terror of it to cry out with reverent lips, "Martyr!" Rather let us lift up the voice of praise for the heroic soul that without weariness and with an unquenchable faith in God and his race made sure the Empire of the Pacific. If justice had been done to him, Oregon to-day would be known to the world as "Whitman," and the matchless story of his work would have placed him among the immortals. Justice is a rare quality, and is found often to favor the rubbish of the world.

Berkeley, in his vision, saw the trend of empire, and while he dreamed that "Westward the star of empire takes its way," Whitman wrought and died in actual service. Whitman's work and sacrifice made Berkeley's dream sure. The wise student of man's development, who has noted the trend of empire,—the highways along which nations have moved forward in the occupation of continents,—often wonders what would now be the history of these United States, if the first occupation had been on the shores of the sunny Pacific. Would we have moved *en masse* to the inhospitable shores of the Atlantic, and left behind the abundance and beauty, the heritage of California, Oregon and Washington, or would we and ,our children have yielded to the romance and the dream and left the other shore of the continent to the occupation and development of alien races? We feel that the history of the world to-day would be different and many a brilliant chapter unwritten, had we occupied first these

Western lands. As we contemplate the power of the United States as world-controlling, where the Anglo-Saxon passion for justice and freedom radiates from political, social and religious life, our horizons lift, and we in the wider scope of human endeavor discern the Providence we often distrust.

The story of our possession of these Western lands is a romance more fascinating than fiction, more comprehensive than philosophy, and sweeter than song. In this almost measureless domain of resource and beauty our people have builded their cities, swiftly springing into centers of commerce, beautified by public edifices and private homes, adorned with the finest taste of the nineteenth century. Portland in Oregon, and Seattle in Washington, for situation and beauty rival the famed cities of all lands. Their citizens are proud of these capitals of the West.

During our ride from San Francisco to Seattle in 1866, we did not more than pass through Portland. At Seattle we abode for six months,—a mere village on the shores of the matchless Puget Sound; guarded by noble mountain summits and embraced by virgin forests.

Oregon was proud of Portland, and we recall now the vibrant challenge of an ancient dame, at whose house we were guests for a night. She had come to Oregon from some sparsely settled Western State, with the first settlers of 1846, and with her husband had settled within a few miles of the site of Portland, then but an Indian camping ground in the forest that shaded the banks of the Willamette. She had seen the Indian village displaced by the new town, and watched its growth until at the time of which we write it had become a little city into whose lap poured the trade of the North. We undertook as best we could to give the old lady some idea of San Francisco, of its size and features, claiming it to be the chief city of the Coast. We did not succeed very well, for after many words and much inflection she turned to us with a look and gesture of disgust and shouted rather than spoke, "Oh, you wait until you see Portland." It was the "seat of the soul" to her, and he would have been a magician with words who could have made her believe that in any land there was or could be a greater or more beautiful city than Portland. Truly even then it was great and beautiful enough to satisfy the simple mind of one who from the wild regions of the Western States first saw in Portland the promise of a city.

Its situation on the Willamette, a highway for deep-sea vessels, had in it the promise of commercial expansion and wealth, its environment suggested future stateliness and beauty. This promise has been fulfilled, and Portland is rich, fair and gracious, full of dignity, the delight of her citizens and the praise of him who for trade or pleasure enters her gates.

In the latter part of December, 1866, at the end of the long ride from San Francisco, we became a temporary guest of the uncle of Honorable C. H. Hanford, the present Judge of the District Court of the United States, at Seattle. We use the term "we" because on that ride, there were two of us, my companion being Thaddeus Hanford, a brother of the present Judge, then a young student fresh from studies preparatory to his entrance upon a regular course in an Eastern college. He was a quiet, scholarly lad, with a wide and accurate knowledge of the country through which we had ridden. He afterwards took his college course and returning to Seattle, became the editor and one of the principal owners of the *Post-Intelligencer,* a leading newspaper of the Northwest, published at Seattle. He met in later years a tragic death, mourned by all who knew him personally, and by those to whom he had become familiar by his wonderful genius as a newspaper man. His love for the Northwest, more particularly what was then Washington Territory, was a passion, and by voice and pen he was constantly proclaiming it as a land wherein the best of all things would be found, things that man should ultimately need to accomplish high resolves, to think great thoughts, a place in which to hope and perform. His outlook was deemed in those days but the fancy of a boy whose love for the wild places of the North made him a dreamer, whose imagination peopled the wildernesses and laid the corner stones of cities that should add luster to the material beauties that had lured the sons and daughters of wealth and culture in these later days to abandon the life of Boston, New York and other centers of our civilization, to cast in here their lot and possessions.

Hanford lived to see his loftiest dreams realized, to stand in the streets of a great city, and to wander satisfied among the marts, fed from and feeding the world, and lift his eyes to stately edifices where Grecian column and modern art met in chasteness of a perfect architecture.

The enthusiasm of youth alone could have kept us to the long stretch of eight hundred miles, weary with the daily fatigue of horseback riding, and accompanied with a homesickness which made us long for the places which we had left, and we realized for the first time, as the traveler always realizes when away from his native land for any continued length of time, a renewed love and an intense longing for the old places where affections had grown about the places made familiar by daily association. As we traveled along the highways and byways of California and Oregon, and looked into the homes of the settlers, we wondered if we ever again would know the pleasures, the comforts and the peace of such a home.

Our last day between the present site of Tacoma and White River, which flows from the Cascades, down through the forest to Seattle, was a day of strenuous traveling. An old dim Indian trail was the only highway through the wilderness of forest, and this in many places was piled with the trunks of trees that had been by winter storms hurled from their places, and the intermingling undergrowth which grows so rank in these forests made traveling serious work.

The forest through which this trail ran was composed of trees hundreds of feet in height, standing close-ranked like soldiers on parade. Through their network of shade there fell but few rays of sunlight. The way was close, cold, damp and uninspiring, and made the last stretch of the ride wearisome and taxing. At times, if there had been a way of retreat, we would have withdrawn from what seemed a hopeless endeavor to make advance. At last, however, just as the December sun sank behind the glorious peaks of the Olympics, we stood on the banks of White River, across which we could see the homes of men, while on our side everywhere extended the gloom of endless forests. No evidences of man's occupation enlivened the scene. The waters of the river, icy and swift, rushed by, its currents in the rays of the setting sun casting to us defiance. No bridge, no boat, was present to aid us to escape from the darkening shadows, and we were driven to sudden determination and action before the night should find us in its thrall. Youth has always courage and expediency, and we soon were breasting the cold waters, with our clothing and effects tied high on the saddles, while we, hanging to the tails of our horses, safely crossed our Jordan and were in the promised land.

Never before or since has the home of men, though rude and simple, seemed so perfect a picture of safety, peace and rest. One hour more and we were beside the cheering fire of a country pioneer, at rest and in comfort, where we close the record of that notable ride.

There are providences in our lives, which we recognize, unless we are spiritually blind, and one of these was attendant upon us, for the next morning, under a protecting roof, and in the warmth of a cozy bed, we awoke to find the sky full of lowering clouds from which a drenching rain was pouring, and the land in the clutch of a storm that raged without ceasing for more than a week. What would have been our condition if we had still been in the gloom of the forest, through which we had threaded our tiresome way for the preceding week? Words are inadequate to express how sweet we found the hospitality of the kindly souls who ministered to our necessities, cheering us with that fine courtesy which illuminates the homeliest dwelling, and makes the hearts of men tender and loving toward their fellows everywhere.

Money for living had become short during the months of travel, and we were compelled in the midst of the winter to look about for something to do. We had, before we started, arranged for compensation with a newspaper in San Francisco, then celebrated, if not popular, and known as *The American Flag*, edited by D. O. McCarthy, who had made a reputation as a man of courage and daring, and who was thought necessary by reason of these qualities to be at the head of this aggressive war newspaper. Its financial backing was not strong, and the antagonism it engendered was so bitter that in the conflict which followed, the *American Flag* was hauled down, and its traveling correspondent, like a barn-stormer, was left penniless on the shores of Puget Sound. Work must be obtained, but what work could be secured in a region where industries were limited, and the demand for labor almost *nil*. Teach school we would not, for we had no heart for the irksome confinement of a rude schoolhouse, with its daily association with minds without knowledge, limited in faculties, and inspired by no desire to know anything.

The glory of mountains, the sheen of rivers rushing to the sea, the lights and shadows of Northern skies, and the reaches of endless woods, had quickened our minds, so that a new sense of beauty and freedom had gotten into our blood. Work we courted as a lover woos a maid, but it was work in the open, where we could have companionship with the natural features of the land, wild and primitive, but with voices alluring and seductive. We found a habitation on a settler's clearing at the confluence of the White and Black Rivers, and, comfortably housed, made a contract with Judge Hanford's father by which, for an agreed price per thousand, we were to cut and deliver hoop poles from which barrel hoops were made. The forests about were full of trees, and an industrious man, even in the short days, could make fair compensation. We worked faithfully for several months, and with money in pocket were ready to move in to Seattle, whose repute has now traveled to all lands. Here for six months we existed, rested lazily, drifted, waiting for the summer days that we might have accurate knowledge of this wonder land in all of its seasons.

In our tramps through the woods we had covered a wide range and had become familiar with the country that lies to the eastward of Seattle and westward of the Cascade Range of Mountains. The White and Indian population we found peculiar. The white man, ordinarily from the Eastern States, had brought with him the customs, culture and faith of New England homes, and sought to maintain in this Northwestern corner of the Republic the traditions and refinements of Harvard and Yale and other centers of learning. Often by their firesides we discust with them the spirituality of Theodore Parker, the charm of Ralph Waldo Emerson's dreams, and the splendid work in the world of science and letters, of savants and scholars.

These men were displacing the forest and carving out homes. The unrivaled fertility of the soil, when cleared from the forest, made profitable even in those early days the tillage of the rich but necessarily limited fields. The lumbering business, which was the industry of capital, had taken possession of a vast acreage of timber, and with ax and saw, aided by some of the largest mills in the world, was tearing to pieces the woods and sending to all parts of the world material to build navies, to erect cities, and to supply the constantly increasing deficiency in the production of lumber in the older parts of the entire world.

The sedate life and sober habit of the first settlers of Washington Territory, outside of the turbulent activities of the lumber camps, were in marked contrast to the fire and recklessness of those who at the call of gold had poured into California and into its attached territories. Peace dwelt in the homes, violence was frowned upon in public places, and public and private life exhibited a steadfast allegiance to law and order. The ever present Indian was as yet unharmed by vices of civilized life, and roamed in the woods, or, in his wonderful canoe, conquered the currents of the rivers. The "Siwash" was a man of peace, and frequently a Christian. The holy work of Father De Smet, in his mission in the Columbia River Valley, had spread its influence throughout the country and made the story of the Virgin, Christ and the Cross a part of the life of these simple souls of nature. Among them were priests of the ancient church, and well we remember one of the great surprises of our life in this connection.

As we were ascending Black River in the early hours of a winter morning, in a canoe, we heard a matin bell waking the silence. We wondered if we were not within the meshes of a delusion, but as we swung around a curve in the river, we saw a little church, built of logs, above which in the radiant morning rose the Cross, the symbol here, in these wild woods and among these native tribes, as it had been in the midst of Christendom throughout the centuries since Calvary, of the Crucified, His Life and Sacrifice. A new reverence for all that the Cross stood for in the ages past, stands for in the present, and will stand for in the future, stole into our hearts, and we felt as never before the obligations of the world to the Man of Sorrows, and how from Calvary had radiated the force that holds mankind to spirituality as gravitation ties together the planets and the stars.

Curiosity, mingled with the mood for worship, led us to enter the rude church, and we saw what should be an answer to all the criticisms of Christianity by atheist and pagan, and an example of its influences as a force for the enlightenment of man, be he king or serf, philosopher or fool. An Indian priest was at the altar, Indian men, women and children were kneeling in attitudes of prayer; sonorous and majestic phrases fell from the priest's lips with the same unction and authority as if they fell from the lips of the

Pope under the dome of St. Peter's, and in the presence of the pomp and splendor of the Vatican services. Here again we felt and recognized the power of the Great Church that in capital and wilderness, in centers of civilization and outlying regions of barbarism, for centuries, has worked for the salvation of men of every tribe, color and condition. Let it be conceded that at times she has been tempted to and has left her high estate in the misguided ambition to grasp political and temporal power, yet the world owes to her gratitude if only for the police power which she has wielded for the good order and government of society. In her bosom, for a thousand years, while the dark ages clouded the earth, she carried learning and faith to deliver them again to men when they were fit to receive them, as fresh, beautiful and untarnished as when, for protection and preservation, she seized them from the chaos of lust and passion.

Spirituality was carved upon the face of the simple Indian priest; radiated from his cheek and brow and in the soft lights of his kindly eyes. At the altar, at that simple service, he stood a majestic figure, transfigured by the sublime faith of the Man of Nazareth.

Old Seattle, the chief of the tribe that formerly had dominion over that part of the territory lying west of the Cascade Mountains, and who had ruled his people with equity, was dead. He was cherished in memory by his people and his virtues immortalized by the white men who founded and named the principal Western village of this part of the territory after him. If he had any tribal successor, we never heard of him. The yielding up of dominion by the Indian was absolute; they became the servants of an authority they recognized as irresistible, and they took on so much of the habits of the new order of life, as they were capable of, and of course copied the vices of the superior man who had dispossest them of their original estate. The natural energy of aboriginal days had degenerated into an indifference to everything but the mere necessities of existence, which they in largest number derived from animals of the woods, birds of the sky, fishes of the rivers and the Sound, with the summer harvest of berries. The more ambitious among the younger men acquired skill of the woodsman, and competed with the men from Maine and Canada with the swinging ax in the white camps supplying the mills with logs. In the main they were an uncomely race, squatty and bow-legged, a physical feature distinguishing them as canoe-dwellers, a sort of prenatal defect, as for generations their ancestors had lived in canoes, as the natives of China had been dwellers in sampans. They loved the waters, and by a natural genius for their occupation had evolved a type of canoe, carved from the body of the cedar tree, of such shape and proportion that it was subsequently adopted as the model for the American clipper ship, the finest sea-craft of every sea. These wonderful canoes were of every size, from that capable of carrying only one person provided he were skilled in canoecraft, to the stately war canoe, holding a hundred warriors.

The skill with which they drove these canoes through the treacherous tide, rips, and currents of the Sound, and up the whirling rapids of the rivers, was akin to the occult cunning of the Australian native with his boomerang. This skill was transmitted from father to son, from mother to daughter, a part of native intuition. It was an hereditary gift. They were feeders on fish, and in the dark you would without seeing him discover the presence of a Siwash by the fishy odor of smoked salmon. Their simple dwellings were smoke-houses as well as habitations, and everywhere smoked salmon was "rank and smelled to heaven." This universal use of salmon as a food was the result of the natural indolence, for at certain seasons these fish crowded the rivers in such countless thousands that they could be gathered in great quantities by hand. Thus by a small amount of labor they secured the sustenance of months. The women, like all aborigines, were fond of gaudy colors, loved to garb themselves in the seven hues of the rainbow, and when they had the price, they were arrayed in all the brilliance of a bird of paradise. They lacked grace of form and beauty of feature, and they sought to compensate this by bewildering attire. They were, however, modest in demeanor, and as a rule loyal to moral law. In this respect our observation of the Indian tribes at remote parts of the Coast has led us to believe that it needed no Seventh Commandment to strengthen the natural conscience of the average Indian woman, or to keep her feet in the path in which the good woman in all climes and ages has been found.

There is a commonwealth of fine living everywhere, and its citizens are of no particular race, age or faith. Entrance to and citizenship in it are limited to the pure in heart, be that heart in the breast of the savage or the most highly enlightened. We have been at times staggered by the doctrine of "original sin" when we discover so much of fine honor in the simple savage, and so much of vice in those who dwell in the centers of culture and religion. We have known intimately Indians whose high code of morals and lofty feeling would serve as models for the highest type of moral thought and action, and through close relationship with them have been led to protest against the theory of some of the early religious teachers, that the "natural man is at enmity with God."

Long before Plato had reasoned out from his spiritual consciousness the immortality of man, the sons of nature had become worshipers of the Great Spirit, who had spoken to them in the sweep of the sky, the song of the bird, the voice of the storm, the summit of mountains, and the bloom of blossoms.

The streets of Seattle were never without their group of Siwashes and Clootchmen, lazily watching, philosophically and solemnly examining, with inquisitive eyes, the things that made up the differences between their lives and the lives of white men. Solemnly they moved from one point of interest to another, seldom speaking, although they were able to do so through the Chinook dialect, the universal language of the Northwest, formulated by the Hudson Bay Company for purposes of profit, by their traders among the different tribes of that wide country. The simple phrases of the Chinook were easily acquired by white man and Indian alike, and were used by them in their common intercourse. It was a wonderful medium of communication, and in the universality of its use almost supplanted among the tribes their native speech. It was akin to the Pigeon English of China, and served the same purpose for which that quaint mixture of phrase and accent was brought into being,—for trade between the foreigner and the native. These manufactured languages outgrew their original purpose and established a mental bridge between the minds of those to whom the acquisition of each other's language would have been the work of years, and perhaps next to impossible.

If the Siwash had a folk-lore, he kept it locked in his heart. He had, however, his songs, made up of a weird music—the voices which his ancestors had interpreted from the birds, the breeze, the gurgling of streams, the hum of insects and the whistle of wild birds on the wing.

There is a wondrous charm in the whistle of the bird on the wing. One afternoon, as I stood on the banks of the White River, with the loneliness of the woods making me hungry for the sunshine of California skies, I looked up into the deeps of the heavens for comfort, and lo! far above me in the radiance which the dying day had flung into the sky I saw a lone bird on its way toward the North. Faintly I heard the beat of its wings against the air, and the bird and I at that moment seemed to divide the world between us. It was a simple moment, but into it swept the beauty of the world, and I felt a gratitude to Him who gave to the lone bird its power to cleave the reaches of the sky and to me the power to find in its flight spiritual significance. I had not for years recalled Bryant's "Ode to a Water Fowl," but memory worked her miracle and I was able to recall three verses of the simple poem, which is at once a poem and a prayer:

"Whither midst falling dews,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far through the rosy deeps
Dost thou pursue thy solitary way?

There is a power that guides thy way
Along that pathless coast,
The desert and illimitable air,
Lone, wandering, but not lost.

He who from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will lead my steps aright."

I may not hope to make any reader understand the beauty of this moment. If I could picture truly that lone wanderer in the northern sky, it would touch the spirit deeper than the glory of mere Italian art, immortal even in its decadence. The conquest of the spirit has been, by reason of the uplift of man from form to spirit, from things to ideals, and he who now hopes in literature or art to become immortal, must appeal to the soul of man and not to his eye alone. And so the flight of this lonely bird, as it was to me, must be to all the world, if seen as I saw it, an appeal to the spirit.

The Siwash, while he was by a wonderful law existing between tribes which fixed the boundaries of dominion, the unchallenged occupant of this latitude and of the regions about the Sound, was not the only Indian to be found in the streets of Seattle, for there were encountered groups of the Stickeens who occupied the territory skirting the northern banks of Fraser River, overshadowed by volcanic Baker, whose dormant fires now and then flamed into the night or shot its cloudy steam into the heavens to mingle with the fogs of the nearby sea.

Baker is a noble mountain, a silent hill of snow, looking out serenely westward over the fair Georgian Gulf, and cooling its feet in the icy Fraser, that from the rocky inland rushes to the sea. Its woods slope from its snow-line down its flanks to the waters, and here beyond memory and tradition had dwelt a peculiar race, for they were a race rather than a tribe. In all respects they were separate from the native people of this latitude,—in form, mind and morals. They were after their own kind. Some future student may be able to gather together out of the dimness of their past their origin, for their wise men claim them to be a nation, and as a nation they were named "Haidas." As a local tribe they were called "Stickeens." This name was perhaps more a modern gift of the Hudson Bay voyageur, applied to designate them as those whose dwelling place was in the country through which flowed the Stickeen River. They were as peculiarly distinct as the Esquimaux of Alaska, and were doubtless Asiatic in origin as are the Esquimaux. Carvings upon the prows of their war vessels, their paddles, and upon the vessels of domestic use, as well as their religious rites, were suggestive of some other age and land. An indefinable mystery seemed always associated with them, as hard to analyze, yet as permanent, as climate is to a land. Their men were stalwart, proud, brave and handsome. A great dignity marked their intercourse, and while they were approachable through courtesy, he would be a brave man who attempted coarse familiarity with them. They were at first defiant and hostile to the white man, but after a number of hot and unsuccessful conflicts, they were compelled to concede to superior numbers, and thenceforth maintained a sort of armed peace. Doubtless the intervening years have numbed their individuality and the constant touch of the vices of civilization spoiled that fine originality that made them a marked people. Their women were fine in form and feature, and when interbred with the French voyageur, they were often most beautiful, with faces classically delicate, with fawn-like eyes, and a glory of hair, and exhibiting in every movement winsome grace.

In comparison with the beauties of other people, I have often thought that the most perfectly beautiful creature I ever saw among womankind was one of these. One Christmas morning, on the shores of Lake Union near Seattle, I came upon her suddenly. With an old Indian she was fishing, a slight thing, about eighteen years of age. When she became conscious of my presence she was startled as a deer is when some intruder breaks into her covert. She sprang to her feet and stood, with downcast eyes, tall, willowy, and swayed to the beat of her quickened heart, and as the color came and went in her cheeks, delicate as rose leaves, and as the lights come and go in the East at dawn, the sweet modesty of her attitude adorned her more than laces, and her Indian garments woven of rich furs enforced the line and curve of her perfect symmetry. I have looked upon fair maidens, the product of generations of culture, but none was half as fair as this untutored daughter of the wilds. It saddened me to think that this creature of race, fit to stand proudly before princes, must forever "waste her sweetness on the desert air." She was a type, for many of the women of the Stickeens are surpassingly beautiful. More than one white man has been caught in the meshes of their charms, and they have become wives, quickly adapting themselves to the habits of happy civilized home life.

Beauty often makes us desperate. Drooping eyes, poise of shapely head, curve of lips, the nameless grace, alluring, fascinating, changing as lights and shadows upon the face of waters, drive us to despair, and we stretch out hands to clutch the vacant air. Brute passion? No. It is based upon the artistic sense which is a part of the passion of the soul, for even religion appeals to men, amid the environment of soiled things, by a promise of beauty in the land where time becomes an eternal morning. The memory and the hope of beauty have lightened dungeons and made cowards brave in the carnage of battle. This love is as much a necessity and a part of us as the beat of our hearts. The beauty of a face, out of which commonness has been effaced by the fingers of the angel, becomes a solace to us, as we realize that all will yet be beautiful if they are good. The Psalmist, in the passion and ecstasy of his dream, lifted his voice to praise the "beauty of holiness." Even things are beautiful. The hills speak to us through their rocky lips, the stars make eloquent the midnight, and the streams coquetting with gravitation, laugh with the flowers they nourish. In mountain shapes, beauty and grandeur sit in royal state. They look out upon the world below from sunlit thrones of silence. Such is Rainier, a pile of rock that since creation's dawn has stood in the Northern sky, a thing of unspeakable splendor.

We shall never forget our first sight of its Western face. All day long, in the gloom of dripping woods, we had ridden through a lane of towering trees. The deep shade was made darker by lowering fogs. Depression became a presence and rode with us in the saddle. We knew that somewhere Rainier, near us, was lifted above forest and cloud, radiant in the sunset. The approaching end of the day warned us that we must camp, and in an open space that had been eaten out of the forest by the fires of some ancient time, we unsaddled our horses and sat down upon a log to rest a moment before we prepared for the night. We were weary, and yielding to the languor of the hour sat silent. Words sometimes annoy, and the speech of a friend is unwelcome, for weariness is akin to pain. This was our mood, and we waited. It was an occult hour. Subconsciously we felt that some event was about to be a part of the time and place. The fog that had hung over us like a pall all day long began to break, and here and there along the lofty tree-tops we saw the sheen of lights from the declining sun. Suddenly, as parts a curtain drawn from across the face of some great picture, the mist parted, and before us in the blue of the autumn sky, robed in splendor, burning in the fires of the evening sky, stood Rainier. Its summits were flaming in the glow of the evening; its tremendous bulk suspended from, rather than lifted into, the heavens. The indefinable majesty stunned our senses, and we looked upon it as something that must fade, because unreal; but as the vision stood fixt, its glory overmastered us, and we were almost blinded by tears. No man unless despair has rolled a stone against the door of his hope, could have seen Rainier as we saw it and kept back his tears. Often afterwards in all the changes it takes on from day and night, from sunlight and cloud, from dawn and sunset, white with winter or purple in the bloom of summer, we looked upon it, but never did its mighty and awful shape seem fairer than it did at the moment when first it loomed out of the mist of that afternoon.

Great creations grow upon the mind, and our limited faculties have to be expanded by the form and face of great things before we may comprehend them fully, but there are times when the mind and eye work together with infinite cunning and we see and appreciate from the first the length and breadth and height of things that seem immeasurable. These are inspired moments when for the time our mental faculties put on their divinity, and we see akin to seers.

Ages could add nothing to the inspiring emotion which was with us when on the walls of memory we hung the picture of Rainier first seen standing in the sun. We saw it last on an afternoon in August, 1905, from the windows of a Pullman while passing almost the spot where we had first looked upon it, and there it stood still, compelling attention, serene as it had stood since volcanic fires lifted it into the heavens. A great peace abides now in gorge and peak and crag, for its fires have gone out and radiance and beauty have taken the place of flame and ashes.

Baker is within its horizon, and they salute across the solitudes of the sky, in the lights of the morning, and through the hours that belong to the silence of the stars. Why cross the seas to look upon Mt. Blanc, when here, in our own land, loom mountains whose majesty dwarfs Mt. Blanc's shape into the proportions of a hill?

Local geographers, aided by the loyalty of those who hope to give to the nomenclature of Washington a local flavor, have renamed the mountain "Tacoma," but the name of the old English Admiral clings to it with a persistence that is the despair of those at whose hands it had the new baptism. The romance of the first name has made the old name as hard to displace as it would be to re-name Marathon or Damascus. It is a reigning mountain and "Rainier" in suggestive euphony clings to it. Be it, however, "Tacoma" or "Rainier," it will ever be a ruling summit of the world.

Our first glimpse of Seattle was from the East, from the slopes and the uplands now occupied by stately edifices and threaded by avenues and streets, but in that day dark with the shadow of untouched woods, through which, to accommodate the settlers of the White and Black Rivers, for a distance of some twenty miles, a solitary road had been cut. It was an accommodation only, and principally a trail for footmen, for the highway of whatever traffic existed between the little village and the outlying settler was Dwamish River, and the means of transportation the canoe and the light-draft stern-wheel steamer. Horses and wagons were almost unknown. The farmer going to town took to his canoe, or walked,—more often walked, unless he was accompanied by some of the women-folks of his household, and then usually he awaited the coming of the little steamer that at intervals plied upon the river. The sparse population did not supply travelers sufficient to warrant a regular time-table, and steamers came and went when they were notified that a cargo was ready for them. These crude little steamers truly constituted accommodation lines. Potatoes were then the usual cargo; the rich loam of the river bottoms, reclaimed from the forest, produced marvelous yields in quantity and quality of this staple product. Commercial returns, in these later days, indicate that the hop fields have displaced the potato field, and the world's traffic taken the place of the primitive trade.

As we emerged from the shadow before us, clear and blue stretched that view of the Sound which is to-day one of the charms of the modern city. The forest has disappeared, the silence is made noisy with the voices of man and his occupation. Romance has yielded to commerce and the mar of man's hand is visible in the mutilation of things that were sweet in their primitive beauty. The spell of the wilderness has been broken and destroyed, but as I saw them first, with the joy of youth, on that winter day, the Olympics still duplicate their procession of snowy summits in the blue waters, and hold possession of the solitudes of the lonely peninsula which lies between the Sound and the Sea. Baker still lifts its royal shape, visible from points over the verdure of the untouched forests, and Rainier is recreated in the mirror of sunlit tides.

The only thing visible, not beautiful, was the little town itself. It stood amid its splendid surroundings like a beggar in a palace, wandering in his rags amid glorious pictures and fondling with soiled hands the priceless treasures of art. In a scenic sense, its diameter was the shores of the Sound; its half circumference guarded by a line beginning with the old University buildings on the North, skirting the Eastern rim of the forest, to end where the mud flats on the South stayed the line of occupation. It was as devoid of beauty as the form of a frowsy squaw. Yessler's wharf and warehouse held the water front, Horton's store the center of the town, and all the remainder of the town went as it pleased. It had no civic features and was as devoid of architecture as an Indian campoodia. It seemed as if it was a place that man had not intentionally come to, but had been cast there by accident, like driftwood upon a shore. It had no municipal ambitions, made no boasts, and its mixed population of whites and Indians, amounting to about twelve hundred, were content to exist rather than to live; and who could blame them, for there were no visible inspiring things to live for, and imagination seemed powerless to build for it any dreams.

Syracuse, on the shores of the Mediterranean, in her ruin, suggests a certain dignity, and a poet wandering in her forsaken palaces has written:

"And Syracuse with pensive mien,
In solitary pride,
Like an unthroned but tameless queen,
Crouched by the lucid tide."

No poetic instinct could have been stirred by anything human about Seattle in 1866. We will not be charged with any ill will towards the little settlement in what we write, for we speak only of then existing conditions, logically resulting from a minus quantity. There was nothing to stimulate civic pride; everything was in a drift period. If Seattle could have had a symbol to express her mood, it would have been a kingfisher sitting on a dead limb waiting for his prey. It was well that her men were young, and that before them the lanes of hope reached into the future. They were not lacking in energy. There was simply no field for action, and endeavor to force things would have been a useless waste of power; would have torn to pieces the faculties and made shipwreck of effort. An unduly active man would have been like a mill without grist, its wheels running wild, and its machinery grinding in a vacuum.

What a site it was for one of the world's great cities; a splendid capital of commerce, into whose lap vast territories of the North and the deeps of the nearby seas should pour unmeasured riches; to whose adornment art should work and new beauty be created; to whose population the nations should contribute; in whose streets should be heard the voices of Europe, Asia and Egypt; to whose luxury continents and zones and isles of the sea should yield their choicest cargoes.

Though a beardless boy, a mere scribbler in the streets of the slouchy little settlement of 1866, our newspaper instinct for matter which the public cared to read led us to make careful estimates of the resources that seemed necessarily contributing to make her some time, perhaps in the remote future, an important city. We made a study of maps; gathered together statistics; inquired into the acreage of forest and agricultural lands; became familiar with climatic influences; measured the distances across the sea and continent, between Asia and Europe, by lines which led through Seattle. We applied to all of these the historic relations of trade to situation, and the building forces which create commercial centers and sustain them by trade gravitations. We found that all the roads led, not to Rome, but to Seattle. We applied to knowledge, imagination, and peopled the unknown, unmeasured and almost immeasurable regions of the North with industrious people, although these lands were then held in alien hands. From out this mass we dreamed our dream and wrote our prophecy. I do not know whether it was ever read, but it was published, and I recall that Horton, then a young merchant, controlling the principal trade in his little store, as much by sales to Indians as to whites, laughed me to scorn and said, "You are crazy to write such stuff." Some years afterwards he left Seattle, but he was not contented with the change, and returned, to build and maintain, I believe, upon the site of his little store, a splendid bank building in which he and his associates, to the day of his death, dealt in millions locally produced. He lived to verify my "crazy" dream, and to glory in the wealth and beauty of a great city.

A new generation has possession, and with rare exceptions the greatest stranger in the streets of Seattle to-day, as in Los Angeles, is the oldest inhabitant. The stride of greatness was too rapid for the old feet. The brilliance of new conditions had in it so much of white heat, of rushing, restless, mad activity, that the old eyes were blinded and they stared at the marvel of growth, and strangers' hands gathered up the things that made for wealth and power. We could at this time have acquired a tract of land of one hundred and sixty acres, then in the forest just beyond the occupied limits of the town, now crowned by great buildings, for five hundred dollars. Who could have told the hour when in the far-off years, by resources then unknown, this commercial miracle should make the site of wild woods the foundation of palaces?

I left Seattle in the early spring of 1867, and did not see her again until in August, 1905. Our approach to the city at this time was a romance. It had in it the charm of a fine dream. We were returning from Nome, and our ship approached the city after dark. The night was perfect, and as we plowed our way over the still waters and under the shadows of the cliffs, we looked out from the prow of the steamer to where, in the sheen of starlike lights, inexpressibly blended and too beautiful for anything but the homage of silence, rose from its semi-circle of lowlands, upon the slopes of the highlands, the superb and matchless city of our boyish prophecy and dream. It was a great moment to us, as memory flung open the gateway of the years and we stood between the contrasts of 1867 and 1905.

The morning after our arrival we wandered off from the ship, down the streets lined with banks, hotels and stores, noisy with traffic, and gay with crowds, where as a lad we had walked among primitive structures, along unpaved streets, the companions of Indians and Halfbreeds. The water-front thrilled with the activities of great ships, loading and unloading their varied cargoes. All seemed unreal, and we were in a maze as one who in the desert sees in the mirage visions of cities whose temples, palaces and towers are the illusions of air. Memory would have her way, and in the restless commotion and life we were alone again in the little crude settlement, dreaming our dreams.

There is always a waste and loss in the building of great cities; insatiate monsters, they trample under foot things historic and sacred. If trade needed it, men would erect a modern hotel upon the site of the Temple in Jerusalem, and cut down the Mount of Olives to make way for a modern railway station. Architecture is useless except to adorn the street front of a bank, or to make attractive to the taste or vanity of a tourist the abomination and discomfort of the twentieth century apartment house.

This ruthless spirit is not unknown in modern Seattle, where new people have laid violent hands upon beauty, and in their adaptation of conditions to the demands of commerce or luxury, changed the face of nature. Beyond the reach of the iconoclast, the mutilations of the men of affairs, there are sceneries about Seattle which they can not touch. The glories of the Sound, the majesty of the Olympics, the guardianship of Rainier, are immortal. The sun still from the mists builds the radiant summer clouds and piles them along the summit of the mountains across the Sound. But the primal charms of Lakes Union and Washington are departed forever. We could not recognize them as the placid waters that in our day stretched out from wooded bank to bank, bound in the silence of undisturbed days, inviting from the sky countless flocks of water birds that in safety homed among the rushes and led their young broods out into their bosoms, to learn the cunning of their kind, and spread their wings in the sunny mornings. Serene days we had here, drifting in a canoe, wild and free, alone upon the sunny waters, with no life visible except the lazy drift of smoke from some Indian hut. No voices were there but those of happy birds sporting in the waters calling to their mates. Nature was absolute. This was her kingdom of peace and beauty. All is gone except the lakes themselves. Pleasure-seeking crowds wander in the ancient isles of silence. Resorts for men's pleasure stand on their shores. The inevitable railroad connects them with the city, and travel makes noisy the quiet of the old days.

There is much beauty in man's work here, which one encounters on every hand, but the nameless charm of the wilderness is not even a memory, except to one who, like myself, looked upon them when they were fresh with the unmarred features of their creation.

As a part of the record of the early settlement of Seattle there are names, which should be mentioned, of men who by heroism of service became a part of national history.

I. I. Stevens, who fell in the carnage of Chantilly. McClellan and Sheridan, then young lieutenants without fame, were identified with the protection of the territory at the hands of the general government against hostile Indians. Theodore Winthrop, a gallant soul, who also died at the head of his company at Big Bethel, made before the time of which I write a lone horseback ride from the Sound across the inland deserts to civilization, with Indian guides, and made this trip the theme of a fascinating story under the title, "Canoe and Saddle." I do not know whether the libraries of Seattle have this rare book upon their shelves but, if so, the modern citizen will be entertained by its thrilling pages. The body of a man never held a more heroic soul and dauntless spirit than that of I. I. Stevens, frail tho it was. The history of heroism would be made brilliant by the story of his fearless life, as Governor of Washington, and as a General in the Civil War. To fear he was a stranger, and his magnetic courage more than once, in perilous places, met and mastered the savage hate of murderous Indian chiefs, who during his administration harassed the sections lying East of the Cascades.

From out the memory of the little village of 1867 we hail the great city of the Northwest and salute her in her place of dominion and wealth.

Chapter XVI

THE DISCOVERY AND EVOLUTION OF A POET

IF the Wrights, with their latest aeroplane, should take a trip easterly from Suisun City, in Solano County, California, for a distance of eight miles, they would sail over a little round valley, in which is situated a lagoon, and so it is called Lagoon Valley. This valley will be found environed by hills as sweet as those that stood about Jerusalem, rising, undulating, with woods and poppies, toward the sunny sky. Here, in his boyhood, lived, grew and suffered a great poet, to go forth finally and become one of the world's seers and a force for righteousness. In the years of which I write, this valley was owned almost exclusively by Don Pena, a proud Spaniard, who held title thereto by Mexican grant. Here, in baronial state, he lived in ease and pride, surrounded by his pastures, over which roamed countless herds of cattle and horses. As was usual on those baronial estates, there lived in primitive state a local tribe of Digger Indians, who held the relation of retainers to the lord of the manor and subsisted upon his bounty. These natives of the most wonderful of all the lands on the Pacific, destined in the hands of a new race to be the seat of empire, were of the lowest type, exhibited no physical perfection, no courage, none of the characteristics of other tribes who possest as their home and heritage less favored places of the coast.

These Diggers were, in both sexes, ungainly in form, flabby of face, with their chief quality exhibited in an unfailing languor. Before the advent in any numbers of the white man, they held undisputed possession of the larger portion of California lying south of Mt. Shasta, and extending to Arizona and Mexico. They did not live; they existed only, content to be alive, subsisting scantily upon the meanest of things. Though the mountains were filled with game, and the valleys capable of producing abundant crops, they were too stupid to lift their hands in their sustenance, were content to gather the grasshoppers and feed upon the lizard. To them the larvæ of the wasp dug from the ground was a delicacy. They raised no warlike hands against the invader of their domain, and soon became hangers-on to the estates of the stranger. In all of the years that I have known these tribes, and many of the thousands I have seen, I never saw a comely maiden or a handsome man. Young and old, male and female, they were squatty, ungainly and lazy. To them never came the "call of the wild." They climbed the slopes of glorious mountains, only to gather the nuts of the pine. They roamed the sunlit fields, glorified by the poppy and made musical by the lark, but to them came no inspiration. The environment of generations of beauty had left no mark on form or feature, and they were hardly fit to be the "brother to the ox."

I have at some length written of these poor specimens of the natural man here, because they were a part of the environment of the youthful days of the poet of whom I write.

Besides the Don, his herds and the Indians, a few Americans had settled, by consent of the landowner, and in the most primitive way were pursuing the vocation of the farmer, content with little, expecting nothing, living only to be alive.

In the low-lying hills that formed the wall of this valley, on a little ranch, secluded and lonely, lived and grew the boy whose name is and has been for years a household word, whose noble face, eloquent with the beauty of lofty living, has become familiar to the world of letters as one of its choicest spirits. He grew strong, physically, in the wholesome sweetness of the atmosphere about him, and when I first met him, he was a robust young savage. There was the subconscious poise of power in head and shoulders. He was a giant, who was disposed to use his strength in defiant resistance to those who attempted to exert authority over him. When I first saw him, there were in his face lines that were prophetic, but the scowl of resistance was the dominant feature. Had it not been for the eye, that window of the soul, I would have been fearful of a contest with him, for I was in authority over him, and authority was that which brought out of his soul its fighting energy. This disposition has more than once led him into dangerous places, and would under misdirected conditions have made shipwreck of his life. There were deep-seated reasons for this resistance, needless to discuss, for there are things in this life too sacred for speech,—things which when dead we wrap in purple and fine linen, anoint, and with frankincense and myrrh lay away with tears and thankfulness forever. Suffice to say that while these reasons made his young life piteous in its desolation, they did not touch him in any way that marred his spirit. They were simply a part of his environment, part of his development. Life is a mystery, whose depths and heights we may neither probe nor ascend, and who can say that the loneliness of these desolate years was not the cradle in which the genius of this boy was wrought into deathless power,—who knows? Doubtless it drove him for consolation to listen to the song of the lark as she sang to him at the gates of the dawn; to go forth into the solemn splendor of the midnight and to cry unto the stars, until from off the glorious islands of the sky there descended upon his spirit beauty and peace. He learned the language of the woods and to interpret the voices of their dwellers, and when aspiration faltered and hope deferred was sick unto death, he lifted his eyes up to the radiance of the summer heavens, and knew that somewhere, out of all this loneliness and despair, in God's universe, there must be peace. Might it not have been here, when he was treading the wine-press alone, that he acquired that marvelous fiber of patience that has been the sweetness of his many glorious later years.

Want of companionship had much to do with the restlessness of his spirit. He was easily chief of the youths about him, and while they admired and followed him as their leader, he stood alone among them.

In their limited minds he found no answering response; in their hearts no cord of spiritual sympathy. They were to him as the clods of the field to the eagle in the sky. He dreamed of, but had no touch with, the outer world, and the dull life of the ranch and of the little valley were all that he personally knew of the great world lying beyond the rim of the hills that bounded his home. But, as was said by Dr. Charles Wadsworth, the great Presbyterian preacher, in one of his sermons: "Man knows that he is immortal by the motions of his spiritual instinct, as the eagle chained in the market place knows by the instinctive flutter of his wings, that his home is in the upper deep." And so, by a like instinct, this lonely, restless boy, chained to the limitations of an uneventful life, and buried on a lonely ranch in the hills, hungered for great things. He could not "live by bread alone," and, strong as was the animal in him, its passions left the spirit unsatisfied.

This was the life and condition of Edwin Markham, the poet and seer, in 1867, when I met him first, and this is the story of our relations and of his redemption.

In 1867, there stood just five miles Northeast of Suisun City, a little schoolhouse, which had been known for many years as the "Black Schoolhouse." It is not there now, for by a fatal practise of our people we eliminate historic places. On my return from Seattle, after my eight-hundred-mile ride, I was put to the necessity of earning bread, and had to do what I could to recoup a depleted pocket, and so I turned to the only occupation I was then familiar with—teaching school. I did not know at first where to go, but remembering that I had once been a pupil in the Black School, I applied to the Board of Trustees for a position there. I was a lean, fragile fellow. My personal acquaintance with one of the trustees was a suggestion that I might possibly acquire the school. I applied to him, and he said, "You can't teach this school." I said, "Why?" And he replied, "You haven't the physical capacity." I did not at first understand and said, "What do you mean?" He said, "There is a boy in this district who has broken up the last two schools and whipt the schoolmaster." "Well," I said, "is that the only objection to me?" And he said, "Is that not enough?" I said, "No, I do not know the boy, but I can assure you that if he is as big as Goliath and as brave as Cæsar, he will not break up my school." The trustee smiled in scorn and I then said, "Let us make a contract that if I am given the school and this boy breaks it up, even at the end of the last hour of the last day of the term, you will not owe me a cent." And then, after a week's negotiations, I became the master, and entered upon my duties.

A week passed, and no incorrigible boy appeared, but on the first morning of the second week in walked a splendid specimen of stalwart boyhood, broad-shouldered, straight and arrogant. I saw at once that I was up against his destiny and my fee for teaching for a term; and we both won. By a psychological instinct we both knew our day had come, and we took moral measurement, one of the other, as well as of the situation. For a week he came and went without any sign of insubordination, without any indication of what was in his mind, but one quiet afternoon, while my face was turned to the blackboard, illustrating some problem to a class of simple-minded scholars, to whom there was no future except to become competent, after a common-school education, to exist upon a farm; to work, to plow, to sow and to reap the products of their fields, and to eat and sleep—there came a sudden outburst of laughter. As I looked over the school, I saw one calm face, the face of Markham, and I knew the culprit. I said quietly, looking into his eyes, "There must have been some very funny thing happened to have made you all laugh, and when something funny happens, people are entitled to laugh," and I turned again to my blackboard. That look into the eyes of Markham was the beginning of a new day. To him at that moment there came the sense of forces greater than he knew and his soul lifted its face to me as in a vision.

When the hour came for dismissal of the school, I said, "Markham, I want you to stay after school; I want to speak to you." The entire school was alert, as they thought that the conflict was again on. The school was dismissed, but the scholars lingered, expectant, and I said to them, "Go on to your homes; there is nothing between Markham and myself that concerns you." They went, and Markham and I had our hour alone. He remembers that hour, for it was the supreme hour of his life. I took up with him the afternoon's laugh of the school and that he was the incitement thereof, and then I went over with him the loneliness of his life, of which he did not know I knew; the piteous childhood of which he wrote in after years, and of which neither he nor I ever spoke again. I recounted enough of his life to show him that I was not ignorant thereof, and that I had seen in his brow and eye the promise of high achievement, and that of all the pupils I had, he alone was the one to whom my heart had turned and with whom I desired to measure the great things that were to aspiring souls possible. I recalled to him the fact that we were both young men, of about the same age, and that the world held much in common for us. Shall he or I ever forget that hour! I do not want to forget it and I know he does not. He looked at me with longing eyes, at first defiant, and then changing to a wondrous sweetness as I touched his spirit. As we talked, he broke down and leaning his head upon the desk sobbed out his grief, and when he looked up I saw the spirit which in these later days has made him a prophet of righteousness. He was "born again." I said, "Go home and come back to me in the morning with all the past sloughed off." Obediently he went, and came in the morning just as I had suggested. He took off of my hands all of the younger scholars, teaching them their simple lessons, so that I was enabled to give to him more time in his studies. He was in a class alone. We worked together, and began together our climb to better things. Well I knew that he was destined to greatness, but I did not as yet fully comprehend his powers, or the trend and breadth of his mind.

The school lasted for three months, and I left the neighborhood, and for several years after the close of the school I was engaged with my own work and lost sight of Markham. His genius had not developed, for great things move slowly, and I heard that he wrought with his hands for bread in a blacksmith shop. His genius was incubating. I was not impatient, for I knew what the future held for him, and the next I heard was that he was the Principal of the Tompkins School in Oakland. This was an advance from the blacksmith shop, but was still far beneath his capacity, and his possible achievements. But at last, on a January morning, in San Francisco, as I wended my way homeward from church I purchased an *Examiner* and read in it, "The Man with the Hoe." It stirred me as the trumpet did the old warhorse, and I immediately wrote to him, "Your time has come to leave the narrow walls of the school-room and to take your place among the workers of the world." I do not know how much influence this letter had, but the next I heard of him was that he was in New York, had identified himself with some of the publishing firms of that city, engaged in that work that has not only engrossed him but is enriching the world.

It will be no violation of the ethics to expose the beautiful relations that have for nearly half a century existed between myself and the seer to quote from some late letters. In one of March 26th, 1909, he said: "It was a thrill of pleasure to see again your well-remembered handwriting. You know, of course, that you were one of the few noble influences in my lonely and sorrowful boyhood. Once in those old days you wrote me a beautiful letter, which I have kept until this hour. * * * Tell me of your fortunes * * * Fortunes? Well, I believe more and more as the years go on, that only one thing matters greatly—to live a good life. This conviction is an echo from your own letter to me, the one you sent me in my friendless youth." This letter is now forty years of age, and will illustrate the tenderness of the relations which existed between us in the early time.

On May 5th, 1909, he wrote saying: "I wish I could return to California and go out to walk with you over the Suisun Hills. They are to me a place of tender and piteous memories. It was there that I met you, the beloved friend of my boyhood, and it was there that I spent the years of my lonely and romantic youth."

In Markham's earlier songs are disclosed his touch with Nature, and his deep love for the simple things of the woods and fields. His "A Prayer" was the deep utterance of a life devoutly grateful for its relation of the flowers, the grasses and the simple rocks around which they grew, and where the little insects had a home. They touched his spirit and he sang:

"Teach me, Father, how to go
Softly as the grasses grow;
Hush my soul to meet the shock
Of the wild world as a rock;
But my spirit, propt with power,
Make as simple as a flower."

But he understands men also; so it was fitting that this backwoods boy should write "Lincoln the Man of the People," a poem that closes with the stately lines:

> "And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
> As when a lofty cedar green with boughs
> Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
> And leaves a lonesome place against the sky."

His mind absorbed subconsciously minor beauty. There stood to him no towering mountains, stern-faced with grandeur, and about whose crags sported the lightning and the storm. He had not as yet heard the voices of the seas as they beat upon the shores of the continent, and so he touched his harp and lifted up his voice to sing of what he knew. He was not as yet equal to "the long reaches of the peaks of song." His poetic retreat was in "a valley in the summer hills," haunted by little winds and daffodils, and he saw "dim visions lightly swing in silent air."

I have not met Markham for many years, and when I last saw him in San Francisco, I think in 1871, he gave no especial indication of his rarer powers. If I remember rightly, he was either then working at the forge, or had just left it, and was, tho ambitious, drifting,—his faculties incubating, and the fibers of his mind slowly hardening into the strength of his maturer years. More than any man I have ever known, he seems to have the growing mind—never restless, but steadily moving upward, ever enlarging in capacity for work—a marvelous climbing force, with an endless reach toward the noblest and the finest in human thought. A deep religious instinct is in all his thought, and a profound love for all humanity has become the climate of his mind. There is an intense, moral beat to his heart. No sentimental weakness mars the swing of his song, or hides in the philosophy of his prose. Robust, he wars with the might of great convictions against the injustice of the world to the lowly. He has become the prophet of humanity, and its cry has come up to him out of the deeps of all the ages of "man's inhumanity to man." He sings no more of birds and bees and flowers and sunny hills; his inspiration no more is fed by the beauty of inanimate things; to him the oracle has spoken, and from the heights he struggles for man against the wrong of centuries, and he strives as a master in his work for humanity. To him has come:

"A pitiless cry from the oppressed—
A cry from the toilers of Babylon for their rest.—
O Poet, thou art holden with a vow:
The light of higher worlds is on thy brow,
And Freedom's star is soaring in thy breast.
Go, be a dauntless voice, a bugle-cry
In darkening battle when the winds are high—
A clear sane cry wherein the God is heard
To speak to men the one redeeming word."

To have had part in the direction of Markham's early life; to have aided and encouraged him in his youth, when misdirection doubtless would have been fatal, and all of his splendid powers have passed into darkness, has been a matter of congratulation and encouragment to me, when hope deferred made the heart sick and the lure of vanities was in my own blood. The story of his life is full of marvelous charm, and the most indifferent are moved by the recital of its pathetic incidents.

I have been often asked, in making public addresses, to tell the story, and I do not always feel at liberty to refuse. One of these occasions occurred while making a political canvass in 1899. I made a speech at Ione, in Amador County, and among the audience was the superintendent of a school sustained by the State, situated at this little town. He came to me at the end of the speech and asked me if I would not, on the next morning, come to the school and give his boys a little talk. I did so, and when we met in the main hall of the building, in front of me were about one hundred boys, aged from eight to eighteen. There were also present a number of ladies and gentlemen, teachers in the institution. Some angel, it must have been, whispered "Tell them Markham's story," and after a few words of advice and in commendation of the teachers, and recalling to them the kindness of the State in giving them an opportunity for education, I began the simple story of the early association of myself with Markham. I traced his career from the friendless boy, my experience with him, some features of his unhappy life, and his resistance to his environment, which came near marring his noble nature. After leading the audience along by these statements, which commanded the closest attention, I ended the story with this climax: "And this boy is the man who wrote, 'The Man with the Hoe'!" A tremendous burst of applause from the boys greeted this statement, and round after round followed the first outburst. The story had touched them deeply and when the applause had quieted, I looked around and saw tears in the eyes of every man, and many of the women were sobbing. I asked one of them, when she was able to speak, "Why are you weeping?" And she said, "We are weeping for joy. Why did you try to break our hearts with such a story?" And I replied, "I do not know why, but evidently the story was human and touched you all deeply, for which I am grateful."

Oftentimes we grow impatient and restless in our criticism of human nature, and are disposed to give to it but slight credit for high thinking, and yet to him who has had experience with audiences, it is an unfailing truth that the human story will touch the dullest audience. All hearts feel at times the pulsation of the divine, and we know that there is a divinity in man altho at times it lies, like the precious ore in the mines, far down in the deep.

Markham has, in the highest degree, the intermixture of the artistic sense with cool reason. Perhaps all poets have this, for in all times and languages they have been the heart's interpreter unto itself. By "poet" I mean him who comes within the definition the "Poets are the prophets of God"—not the skilful artificers in words, mere musicians, who, out of consonant and vowel, weave, with cunning, sweet phrases of speech. He speaks *ex cathedra,* and before he voices his thought, it passes in review before the court of his conscience. There is in him no confusion of tongues. He declares with authority, and leaves his justification to the consciences of men. He speaks clear-voiced through a trumpet, to the children of men. A stalwart figure in literature, he stands for righteousness of thought and action. This quality found expression in "The Man with the Hoe," and is what at once commanded the attention and respect of the world of letters. So unerring is this faculty, that even though his phrase may be faulty at times, the spirit of his song carries it into immortality. No wonder the most merciless critic of our times, Ambrose Bierce, with whom I once talked of Markham, and who, without pity, beats down with bludgeon or pierces with rapier, the upstart in literature, after patient review has said that Markham is the greatest poet that has appeared in the last twenty-five years.

Not long ago a distinguished orator of the Methodist Church, whose sermons are finest specimens of poetic prose, wrote me from a temporary retirement, "I long again to fly and sing." To sing is the passion of great souls.

I have not been able to put into words what I wanted to say, and what I have imperfectly written is to express, in a measure, the fulfilment of that which forty years ago I knew by prophetic instinct Markham must be—a master among men, somehow and somewhere, standing like a Corinthian column, majestic and strong—speaking of great things with authority.

Chapter XVII

INTO THE DESERT

IN 1882 we went into the desert for the first time and spent weeks in its solitudes, in the presence of wonderful creations wrought by the primal forces of the world in which volcano, cataclysm, earthquake and flame were the artists and builders. We were in search for relief from a malarial attack from which we suffered, as the gift of hydraulic mining in Placer County. Our trip led into the desert lying in the triangle, two sides of which are made by Arizona and Nevada, in which is situated Death Valley. Our spirit was tired from the drain of fever. It was a lonely man who left San Francisco one hot summer day, destined, down the San Joaquin Valley, to Caliente. The heat, dust and the parched plains visible from the car windows were not factors to elevate the spirits of one worn and weary, and it is remembered to this day as a desolate ride. At midnight we reached Caliente, a little village lying at the foot of the Tehachapi Mountains, where the railroad begins its wonderful ascent into the Mojave Desert. I was the only passenger leaving the train. This was enough in the darkness and solitude to have chilled the spirit. We saw only one light in the town and to it we wended our way, hunting for a place to rest. It was a little dirty hotel which, if it had been peaceful, would have been repellent. We found it full of rude sheep-shearers, drunk and turbulent. We were well drest, and as we walked in, we noticed a sudden silence fall upon the group. We found the proprietor and asked him if he could give us a bed. He was sober; looked us over a moment and taking us by the arm walked us to the door and said, "This is no place for you and I advise you to hunt for some other house." He kindly led us out into the night and pointing to a house some distance away said that doubtless we could find entertainment there. It was a kindly act, for we doubt not that we might have been in danger had we remained amid these wild, drunken men.

In the morning a little stage drove up and we were informed that it was the Inyo stage. We were the only passenger, and the prospect for the day's ride was not inspiring to a sick man. We climbed the Tehachapi Mountains, and soon reached what is known as Warm Springs Valley, a high and level desert valley, watered by irrigating ditches and supporting a large population. From this point the country became new to us. We had never seen the desert before, and its features were fascinating. Through this valley we drove for miles. The things that were most attractive were the peculiarly constructed and colored hills which stood round about as its exterior boundary. They were treeless mounds, mere volcanic puffs, with a surface and color as smooth as that of a Jersey cow. We have never seen again this peculiar hill formation and coloring.

As we drove along, the desert features became more pronounced and the ride more desperately lonesome. We were not in the mood to appreciate, as we did afterwards in the flush of strength and health, the forces which uplifted the hills and mountains about us and stretched between them the gorges.

Toward night we reached Walker's Pass, a historical transverse valley, which for years had been a part of the trail through which emigrants had come into California. Atmospheric conditions in the desert are always uncertain, and as we drove into the Pass, a high wind storm, set in motion by the heat of the valley, and the cold white snow summits not far distant, blew with terrific force, rocking the stage from side to side. We had heard that these sudden wind storms were often of great violence and we verified this fact at a later date, when we were lost in one of the stand storms which are liable to occur at any moment in the desert. The desolation of the Pass, as it was at this moment, is indescribable, paralleled only by some of the pages in Doré's illustrations of Dante's Inferno. The floor of the Pass had been swept by the hoofs of hundreds of thousands of sheep driven through during the summer until it was robbed of every vestige of green and looked as if it had been swept by flame. Thousands of these sheep had died, and the air was heavy with the stench of putrefaction. This added to the gloom which pressed down upon us like a physical weight.

Just as the sun was slanting to the horizon, the sky became cold and blue as a sword-blade. We drove into a little stage station just on the line of Mojave

Desert, known as "Coyote Holes." There were but two or three houses and but two or three people here. We were not to stop longer than to have our supper and to change our horses; we were then to drive into the night across the dreary wastes of the Mojave Desert. The desolation of the desert was intensified at every step, and the coming night had in it no pleasant anticipation. We were, indeed, a lonely traveler, without human association or companionship to wear away the lonely night.

In the splendid sky of that latitude, finest in all the world, clear as crystal, sailed a great white moon, sole solace of the hour. Those who are familiar with the desert sky can verify its clearness, it being the fact that minor stars are magnified until they appear as large and brilliant as the stars of the first magnitude in more obscured atmospheres. The experiments made by Professor Langley of the Alleghany University in 1881, the year before our trip, from the summit of Mt. Whitney, by his records now on file in the office of the War Department at Washington, are the world's verification of the fact that for astronomical observations the sky here excels all others in the world, and it is only within the last year that there has been established on the summit of Mt. Whitney, following the recommendations of Professor Langley, an observatory under the auspices of the Lick Observatory, for the purpose of determining if possible whether or not Mars is a habitable planet.

Under brilliant stars and the great moon, stretched around us into the dim distance volcanic hills, rising in tortured shapes, the contribution of earthquake and volcano to these wild regions and a silent waste of whitened sand left by the sea when in the ages past it receded from this portion of the world and left its floor. For forty miles through the heart of this sand waste we toiled, unable to move faster than a walk, for the deep sand was too heavy for any greater progress, and it was hard work for the horses even to haul the little stage with its one passenger over this tiresome road. Sleep was an impossibility. The new conditions were too impressive, the environment too fascinating, and we could not still our senses into the repose of sleep. The new presence beat upon the mind with a mighty force, for we were where the primal forces of the world had worked and left in monstrous shapes the debris of its early building.

As the dawn brightened the sky, we escaped from the desert into a line of scorched hills lying between Pannamint Valley and Mojave Desert. This dawn was unlike those we had been familiar with all our life. There was no song of birds, no lowing of cattle, no nodding flowers, no association that makes in favored regions this the sweetest hour of the day. It was a silent, stern hour, and as we looked forth upon the awful hills and into the distance before us, and realized that we were yet upon the rim of the desert, we wondered what would be the next exhibition of the tremendous forces that built the world. As we drove into the day, we seemed to have lost our relation to the usual things of life, and we wondered where we would find sustenance for the day. As the sun lifted into the higher heavens over the Pannamint Mountains, in the distance along the slope of a range of distorted hills, we saw what seemed human habitations, rude, unpainted shacks. We could not at first realize that it was possible that human beings could establish a habitation in a place so desolate, so far removed from all things that make real living possible. We asked the driver what that group of things was and he said, "That is Darwin." We said, "What do you mean by Darwin?" He smiled and said, "Why, that is the mining town Darwin, where we take our breakfast." Notwithstanding this statement of the driver, it seemed as yet impossible that it could be a town where human beings lived. Before long, however, we were in "Darwin," and found that it was a town where human beings did live—no, existed, for there could be no living in the higher sense in a place so devoid of everything that makes life even physically endurable, outside of all moral considerations. And we found conditions existing here, which were a verification of our appreciation of the place. The principal business place of the town was a saloon. No hotel was visible and we were compelled to take our breakfast at a little restaurant maintained mostly by the prospector and the tributor, who found their occupation in the adjacent hills and mountains. It was a rude dining-place, but the miner always demands, if not the most elegant dishes, the substantial ones, and we found an abundance of plain, well cooked food, a satisfaction for the hunger which had grown upon us during the long ride from the Coyote Holes.

A substantial breakfast did much to relieve the tedium of the night's trip and acted as a restorative to our spirits, and we felt in better mood for our further advance into what we supposed to be more desert. The road toward Lone Pine, the historic village of Inyo, situated at the foot of Mt. Whitney, just north of Owens Lake, was for most of the distance smooth and gravelly, over which we were able to bowl with good speed. About us stood the ranges of hills, bare and drear, and in the intervening levels were grouped great stretches of cacti growing to the size of trees and in their regularity giving one the idea of riding through orchards. We found the atmosphere peculiarly dry and magnetic. As we drove out of Darwin, a short distance, we saw a curious illustration of the preserving dryness of the atmosphere. Some wag had stood the skeleton of a horse, that had died, upon its legs, tied it to a cactus and put before it a bunch of hay. The illusion was perfect, and the driver told us that this skeleton had been there for several years.

Soon we caught a glimpse of the summits of the Sierras, where they lift along the rim of the Owens River Valley, to the general altitude of twelve thousand feet. There are many peaks visible from the individual peaks rising, as in Whitney, to fifteen thousand feet. There are many peaks visible from the Owens River Valley, that are more than twelve thousand feet, and but little less than fourteen thousand feet in height. These are superb creations and stir the mind with their majesty. One of the most wonderful and beautiful phenomena was made visible to us subsequently by this white line of summits standing in the radiance of the sunlight while we in the valley stood in the gloom of the morning before daylight.

Our kindly driver had recognized, the day before and during the night, that we were quiet, and he asked us if we were ill. We told him not exactly ill, convalescent only, and that the country was so strange to us that it made us quiet. He said, "Cheer up, we'll soon be out of this wilderness and you will see something that is really beautiful." His prophecy was correct, for shortly we drove down through a line of hills and suddenly before us spread out Owens Lake, a sullen mountain sea, lying in its volcanic bed, twenty-five miles in length, with an average width of from four to five miles. Scientists have said that this lake occupies the site of the great volcano that in the creative ages blazed and thundered here, covering the country about with hundreds of square miles of scoriæ, volcanic debris and ashes, leaving the scars of its flame upon the mountains lying eastward and southward, stretching into the dim distances of the Arizona deserts. It was a glorious sight, for the day was perfect and the sheen of the waters was like silver. It was beautiful to us in the distance, altho it is a desperate sheet of water, sustains no animal life except a slimy worm which exists in vast numbers and is the only evidence of life in its waters. The wild fowls avoid it, but sometimes are lured to its bosom only to death. We have seen, after a storm, piled along the shore in great wind-rows, just as the farmer piles his hay in summer, millions of dead birds.

The waters of the lake are valuable for the caustic minerals that enter their composition, and capital has

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availed itself of this condition. The lake is now rimmed with great lines of evaporating plants, where commercial soda and other products are prepared for market. This condition is the gift of the ancient volcano.

Over and beyond this body of water there lifted into the blue of serene sky the shape of Whitney, glorifying the western horizon at fifteen thousand feet, and looming over the entire country like a protecting shape. Whitney, while long holding the fame of being the highest mountain in America, has lost its place by reason of the acquisition of Alaska, for Mount Fairweather, Mount St. Elias and Mount McKinley lift higher crests. Whitney is not a distinct mountain, but rises a massive face of granite and opens out into the Owens River Valley through a magnificent canyon whose granite walls rise in shapes of beauty and majesty. The peak which gives Whitney its distinction over the general range rises to only a distance of fifteen hundred feet or two thousand feet above the general range. It is an uplift of granite which faces the east. It was a magnificent vision to us that afternoon, as we put behind us the weariness of the desert and approached nearer and pearer to this splendid range with its group of peaks.

We saw also in the distance the sheen of trees, and we never before knew how beautiful a tree could be, for we had been for the twenty-four hours previous entirely outside of the vision of green things. All had been bare and dead, and these groups of trees were visions inspiring and comforting. We were entirely ignorant of the condition of the country and of its development, and did not know that along the western rim of the Owens River Valley there were many beautiful homes, to which the high Sierras contributed life by the perpetual streams which flowed from their eternal snows. There is an abundance of these clear sweet waters flowing into the desert, and they have been the means of redeeming from barrenness these habitations of men.

A great contest is now on between the residents of Owens River Valley and the City of Los Angeles over these waters, for Los Angeles, fully one hundred and fifty miles away, has found it necessary to come here and to construct across the desert sands of Mojave and the desert ranges lying to the westward thereof, aqueducts for the purpose of carrying these cold, clear waters for the sustenance and protection of the city.

As the sun was sinking over the mountains we drove into the little town of Lone Pine, a pioneer village of the region, built largely of adobe,—a half Mexican, half American town, important only because it was the fitting-out place for the mines which lay in the mountains to the east and south. Its situation is beautiful, just north of the shore line of the lake, almost at the foot of Whitney, and at the rim of a level extent of valley reaching out to the north, east and south. It was a welcome retreat and a feeling of exhilaration swept over the mind as we entered the main street and drove up to the little hotel, where we were for many months to have a home. It was a comfortable place, owned and conducted by a kindly-hearted widow, who gave out of her heart to the comfort of her guests. Here was peace, and the weirdness, the uncertainity and the shadow, which had been over us for twenty-four hours, fell from us like a cast-off garment. There was a presentiment in our mind that here we would have experiences, here grow riper, learn of the wonderful world in its physical aspects, and find that in desperate places there are more wonders than there are in the serener places of the world, given over to birds and trees and blossoms.

The population was mixed Mexican and American, all kindly but given to the habits of the frontier, and the saloon and gambling house, after nightfall, was the gathering place of the main portion of the population, outside of its women folks.

Here we first saw the terrible evidences of the awful earthquake of 1872, which had its center here, and which radiated throughout the entire State, finding a collateral center at San Leandro, Alameda County, where the courthouse was wrecked. The country is riven throughout its entire extent, and just north of Lone Pine the whole Owens River Valley dropt away from the Alabama hills, an outlying range of low hills, which skirt the Sierras, for a distance of twenty feet. A perpendicular wall of rock stands to-day at the side of the stage road, by which we traveled to the town of Independence, and twenty feet above could be seen the old stage road of 1872. There are other indications of the terrific force of this masterful quake at Lone Pine itself, where nearby tracts of what had been sterile sagebrush lands had become wet meadows, and in one place a living fence, which had at the time of the earthquake extended in a straight line, had been split apart and moved so that to fill in the intervening gap required forty feet of new fence.

The little town seemed to be the center of the earthquake. Almost the entire town was shaken down, and out of a population of about two hundred, twenty-seven were killed, and in the rude graveyard nearby is a long grave in which were buried the twenty-seven victims. In after days, as we drove into the outlying territory, we still found evidences of the earthquake in the canyons of the mountains, which were almost filled with rocks that had been shaken from nearby summits, and along the entire Inyo range of mountains which rise about four thousand feet above the valley and along which the track of the Carson and Colorado railroad extends, is a winrow of rocks, some as large as city buildings. Millions of tons of these lie in the valley alongside the railroad, as the mute evidence of the terrific power which held this country in its grip and shook it to pieces in these dreadful convulsions. For sixty days the country swung as in a swing, and some scientists, headed by Professor Whitney, at that time of the University of California, who went down there to study the phenomena, were startled by this swinging motion and did not stand upon the order of their leaving, but departed at once.

The condition of that territory since has sustained the scientific assertion that a great earthquake is followed by years of calm. There has never been since 1872 any disturbance. We were there for three years and the country was as quiet as a sleeping infant.

A curious phenomenon was attendant upon this earthquake, which goes far to sustain the electrical theory of earthquakes. At Cerro Gordo a number of miners were in one of the principal mines, down about five hundred feet. The earthquake occurred about two o'clock in the morning, while the night shift was at work. The men on this shift, on their return to the surface in the morning, were surprised to hear that the country had been shaken by a great earthquake, for they all stated that they had felt no motion whatever at the place where they were in the mine, five hundred feet below the surface. Great crevasses were opened through the country in all directions, and oftentimes when we would leave a well-traveled trail, hoping to save distance by cutting across country, we were compelled to travel for miles before we found a place where the lips of these crevasses were close enough together to allow us to leap our horses across them. We were wise enough after some of these experiences to stick to well defined trails and roads.

Another phenomenon which was peculiar to the earthquake was the fact that all animals seemed to know for hours in advance of its coming. We talked with a number of people, who were present at the time, and they said that about sundown they noticed a great commotion among the cattle and among the dogs and the chickens, the cattle running about in an excited manner and lowing, and the dogs howling, and the chickens refusing to go to their usual roosts and the cocks crowing constantly during the night. It has been frequently asserted that animals have a phenomenal instinct which enables them to presage the occurrence of great physical phenomena, and this fact was demonstrated at Lone Pine.

We had gone to Inyo, as we said before, for the purpose of recuperating our health, and our objective point was Cerro Gordo, where a friend of ours was residing at the time, as the receiver of one of the mines at that point, then in litigation. Cerro Gordo, then an almost deserted village, having only about fifteen inhabitants, occupied a cup-like hollow at the top of the Inyo Mountains, about four miles above Owens Lake, and was reached by a tedious road from the levels of the valley. The situation of Cerro Gordo is such that the air, on account of the altitude and the great heat, becomes exceedingly rarified, and the road from the lake to the town, a distance of some eight miles, is about the most tedious road in America. It is one long, steady climb, and each mile of advance is into a more rarified atmosphere, until it seems almost impossible for man or beast to make further progress. The hardest real work that we have ever done was to make the ascent from the lake, along this mountain road, and we have in our life done some real manual labor.

The morning after our arrival at Lone Pine we made our arrangements to proceed to Cerro Gordo, and went to the livery stable and asked for animals to carry us. The livery man said that we would need a mule, for it was a very difficult trip for a horse. He said, "When did you come to town?" I said, "On last night's stage from Caliente." He said, "Do you know the way to Cerro Gordo?" I said that I did not, but that I understood that once on the road, it was almost impossible for one to lose it. He smiled and said, "Well, that is so, but do you know the dangers of the road?" I said, "No, I do not know of any danger." He said, "Well, for a tenderfoot, there are quite a number of dangers, and one of the principal is that you are liable to be tied up by desperadoes who make their living off of just such as you." I said, "Oh, well, if that's the only danger, we'll assume that." So we got our mule, and in the early morning, alone, started off for a twenty-five mile desert and mountain ride. I had traveled many miles through the Sierras, through the Northern California regions, through Oregon and Washington territory, through Indian country, and along roads that had the reputation of being the territory of road agents, and as I had never had any experience with such, I assumed that my usual good luck would attend me, and so it did. Whether or not any road agent ever saw me, I am unable to say, but in the thousands of miles which I have traveled through doubtful territory. I have never feared evil, nor found it.

North of Cerro Gordo lies a lone desert valley, rimmed with gorgeous mountains, painted with all the beauty and bloom of volcanic tints. Some of them we called the Zebra Mountains for in the distance they showed brilliant streaks of color,—red, white, blue and green, ranged like the peculiar stripes of the Zebra skin. This same coloring exists in the volcanic mountains along the eastern rim of Death Valley. Standing upon the summit of the Telescope Mountains, on the western rim, a distance of twenty-five or thirty miles away, on a summer day, when the sun was beating down upon these mountains, the coloring was so brilliant that the eye could rest upon them only for a brief moment. This exprest and brilliant coloring is one of the splendors of the desert everywhere, and is noticeable to travelers on the Pullman cars through Arizona, New Mexico and portions of Colorado and Utah. It is a heat bloom.

Eastward from Cerro Gordo, over the rim of the hills immediately skirting the town, we drove down into long stretches of cacti lands, which lie between the Cerro Gordo range and the range of mountains which form the western boundary of the Pannamint Valley, which lies westward of Death Valley, and would be a matter of remark for its desolation except that it is in the presence of the greater creation, Death Valley, which overshadows all of the desert creations in the world.

The three years we passed in this country were crowded with interest, excitement and work. The Carson & Colorado Railroad Company was building into the Owens River Valley from Carson City, Nevada, and was interested in becoming familiar with the resources of the country, as the projectors thereof were unfamiliar with its commercial possibilities. It became our office, in association with these railroad men, to make ourselves familiar with all the country and to collect together such data as would be important and educational to the world when it became a factor in the work here. We made our home at various points, but principally at Lone Pine, for we found that to be the most delightful place in the valley. Its people were kindly disposed, a large part were Mexicans; they were peaceable with that kindness of association which marks the Mexican always, when you have his confidence. There were many things that brought us into close contact with this Mexican population, and we soon by a few kindly services became *persona grata,* and were able to obtain from them at any time all sorts of services, many of them important, as they were familiar with the country and with all its resources.

The Mexican miner is the best miner in the world, and he seems by an instinctive faculty to know where the mineral is. We had an illustration of this in an old Mexican who lived at Cerro Gordo. He was nearly seventy years of age, had no ambitions except to keep himself in food and "medicina," the name he always gave to the storekeeper when he brought his little bottle down and desired to have it filled. He was, I think, the best mineralogist and worker of ores I ever knew. He would take his little sack, wander over the hills for perhaps a month and delve into the old dumps of the abandoned mines. By this search he would, in a month's time, fill up his gunnysack with a hundred pounds of ore. This ore was rebellious, none of it of free character, and required the most careful and skilful reduction and refining. For this purpose he had built in one of the canyons nearby, out of adobe which he had made himself, a smelter and a refinery. The work accomplished by means of this little adobe smelter and refinery was as complete as could be found in the magnificent systems of Swansea, the world's chief mineral reduction plant, and to which must be sent at times the rebellious ores which defy the skill of the resident ore-workers. The old Mexican would build a little fire in his smelter, and when the heat was just right, cast in with the necessary fluxes, which he would gather from the hill slopes adjoining, his little handfuls of rebellious ore, and by and by, out of the smelter would run a little stream of minerals, in which were mixed lead, copper, silver and gold. The mass would be, perhaps, out of the hundred pounds he smelted, about half as large as an ordinary football. This mass of unseparated ore he would subject to the processes of his little refinery, and by and by, for the process was slow, out of the refinery would flow the separated streams of gold, the silver, the lead, and thus from his hundred pounds of ore the old Mexican would usually secure from fifty to seventy-five dollars. This was enough to supply his simple wants for quite a while, and it was by this process of the highest scientific character, that this old, uneducated, simple-minded Mexican brought to himself such as he called the necessities and comforts of life.

Our personal touch with the Mexican population sometimes brought us into close relations in their political and patriotic work. Altho most of the men were citizens of the United States, and voters, they still were Mexicans, and on the 16th and 17th days of September celebrated the Mexican "Fourth of July;" the 16th of September being the equivalent day with them, their day of Freedom. At Lone Pine, which was the center of the Mexican population, on these days were always held their celebrations, to which all of the Mexicans contributed and from which they all seemed to derive satisfaction and pleasure. The first day, that is, the 16th, was devoted to orations and public services, among the latter being a musical program in the hands of the sigñoritas, who with guitar and national music made the hours sweet. We were usually the orator, in English, and some well-known Mexican the orator in Spanish. Some of the Mexicans of this place were not very familiar with the English tongue, and while they had been residents of California for a number of years, did not seem inclined to learn our language. We have at many places in the world, interpreted by noted artists, listened to what was called the finest of music, but we have never heard music as sweet as the songs of these sigñoritas. They loved the guitar, and it seemed to be a part of them as an expression of that which was within their hearts. The Spanish music for the guitar is tenderly beautiful. Their songs were all in a minor key, and the natural hymns of their native land, given expression by a dozen or more sigñoritas touching their guitars with loving fingers, were alluring and sweet.

The second day was given over to the more strenuous amusements in the field, where feats of horsemanship were the leading feature. The Mexican is a natural horseman, and an expert in all things connected with horsemanship. The riding of wild horses was a part of these amusements, and always created much excitement. The last night was devoted to the fandango, from which no one was excluded, and to which every one was welcome. All questions of caste, station, business, occupation, faith, were cast aside and forgotten. The lowliest and the highest mingled together in a place where there was absolute democracy of feeling.

One who becomes acquainted with the domestic life of a Mexican village, if he came from a Puritan town of New England, is at first rudely shocked by the things which he sees and which he thought from preconceived ideas were incompatible with clean life, but in this idea he would be remarkably mistaken. The Mexicans have their own standards,—standards more nearly Christian than the Puritan's, and the noblest lady of the land does not think she will be soiled because she shakes the hand of her sister who differs in life from herself. When one becomes thoroughly familiar with the spirit of this living, and the underlying moral sense which allows an intermingling, without contamination, of the classes that the New England village separates, he is compelled to concede that life and morals are mixed problems, and no man by any local prejudices or standards obtained from any particular faith, is qualified to sit in judgment on his fellows. This is the lesson that came to us in the little Mexican village, which widened and sweetened our life by a larger faith, a finer appreciation of human character, and a liberality more nearly like that of the Master.

Chapter XVIII

DEATH VALLEY, ITS MYSTERIES AND ITS SECRETS

IN 1849 there floated up out of the awful valley in the southeast corner of the State a weird story of despair and death,—the story of lost emigrants wandering without hope under burning skies, at last dying in the flame of the desert. The story was in the main true, for a train of emigrants seeking California from one of the Western States, by way of the trail leading from Salt Lake to San Bernardino, both Mormon settlements, either by confusion or misdirection, had lost their way, and after sufferings beyond the power of words to describe, dwindled down from a large company to less than a dozen survivors who by heroic endeavor at last escaped from the horrors into the Owens River Valley.

The little company was known as the Brier party, under the leadership of a minister of the Congregational Church, J. W. Brier, with whom we became acquainted in later years. By members of his family we verified the story as we had gathered it in the traditions of the country, when in 1883 we visited Death Valley and were shown the last camp of this fated emigrant party, where in one night eleven of the poor victims laid them down to their eternal sleep. At the time of our visit there were scattered about many evidences of the occupation of this camp. Nearby is a spring of poisoned waters. It was afterwards assumed that those who died in this awful last night had been poisoned by these waters. On Christmas Day, 1849, the dinner eaten by the survivors was a small portion of soup served to each, made from the hide of an ox which had died of starvation. This fact we had from one who partook of that Christmas "feast." To a heroic woman, sustained by an unfaltering faith in God, was due the final escape. The awful conditions had no power to touch her spirit or dim the clear vision she had of the eternal mercies. Her faith was as steady as the foundations of the flaming hills that stood about her, and she knew that she and hers were to be saved. The world's history of faith presents no more illustrious example than that of this woman, who, frail and worn, defied the burning sun, the blazing sands, the awful mountains and poisoned waters, to rob her of her beloved. Her faith was justified, and she and hers escaped by her efforts. We, to whom such experiences have never come, are not competent to even guess at the influences that finally directed her. On the morning of this Christmas, she said to her companions that she knew a way and would lead them out. She mounted the only remaining ox, an emaciated skeleton, and taking her youngest child before her directed all to follow. Straight as a crow flies, she led them across the rocky waste, climbed the western rim of the valley, and through a low pass known to this day by the Indians as "Ox Pass," the little company were soon gladdened by the sheen of the Sierras and the green of the trees and meadows that clustered at their base.

We went through Ox Pass, directed to it as the easiest trail from the valley by Indians who knew the country. They were not able to speak our language and by signs only indicated the situation, and said in pointing to the low gap in the mountain "Ox Pass." Who named this place? Tell me, ye, who scoff at divine guidance and sneer at the faith of man in God's personality! Does it stand and will it stand forever as a memorial of the devout soul of this woman who heard in this despairful place "unutterable words that it is not lawful for man to utter," and saw "the light that never was on sea or land."

Out of this story was woven the reputation that clung to this valley for years. It was ever afterwards and is now known as "Death Valley" and men said it was curst land, a place of doom; that its airs were fatal to animal life, that no man ever crossed its spaces and lived, and that birds dropped dead while passing over it; that poisons as deadly as those which exude from the famed Upas trees, were blown from the mountains about Death Valley and poisoned the winds. This statement was written into early geographies, and for years it remained an avoided region, where silence and desolation held dominion, and storm and waterspouts made it their playground. While this early reputation has been changed somewhat by man's invasion and occupation, it is still and will forever remain a place of horror and of peril.

During the summer of 1883, with a pack mule train and two seasoned dwellers of the desert, we spent several weeks in the midst of the valley, and in the regions thereabout, and at the last moment it was as sullen, mysterious and awful as it was the first moment when from the summit of the Telescope Range we looked down into its caverns. It is "the valley of the shadow of death," and unless the world shall incline anew upon its axis, so as to give to it a new altitude and climate, it will remain a desolate, perilous region of despair. During our trip the heat ranged from 100 degrees at midnight to 125 degrees in the shade, during all hours of the day. Men travel here before dawn and after sunset, for the burning rays of the sun scorch like a furnace flame. Over the summit of the Funeral Mountains, that rise along its eastern rim, the sun leaps into the sky in the early morning like a ball of fire, and shoots its tongues of flame into the quivering air, and he is wise who before this hour has sought the protecting shade of the mesquite grove or "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." Its sky is the home of vultures, foul lovers of putrid things, always visible in groups circling through the blue and blotting the sky as an ulcer blots the beauty of a human face. They keep a terrible vigil over the range of the entire valley, and no moving thing ever escapes their unerring eye. They know the chances of life and death to all, man and beast alike, who brave these desperate regions, and as soon as they discover the presence of a living thing moving, they follow it day by day until it either yields to them a dead body or escapes beyond them.

An intrepid explorer, W. L. Hunter, recently deceased, who lived at Lone Pine while we were there, a brave, true, intelligent, resourceful man, told us that he seemed always obsessed by Death Valley, that it fascinated him, and that he could not resist the desire at times to brave its terrors and explore its mysteries. More than once he had almost a marvelous escape from death. He told us of one time when he drank from a poisoned spring whose deadly waters acted with sudden energy, leaving him barely sufficient strength and consciousness to reach and mount his faithful mule. Once in the saddle, his will failed, he lost consciousness, and never could recall the twenty miles across which his mule carried him, to his home and safety. He told me that he could never shake off the indescribable sense of danger that possest him as soon as he entered the valley, and that the prowling vultures that followed him everywhere seemed to have their beaks in his heart. He was a man of matchless courage, of great purity of thought and life, but these qualities were not enough to buoy his spirit against the awful influences of that deadly place.

Death is unwelcome to all, except to those who have drunk the gall of life and eaten the bitter fruits that grow on the shores of dead seas, but to any one the thought of death in this charnel house of the world is horrible. No wonder that men always become insane before they die here. The brain of a Cæsar could not withstand the strain to him, who, alone and lost, loses his relation to land and sky, whose veins are filled with fire, whose bloodshot eyes have ceased to be avenues of the mind, who does not know whether he is man or beast. All that remains is the animal instinct for life and the capacity to suffer the tortures of the damned. Delusion and fantasy run riot through every cell of his brain, not the alluring dreams of beauty and quietness that often solace the dying and bring a smile to whitening lips, but visions of unutterable horror, to escape from which he strips from his body every vestige of clothing and runs and runs in an endless circle until, a shape of terror, he falls, to die alone in a land as desolate as the slopes of hell. Skeletons of such are often found, and invariably they are naked, and there are always evidences of the circular run. We now recall looking down into a little level sand waste from the top of a nearby hill, where one of these had met his death. It is called to this day Walker's racecourse, because the victim had on the sandy floor beaten out with his bare feet a track around which he raced as long as he had strength. This track was as perfectly round as if it had been laid out by a surveyor.

No man can know what thirst is, who has never been in this desert. It is thirst that kills. Hunger only slowly weakens and one may survive for days, but thirst grips at the throat, and with a hand of hot steel beyond resistance. It has no intermediate paroxysms, first pain and then solace, for it grows with the moments and feeds like a fire that burns without stay. Even with abundant water, one is always thirsty. We remember that on our trip we drank during the daytime a gallon canteen of water during every hour, and we were still unsatisfied. Three of us consumed during the average day forty gallons. Water leaks from the pores as from a sieve and runs into the body as waters into the sand.

The marvelous diversity of California scenery is illustrated by the Yosemite and Death Valley. The Yosemite needs no description, for the world, by pen and camera, has been made familiar with its features. Here is abundant life exhibited in valley and summit, where trees and flowers wave in the breeze and the voices of waters break the silences. Death Valley is a burned and twisted spectacle of disaster, so hideous that it obsesses and fascinates. Looking down into the deep caverns stretching for a hundred miles from north to south, between its eastern and western walls of volcanic mountains, one is compelled to shut the eyes that he may bear the blaze from its floor of salt and soda, left by the receding sea when some convulsion ripped the country to pieces and vomited out the waters that once lapped the feet of the surrounding hills. The uplift of the valley floor was not complete in this convulsion, for at Bennett's Wells, in the center, it still lies two hundred and eighty feet below the level of the Pacific. It is probable that the awful forces, that so changed the levels and drove the waters from their ancient bed, burned and scorched and melted the mountain ranges into their present distorted shapes and painted them with the colors of flame. As the eye takes in the features of this awful landscape, intensified by the telescopic clearness of a rainless sky, the mind staggers and halts in its efforts to master the vision, the senses are submerged by the inflow of suggestions, and imagination faints in its efforts to fix the picture as a permanent possession of the mind. It is all too mighty, too stupendous, for everywhere are piled in the confusion of great masses the evidences of earthquake and cataclysm, the uplift and downfall of primeval days when in the furnaces of God were being cast the ribs of the hills, fires were transforming equeous into igneous rocks, and mighty agencies were hammering into form mountain ranges, carving out beds for the sea, and as servants of the Creator "doing whatsoever He commandeth them upon the face of the earth."

About this awful chasm, all is not terrible. The sky in lofty arches lifts as a cloudless dome of blue, except when in the summer afternoons it is piled deep with continents of clouds; the splendor of these fleecy skylands is beyond description, and, as the evening sun floods them with light, they glow into a gorgeous pageant of the sky, from which floats a color stream into gorge and canyon, illuminating their gloom with the radiance of orange and purple, mellowing the atmosphere with the sheen and shimmer of transforming hues. In this hour of splendor, scarred cliffs, rugged summits, mesa slopes and valley floor burn and glow with supernal beauty. They are festivals of beauty, and a blind man who could not see must feel that he is in the presence of matchless phenomena of the world. We have stood in the midst of this radiance and felt more than once the thrill that ran through the spirit and uplifted the senses in wordless delight, as the fascination of the hour descended upon us as the dew descends upon the face of the rose.

The heated airs often play fantastic tricks along the horizons, and from airy nothings build cities or spread out cool seas. The illusions of the mirage are complete, and it is difficult to realize that these visions are but unsubstantial vapors as unreal as the fabric of a dream. The southernmost end of Death Valley, where it opens into the desert regions of Arizona, is the playground of the mirage, for here, to one who looks southward from the central parts of the valley, these mirage effects are daily sights. In these cities of the sky, temples and palaces stand as if their domes and towers were of iron and stone, long drawn aisles of stately edifices fill up the horizons and the magnifying airs give to them extent and majesty. These illusive cities vary with the rarification of the air. They constitute one of the marvels of the desert and add to the mysteries that make it in many respects a land of enchantment.

We recall an incident connected with the mirage that was grotesque and amusing, and illustrative of its magnifying effect. A flock of crows became a band of Indians, and as they hopped about in crow fashion, appeared to be hostile and defiant. Two prospectors, alone in the wilderness of a rocky, uninhabitated mesa, were alarmed by these threatening demonstrations and hastily prepared for flight, and would have hastened from their camp only that the mirage dissolved before they had packed their burros, and the band of harmless crows resolved back from hostile Indians to innocent birds.

Water-views of great extent and beauty are often spread out between the mountains, their sheen rivaling the serenity of the sky, and weary explorers, panting for cool places as a relief from the endless heat, are often lured towards the shores of these phantom waters.

The supreme glory, however, is the great sky at night when darkness draws her veil across the face of desolation, and the mountains, a terror by day, lift into the solemn silence serene and stately monuments, the massive walls of this temple of the night. Over all the sky lifts in a curve of splendor, glorious with its countless stars, shining here with a brilliance unseen in fairer places. Constellations march in processions along their highways; the tangle of the Pleiades nestles in far-off spaces, and Orion seems close enough to disclose his belt of light. In the far north, the steady flame of the Ursa Major throbs like a human pulse. The glory of the night lays upon the beholder the spell of silent wonder, and he seems to hear out of the lofty arch the voice of David, who, in the far-off Judean deserts, lifted his voice towards just such a sky, and from an adoring mind, cried aloud, "When I consider Thy heavens, the work of thy hand, the moon and stars which thou hast ordained, what is man that thou art mindful of him and the son of man that thou visitest him?"

There are found among the hot rocks, curious specimens of animal life that are forcible illustrations of the effect of environment upon the development of species. As a boy, one of our sports was to pick out of the mud in creek bottoms the little mud turtle, a perfect Liliputian, differing only from the deep-sea monster in size. These little animals are at home only in the water, and love to hide in the cool slime of streams. They sun themselves on a log or rock during part of the day, but to water they take as naturally as the bird to the sky. Thousands of these are found in Death Valley, where, except from cloudburst or storm, water seldom falls. They live in the clefts of the burning rocks, so hot that one can not lay his hand upon them. They are perfectly acclimated to a dry and rainless land, and are at home now in the desert. Their ancestors were dwellers in the water here when the sea filled the valley, and were left high and dry when it went out. They were left to fight out the problem of their survival under new conditions. Ages have been at work in transforming them until they are desert dwellers, able to live without water and seemingly without food, for but little exists in these wastes to sustain any animal life. They must of necessity, like the rattlesnake, also found here in great numbers, be able to live upon the air.

We sometimes ran across a foul and nasty specimen of life known as the chuckwalla. He is a miniature crocodile, abhorrent and slimy, polluting the place where he lives with a sickening stench. He was once a water animal but has been changed to a dry land reptile. It may be that his ancestor was of greater size, and once here wallowed in the muddy shores of ancient streams. If so, his nature has changed with his size, for with all his unbearable nastiness he is kindly and benevolent, and is as harmless as the gentle little horned toad that homes in the desert under the shadow of the sagebrush and the cacti.

Sometimes, but rarely, we startled a vicious Gila monster from his lair,—a desperate reptile, full of hate of man, ready always for fight, and whose bite is said to be invariably fatal, and whose breath even carries in it death. He has also the crocodile form, but instead of scales his body has a smooth surface upon which is spread a varied coloring, rivaling the rainbow, and scintillating in its sheen. This rich and gaudy skin fails, however, to make him an object of interest, and his reputation for hostility and venom makes him an object to be avoided. Fortunately, he is rare, and it is not often that one passing through the region meets with him. If the ancestor was also a crocodile, he belonged to a species having nothing in common with the ancestor of the chuckwalla, for, except in shape, they are utterly unlike.

The sterile character of the entire region affords no sustenance for wild animals, and there are none to be found here except now and then a gaunt and ever hungry coyote, who sneaks across your trail a starved specter and lives on his hope of provender, rather than on its reality. He is a cowardly creature, an object of contempt, and invites the bullet one instinctively sends after him, when he is near enough to be reached. He usually travels alone, more than likely because he is unwilling to share with a fellow the stray morsel he may find in his precarious hunting grounds. He is a fit associate of the vulture that hovers in the sky above him, as they both are waiting for some dead thing upon which to gorge. Over a carcass, fierce battles are often waged between vulture and coyote.

Atmospheric pressure presents one of the series of phenomena giving to the valley its distinctive character. One day, on approaching a borax camp at

Bennett's Wells, about noontime, we asked the man in charge if we might have something to eat. Of course, he gave us the usual hearty, cheerful consent always given on the desert. It was dreadfully hot, and tying our animals in the shade of a clump of mesquite trees, we found shelter from the sun in the little adobe shack in which the man lived. We sweltered in the close air, and the kindly camper frequently dashed on the sides of the room buckets of water drawn from the nearby water-hole. This afforded but temporary relief, for almost in the throwing the water was licked up and evaporated. We noticed that the camper was preparing a pot of beans, and, knowing that in the higher altitudes to cook beans required patient hours, we asked him if he intended these for our dinner. He replied "yes," and we said that we could not stay with him long enough. He smiled and replied, "You will not have to wait more than half an hour at the longest." And so it was, for within that time he set before us a pot of soft, well-cooked beans from which we made our hearty meal. On Mt. Whitney, not over eighty miles away, a pot of such beans could not have cooked in a hundred years, for the longer they were boiled, the harder they would have become. This is all due to atmospheric pressure, and the difference between such pressure at two hundred and eighty feet below and fifteen thousand feet above sea-level. We are not able to say what constant living in so heavy an atmosphere would mean to human life. The terrible heat, of course, rarifies it, and relieves it somewhat from the pressure it would have in the normal temperature, but from our own experience and the related experience of others, who had more opportunity for observation than we, we were led to believe that to dwell below the sea-level would shorten a man's days and make him a prey to fatal disorders.

Not long after we had dined with this kind camper, we heard that he had ended his days by his own hand. Was he slain practically by his environment? Did the constant touch of desert things unhinge his mind, making it incapable of sustaining its relation to ambition and hope? Did despair tear down the fibers of the brain and leave his mind in ruins? We can but speculate, but from what we know of this land of terror and mystery, we would shrink from a verification by personal experience of the truth or falsity of this possible result, for even animals kept here too long have gone insane, unable to resist the terrible influences of the place. We have reason to believe that a continued living in what we may, for want of a better term, call "the presence of the desert," will permanently interfere with the normal status of a human being. The place was not made for habitation, and yet now and then are found men who for years, by some weird fascination, perhaps more nearly obsession, have lived in loneliness not in the midst of, but on the borders and in sight of, this abomination of desolation.

One night while our camp was pitched upon the slope of the hills which shut in the valley, on the northern part, below us was stretched, pale in the moonlight, the long reaches of the fields of borax and salt. It was a weird, ghostly landscape, and now and then shifting shadows seemed to play across the dead face of the levels. These shadows were not the sport of moonbeams, suggestive of the imagery of childhood, but were massive structures of intermingled light and darkness, great shapes that seemed to be the ghosts of the desert let loose to walk the hours of the night, free to work their will upon the terrible things about them.

The desert, in whatever land, under whatever sky stretched out, is an empire of silence, a vacuum in which Nature seems to hold her breath as if some stupendous event was in its birth and the pulse of the world was still in anticipation. Its silence is an impressive force, for force it is, tho it has neither weight nor motion. It is a soundless atmosphere, inert and lifeless. There is a spell in the soundless air that takes hold of the mind and dallies with the senses until they are quite uncertain as to what is absolute and what relative. Nature always preserves the "eternal fitness of things," and one soon comes to know that a noisy desert would be an incongruous creation. Silence is its mood, its spirit, and fits the desert wastes perfectly, as a robe does the body.

Some things can be felt only; words fail to describe them. One might as well hope to see a great painting or to be captivated by the melody of a song by a mere narrative, as to realize what the silence of the desert really is from descriptive words. And even in the desert, voiceless as the days are, one must lie down under the sky at night and hearken in vain to the song of a cricket, the rustle of a leaf, the far-off thrill of some bird of the night, before upon him falls the full consciousness that he is in a land whose lips are dumb, and whose life is speechless. Such nights we knew and we felt in our efforts to hear some sound as tho our ears were sore and strained, and, as the endless strain kept on, we wondered if the fault were not ours, and that we had lost the capacity to hear. Of this fear we were relieved often by what seemed to be the steady beat of a base drum, and as the sound waxed louder, we wondered more and more if we were not the victims of some delusion; but it was not so, for what we heard was at last found to be the steady beat of our own hearts. This statement will, more nearly than any other illustration, make understood how deep the silence of the desert is. In this one thing the desert has a lone rival—the grave. There is a spirituality and uplifting strength in this spirit of lonely places, and many a lofty soul has in all ages been ripened in these vast halls of silence.

The wonder of our youth was why prophets were always associated with deserts, why in the loneliness of silent wastes they ripened in spirituality. This wonder would have remained, had we not become familiar with the desert by days spent in their dread places, and by lonely watches through their noiseless nights. We felt its mysterious presence and became familiar with that indefinable spirit which at all times broods over it. These lessons were lessons of the spirit beyond the touch of mere physical forces. Men may walk among the stars, search out the secrets of the ages when the mountains were uplifted and the seas were spread out between the continents, trace with accurate surety the evolution of species and become the masters of physical forces, but this power ceases when they reach the shore-line of the spirit. We may dream and hope, but like the lights of the sky in early morning, the mood of the spirit can not be caught or interpreted by philosophy or science. One soul can not interpret to the other the verities of the eternal. There is one place in the universe where the soul is alone, and that is with itself.

We know now, after our wanderings in the desert, why the prophets were driven into them for their education. The waste, the endless silences, vast vacuums, into which we speak with no return, drive us inward; the inductive faculties are quickened and we stand face to face with ourselves.

There are times when these still places are terrible with the rush of mad winds, the dash of turbulent water-spouts and crash of deafening thunders, and the stab and flash of lightning, when the desert seems at war with its limitations of climate and altitude, that handed it over to desolation, and keeps it in bounds that it can not break, ever a dreary, silent, lonely land.

We learned to love the desert and the chief pleasure of a continental trip now, and ever since, has been the opportunity we have, from a Pullman window, to look again upon its scarred but fascinating face.

One night, from out the deeps of the desert, we heard the song of a bird. Within sight, the summit of Whitney lifted into the starry deeps of the midnight its fifteen thousand feet of rock and snow, emphasizing the desolation of the smitten lands. We could not sleep, for the spirit of the desert was upon us—that sense of mystery ever a part of it, personified by the hand which carved the face of the Sphinx forever looking out over the Sahara across a waste of sand. Across the cloudless heavens the constellations marched in mighty processions, brilliant with that flame which comes to them only in that rainless land. Suddenly, as the world swung upon the axis of midnight, an hour always marked in the desert, by strange movements in earth and, air, akin to the movement of one who turns in a restless sleep, into the sky rose a song pure and sweet, enriching the silence with melody. A solitary meadow lark, by some mysterious instinct, had found here her nest, and moved by some occult influence poured into the sky her joy in an exultant song. There was something spiritual in the song of this happy-throated bird, and our spirit responded to it. Never before had we so felt the divinity of all things. Our life was enriched by the song of that bird. Moral excellence seemed to be emphasized by it, and often since, when cast down, we have turned to that midnight song to be inspired anew.

We have described this little bird and her song in the night many times, and a friend of ours recently passing through the desert, wrote:

"I thought of the song of the bird in the night, and I understood the beauty as never before."

Chapter XIX

A SUMMER JAUNT IN THE HIGH SIERRAS

THE Sierras, before they lose themselves in the Mojave Desert, rise to an average elevation of twelve thousand feet, from which at various points lift peaks several thousands of feet higher,—Lyall, Williamson and Whitney in the latitude of Mono and Inyo Counties are chief of these, and were they not part of the general range, as a mass, where it towers over the lands at their base, would command attention from the lovers of mountains, who find exhilaration in the lofty upheaval of cliff and summit. The eastern and western slopes of the Sierras, in the latitude of Nevada County, where the Central Pacific Railroad crosses them, stretch out for miles, and unless one is told, he would never know just when the summit is reached, except he noticed carefully the flow of the streams or the increased speed of the cars on the downward grade. Those who have crossed on the railroad at this point will remember the long climb begun at Rocklin in Placer County, on the western slope, and the equally long descent on the eastern slope, ending just before reaching Reno in Nevada. This distance is piled with a great breadth of highlands tangled into mountain shapes of majesty, and relieved by woods and streams,—wild, rugged places of beauty, white with snows in winter and abloom with flowers in the springtime and summer. To the traveler, weary with the almost endless miles of dreary desert, this is a fairyland, and with increasing delight he looks over the tops of nearby summit lines on to loftier and higher hills that climb and tower until in the far-off horizon, in the mellow lights of perfect skies, they bound the landscapes with "delectable mountains." These are the swiftly dissolving views of the high Sierras from a Pullman window and nothing but the general effect is visible as the cars rush down the swift slopes, plunging through snowsheds and diving through tunnels, and sweeping around the acute curves of the high per cent. grades. To the quality of the imagination must be left the things that lie nestled in the heart of this great empire of wonder and beauty—slopes of forest; cool and fragrant beds of blossoms; lakes whose limpid waters rival the color of the mirrored sky; streams that laugh and leap and sing in the abandon of the glorious wilderness they make sweet and beautiful. These are visible only to him who leaves the railroad and with patience and direction seeks out the coverts in which they hide.

As the great mass dives southward towards the Mojave Desert, where it halts as if hesitant to invade the Kingdom of Silence and Desolation, it puts on new shapes,—beauty is exchanged for majesty, and as from some commanding summit the eye takes in so far as it can the bulk first and then the details, the head swims with the survey of the tremendous shapes that crowd the field of vision, reaching on and on into the distance, summit after summit, range after range, peak lifting over peak, until the whole world seems to be built of mountains, great sublime piles of rock rising out of the foundations of the world. These massive piles are not bare of adornment, for to the lines where the eternal snows defy the sun, woods crowd the slopes with a mantle of variegated green, whose leaves shine in the sunlight and under whose shade ferns and flowers make beautiful the nooks where they find life during the sunny hours of the summer. From out the higher slopes melting snows send down pure waters that leap from fall to fall, or spread out into pools, whose cool deeps are the home of the trout. If it were not so grand and majestic, it would be called a land of enchantment, but it is too big for such phrases and only words that are fit to express great things, of power, strength and majesty, are to be used in describing them.

We know this land of wonder for in the late summer of 1883, after our return from Death Valley and the sere, dead desolate things that make up its sceneries, we sought relief from the strain by two weeks of life here, wandering at will, climbing peaks, descending into valley levels, casting our lines into its lakes and streams, and generally abandoning ourselves to the alluring idleness that seems to possess one when he enters into the quiet and fragrance of the soaring altitudes that lie just under the sky.

West of the summit of the Sierras, just over the high line where they rise for more than twelve thousand feet above the sea, and more than eight thousand feet above the Owens River Valley, from the base of Mount Whitney to the head waters of Kings River, for a distance of more than forty miles, flows Bubb's Creek, foaming along over its rocky bed, leaping its falls and cataracts, resting at times in serene stretches of quiet waters. The name is not musical, and the intrepid tourist, who now and then is lured by the fame of the region and climbs into it, wonders how the stream flowing through so wonderful a region and having its birth in the snows of one of America's noblest mountains, and at last bearing its waters into another stream historic, for Bierdstadt, the great scenic painter of America, and Muir, the renowned lover of the Sierras, have made it immortal by brush and pen, should have so ordinary a name. We know why, for years ago in San Francisco, we became acquainted with old man Bubb, for whom the stream was named. We met him when he had come to the city to spend the winter, as he usually did when the deep snows and extreme perils from storms in those high altitudes made life impossible in the winter months. His Christian name we have forgotten, for he was known always as "old man Bubb." We first saw him in 1871, but years before he had made his summer home in this wild region, living alone for months, seeing no human being, and having for companionship only the wild animals that in freedom roamed through the forest at will, without fear of man. He built in a magnificent environment of crag and cliff, sheltered in the heart of a noble group of pines, a log cabin, to which during the early summer, for many years, and until his death, he returned. He was a quaint soul, a rugged, silent man, but genial and kindly. He had a fine mind, but except to his friends, of whom he had only few, as such men usually have, he was slow of speech. There was one thing, however, which he was always ready to discuss, and of which he never seemed to be tired, and that was the glories of the mountains and the grandeur of what he always called his home.

We were fascinated by his glowing descriptions, and while he gave us a longing to see the splendid things of which he spoke with such eloquence of loving words, we did not then hope to see them, for it seemed as though they were as far off as if in another world. When he died we do not know, but we remember that one winter he failed to appear in his usual city haunts, and we never heard of him again.

During this trip, of which we now write, we sought his old cabin, falling in ruins, battered and beaten down by the awful storms that rage here during the tempestuous winters. The weight of snows had broken in its roof, and the rot of the years was eating up its wall of logs. His memorial is the great creek that flows through this land of wonder, and no monarch of the world has a monument to perpetuate his memory as splendid as this lone recluse of the wilderness, whose passion for the solitudes led him from the noisy life of cities to solace his spirit with the communion he had with nature in this antechamber of the Almighty. If some desperate heartache drove him into these solitary wilds, he made no sign. No man knew whether by accident or design he first alone made his way into the pathless woods and set his habitation within their shades. We often wondered, as we looked into his eyes, in which always lurked the pathos of a heart that knew the gnaw of a "lifelong hunger at the heart," and when he did not know he was being observed, we saw the curves that cut into the brow and cheek lines of the face of "a Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief." Whether sometime, somewhere, some woman's hand had torn the fibers of his heart, perhaps unconsciously mutilating his life and making havoc with his years,—who knows? Such things have been; such things will be.

At Independence, the County seat of Inyo, we sought an outfit of mules and guide. There is only one approach to the creek from the eastern side of the Sierras in this altitude, and one wishing to make the trip must be sure of the guidance of one who knows surely this one avenue, the last leg of which is a short canyon that leads from the table-lands down to the creek. For much of the way from Independence a rough, faint trail guides one, but before the last shoulder of the mountains is reached, this trail is often obliterated by the shale and rock that the winter avalanches carry across it.

After some inquiry we found a woman guide who owned a train of pack mules, who with her late husband had made frequent trips into the Bubb's creek country. She was a hardy mountaineer, fond of the excitement of mountain life, and was as glad as we were for an opportunity to make the trip, and she gladly placed ten pack mules and herself as guide at our disposal without cost. We needed men, and soon found a couple of hardy tributors, who were more than willing, also without cost, to give their services and time for an opportunity to fish in the lakes and streams with which the region abounds.

One bright August morning found us ready, with five mules packed with provisions, bedding and supplies, and five more ready for the mount, and with a shout and a handwave to the well-wishing crowd, we were off. We sang and shouted in the abandon of the hour, with hearts beating strong, pulses thrilling in rhythm, and nerves that made living a delight. With us were several gentlemen and ladies who were to go to the first camp, and after a couple of days and nights would return, leaving us to climb higher and beyond into the heart of the mountains.

Our trail led up a sloping mesa until it entered a long, wide canyon that opened out into the valley. A wild stream dashed down over boulders piled in its bed and gave motion to the scene. It was an exquisite hour and beautiful place, and to a perfect physical harmony was added the exultation of the spirit. From off the high summits, not far distant, there blew across our faces the morning airs, sweet with the breath of pines and the aroma of mountain blossoms. The ascending sun filled the depths of canyons and gorge with radiance and painted the snowy peaks with gold. There were happy birds that homed here, and, as if they were as happy as we, filled the sky with song. Such glorious hours are not possible to those who cling to cities and find their joys in the corridors of hotels and foyers of theaters and the light and folly of the night. They come only to the uplifted soul capable of interpreting the mysteries of the heart in the face of a flower as wonderful as the sweep of a comet through the arches of the universe. To these exalted souls the speech of the woods, the voice of the stream, the utterances of the myriad voices of minor insects and the song of birds are the voices of the everlasting power and beauty of creation. Our hearts ache at times as we stand on the city streets, and there pass back and forth before us the endless throng of the blind and the dumb.

Just below the apex of the range, we came in the mid-afternoon to a cup-like hollow containing several acres carpeted with green grasses and beautified by beds of many-hued flowers. It was known as Onion Valley—another misnomer. It was an exquisite spot, high up on the mountains. A stream of clear water tumbled into it, over the granite wall that rose sheer several hundred feet in height—a noisy waterfall that enlivened the scene by its dash.

From an elevated platform we looked out over the levels of the valleys, on toward Arizona and Nevada, into a landscape of mountains that in great procession filled the horizons as far as the eye could reach, range rising on range, a land of stone, bearing on its face the scars of turbulent ages, when the world was building. The lofty sky was cloudless, and a great calm rested upon the scene like a benediction. Here we cast our tents, fascinated and satisfied. Our animals were soon reveling in the rich grasses of a virgin pasture, and we sat down to dream and to watch the lights and shadows of the glorious afternoon play hide and seek among the peaks and canyons that made up the slopes. It was no time or place for speech, for the delicious sweetness of the camp thralled the senses and touched the emotions, as a master touches the keys of a great instrument. Silence was our best contribution until a sweet-voiced girl, moved by the unutterable beauty, softly sang, "Some day we'll wander back again," to which our reverent and delighted hearts answered "Amen."

The night fell upon us with a thrall of the stars, the great moon and the glory of the moonlight mountains. For two free, gladsome days we just lived. Behind us we had left the tumult and the care, and for a time knew what life could be when one was absolutely free from the weight of responsibilities. As to all enticing human things comes the end, so came the end of this adventure, and on the morning of the third day we broke camp, and bidding our companions good-by, began our climb toward the summit. So abrupt do the mountains rise here, that a couple of miles brought us to the apex of the range where the trail crossed the summit, so clear-cut that while the front feet of our mules were on the western slope, their hind feet were still on the eastern—where a drop of rain falling upon a sharp rock and cut in two would divide, one-half to fall back into the desert and the other half to lose itself finally in the waters of the far-off Pacific.

A glance backward to the mighty sweep of the desert range, with a rod or so of advance we were in the midst of a world as different from that we had left as if it were upon another planet. The view was of endless shapes of rock, measureless miles of pines, the sheen of lakes, the silver of streams and piles of summer clouds—a great panorama of uninhabited spaces, whose vastness made us hold our breath as its majesty suddenly unrolled before us. We seemed at times giddy with the sense of soaring through the high heavens and instinctively clutched the horns of our saddles to steady ourselves against a momentary weakness. We stood upon the threshold of a kingdom of might and power and splendor. The desolation, the mutilation, the scorching airs and the silences of Death Valley were forgotten, except for the wonder that within a distance of less than one hundred miles could exist such vastly dissimilar creations,—such contrasts of Nature, one the antithesis of the other, and yet both equally great and compelling. The marvel of it all is that from the summit, where we crossed, one could at the same moment look into the heart of each.

Is there any land or latitude, such as California, where multitudes and variety—things delicate and stupendous—appalling and alluring—winsome and awful—are tangled together almost within the same horizon? The vast sweep of the sky above us and the far-off sky-lines are not the least of the great things that made up the wonderful scene that was before us.

A half hour of inspiration, and down the trail we rode into the bosom of a valley closed in by walls of granite, darkened by the shadows of the dense forest, and beautified by a clear blue lake. It was another ideal spot, and as the sun was sinking behind the western mountains, we pitched our tent and settled down to further hours of content and dreams. Like the desert, the mountains have a presence and a spirit, which seem to the sensitive human spirit an intelligence which seeks to speak through manifold lips, to disclose its secrets, and to make audible the silence seldom broken except by the scream of the eagle, the loo of the deer for its fawn and the whistle of the bird for its mate.

The spell was irresistible, and one can not shake off its influence, for it will have its way, and he is wise who yields and lets his senses drift at will until they become fully in touch with the indefinable something that at least counts for enlargement of mind and heart. This attitude is like unto one who has to learn a new language before he can understand its poetry and song. We felt this influence first in the little valley, and while we were in the flush of perfect health and our nerves were like steel wires, a profound sadness seized us and would not be denied. We lifted eyes of inquiry to the things about us, but they were as inscrutable as the face of the Sphinx. The squirrel in the tree-top, the bird on the wing, the lights and shadows through the trees suggested no solution. It must have been the weight of the tremendous things about us that bore down the senses, for it seemed to be a growing pain of the spirit striving to grow large enough to be worthy of the visible glory.

The mood of that afternoon worked into our minds, and to this day, when we recall the time and the scene, the law of relation works and some of the same peculiar loneliness seems to descend upon us. It had some psychological basis. The little blue lake was alive with myriads of mountain trout, and our men and woman guide put in the hours fishing. The trout is by nature a wary thing, and these we found no exception. It was not because they had learned by the presence of fishermen the danger, for seldom were these wilds visited by those to whom the sport of the fisherman was a pastime. They were true to their instinct, and a shadow on the water, the fall of a hook on its surface, sent them flying to safety beyond the radius of the line. Our men were, however, skilled in their craft and familiar with the habits of these cunning fish, and so were able before the set of sun to land enough to give us a fine meal. The cold, clear waters had hardened the flesh of these fish, and made them delicious provender for a lot of hungry men whose appetites had been whetted by the day's climb and toil. A king's feast would not have equalled our supper, cooked as only those used to mountain camps can cook. It was a fine hour and our dining-room a royal one.

The night had drawn its curtain about our camp and a pleasant pine-log fire filled the nearby woods with fleeting lights and shadows. There was witchery in it all. There was gladness in the *comaraderie* of our spirits, from which for the time had fallen all disturbing things, and there was in the heart the joy of those who have forgotten the strife and jealousy of life. We talked and laughed and sang as we ate the simple fare made delicious by abundant hunger. You, who love the café and grill, electric light, the cocktail and the champagne, are welcome to them, but for us are the wild woods, the camp fire, the sweet waters, and the companionship of true comrades sitting about a Spartan feast. We thrilled with the charm that has so often lured men from the centers of the world, from the glitter of society with its manifold opportunities, from noble careers, even, to seek the peace passing understanding, that abides in solitary places, severed from the passion and strife of modern civilization.

It has been written that it is not a good thing for man to be alone. This philosophy is relative only, for it is the loneliness only of an inert life that leaves its mark upon the mind. The story of John Muir's life in the Sierras, where he grew from mediocrity to greatness, the experiences of Audubon, who wandered for years in the depths of Eastern woods, the wise lover of its winged dwellers, refute the statement. They sought for and found the beauty of the world in the pathless woods, and grew in strength, both mental and moral, upon the majesty of the great spaces wherein the mountains are set as monuments. They learned that. "To him who in the love of Nature holds communion with her visible forms, she speaks a varied language."

There was in the chill of the night a freshness that intoxicated. We filled the lungs with deep, sweet draughts of mountain air, untainted by the poison of the city. The pine trees distilled from their resinous needles healing perfumes. Soon the influence of the night had its perfect work and we grew silent, yielding at last to the languor that woos one in perfect health to a dreamless sleep, and the light of the fire was reflected upon the faces of five sleepers in absolute peace, so exquisite that even the splendor of a glorious sky had no power to tempt or disturb. What wonder that the worn invalid, weak and pale from his conflict with disease, who is wise enough to seek these sanitariums of nature, finds again perfect health, nerves calmed, lungs cleaned, heart steady, and blown from the brain all of its disturbing dreams.

At the dawn following this glorious night, the dwellers of the mountains awoke, and from the tree-tops, waving in the breeze came the song of birds, sinless warblers voicing praise for life unto that Creator whose care is so infinite and personal that not a sparrow falleth to the ground without His notice. From invisible perches floated out a multitude of voices wherein the morning was made eloquent, and as the ascending sun shot its shafts of light through vibrating leaves and quivered on the face of the lake, we gathered together our packs and soon were on the trail again for descent further into the heart of this domain where every step was a revelation of unmatched splendor.

Great things are achieved only by great effort. There is no royal road even into the Kingdom of Heaven and it is written in the Scriptures that few tread the rocky trails that lead unto it. There are many Kingdoms of Heaven in this material and misunderstood world, but no man ever reached one of them except by toil, travail, and self-sacrifice. The road is narrow and hard, and therefore the multitudes prefer the broad, smooth-paved highways that lead to ease and satiety.

We found the trail before us no exception to the rule, and more than once during the day we were compelled to unpack our mules and carry up to more level places their loads. These almost impassible parts of the trail were over ledges of rock, leaning at swift angles, and slick and slippery from the polish of ages of friction. It was a difficult feat for our mules, without packs, to cling and climb over these hard places, but they did climb, and upon higher level we were able from the new platform to look still further into the heart of the eternal hills.

The climbing of rocky ledges was not the complement of our difficulties, for there lurked in seductive levels new dangers, and before we were aware we found a couple of our animals, upon which were packed our blankets and bedding, mired in the slime of a mountain morass, formed by the percolating waters of nearby minor glaciers. This situation was more serious than the rocky heights of the trail, for the frightened mules floundered until our blankets and bedding were wet and muddy, and it was no easy task to extract them and their loads, for there was no fulcrum upon which to base our lever of relief. It was a question of do something quick, and, up to our waists in the mud, we unslung our packs and pulled and hauled and turned the struggling mules until by main strength and awkwardness, we landed them upon firm ground. We repacked them and sat down to rest and devise a way of escape from further disaster, for the morass extended on between high walls enclosing a little valley which seemed impossible to scale. We were not the first, however, who had met with this disaster, and with patient searching we discovered the prints of hoofs leading up a crevice in the north wall, and we knew that what had been done, we could do, and with infinite toil we worked our way on to the heights above, and scrambled and stumbled along until we found our way back again to the trail beyond the treacherous morass.

We were but a short way now from the canyon that led down into Bubb's Creek. While we were congratulating ourselves upon our good luck, we noted a troubled expression upon the face of our guide and that her eyes bore the shadow of a disturbing indecision, and we said to her, "What is the matter now?" She replied, "We have lost the trail, I can find no trace of it anywhere." We cheered her up and said, "Oh, no, you could not lose the trail; the trail has lost you, and you will both come together again." It was a grateful smile that illuminated her rugged face, for she was not beautiful, and she said, "You people rest here and I will explore." She was in command, and we obeyed. Down the slope she hurried with her eyes glued to the ground, except now and then when she would stand still and study the peaks and slopes about, seeking, like a mariner approaching a coast, for some headland by which on previous voyages he had steered safely into port. An hour or more she spent in this patient search, and she covered more than a mile of distance. Just as we began to harbor a little doubt, for the day was fading into the late afternoon, we heard her faint shout, and her waving arms told us to come on. Over the surface of loose rock we worked our way, to find where she stood the well-worn trail. She had been right, and the trail had lost her instead of her losing the trail. An avalanche had for more than half a mile buried the trail under its debris, that was all.

Here we desire to make a part of literature, so far as this book may become such, the courage, skill and kindliness of this simple woman, a daughter of the wilds, uncouth in manner, rude at times in speech, but of heroic mold and with a generous soul. There was about her a certain dignity which lifted her into the deferential consideration of all of us, her comrades on this great trip into a great domain. She was certain of herself always, knew where she was, knew what to do, and how to do it. Through her guidance and suggestion we were able during two weeks, without waste of time or distance, to take in the glorious things that make this lonely but sublime wilderness the most wonderful place of all the wonderful places of California.

From the discovered trail we descended through the little canyon which leads down from the high lands to the level of Bubb's Creek, and before the day died, we were camped upon its banks—and what a glorious place it was! No pen can describe it, for no mind could put its glories into language worthy of the theme. We spread our blankets for the night at the foot of a wall of granite four thousand feet in sheer uplift, so perfect that when we rested our tired heads against its base, we could lift our eyes to its apex. Could words make any reader understand what such a wall of granite is, nearly three-quarters of a mile in height, a sheer, clean uplift of rock. The shadows began to gather about us, and we drifted in the glorious environment to the dreams of what the white light of the coming day would reveal unto us.

We awoke from our dreams at dawn,—and such a dawn! The East was hidden by the great wall of rock that formed the background of our royal sleeping place, and we could not see its glory, but we knew that there were splendid colors there, for over our heads streamed great pinions of light, long shafts that shot their glory into the hearts of the clouds crowning the heights beyond us in the West, framing the headlands on whose stony brows, from Creation's dawn, eternal snows had held their life against all the battles of the sun—fleecy clouds, great continents of white, loosely floated into the blue, changing each moment like a drilling regiment on parade, and as they shifted took on new shapes and piled into the higher heavens—visions of one of Nature's marvels, and pure as the soul of a child. Thus the day opened and brightened from dawn until the whole stupendous mass of mountains, the intervening canyons, dells and coverts, were overflowing with the fulness of noon, and the great sun sailed into the zenith, melting the clouds, disclosing the faces and ridges and near glories of the most wonderful groups of scenery in the heart of the High Sierras. Here there was mass, range and beauty, which first stuns, then moves to tears, and then lifts the spirit into its first real appreciation of the Mind that could dream of such and of the creative hand that, in the warp and woof of building forces, could give them such shapes of unutterable beauty. We can hint only at it all. Seldom, in the presence of things that are really great, are we able to take in at first the great beauties. The mind must be stirred out of its normal conditions, exalted by the quickened imagination, and into it all must be poured the very richness of our spiritual endowment.

Splendor floods the mind and we grow as we look. This was our mood on that first morning on the banks of Bubb's Creek. A description of our camping ground and the views from it will best expose the wonders of this glorious mountain heart, silent, supreme, masterful, where from the shadows of deep canyons there towered into the empire of the sun peaks set in the swing of the world, headlands standing out into the reaches of distance, impressive, grand and lonely in their mighty solitudes.

In the foreground a wild, rock-walled valley, dark with the tangled shade, rested the eyes, which grew dim at times with the endless vision of the far-off mightier thing. Down through these sunless woods leaped and dashed the great creek, almost a river in its volume of waters. Just a mile away in front of us were three perpendicular cliffs akin to the one at whose base we had set our camp. Out over the sky-lined rim of these, three great waterfalls, neither less than twenty-five hundred feet in height, sprang into the air and swayed like long ribbons into the valley below. The distance was so great, that as these falls swayed in the breeze like delicate laces, they lost the solidity of their first outleap and dissolved into mists. Now and then the breeze swayed toward us and we caught the faint splash of waters, evanescent voices full of poetic suggestion. These waterfalls were exquisitely beautiful, and during the days we were at this camp of the gods, many an hour we spent, lying as if in a trance, against the granite battlements of our camp, and let the delighted senses sway and drift with the falling waters.

There are times when men hunger to be great, and this was one of my hours of such hunger. If I could only make visible to others the marvel and beauty of these waterfalls and their environments, I feel that I would not have failed in some moral contribution to mankind. It is not true always that the will is equivalent to the deed. The traveler who comes to California, expecting to view its marvels from the window of a Pullman, will be disappointed. Its real glories are hidden in almost inaccessible places, and climbing, weariness and discomfort are the price one is compelled to pay, and he who is not willing to pay the price will be denied.

In the depths of the great canyons in this region there are trees that flourished when Rome was mistress of the world; when Demosthenes was delivering his immortal orations in Greece; Homer singing his songs for the Immortals; Cæsar throwing away his empire for a woman's smile; Antony toying with Cleopatra in Egypt, wasting the hours of empire in dalliance, "drinking the Libyan sun to sleep and then lighting lamps that outburned Canopus." Christ was in his cradle in Bethlehem more than eighteen hundred years after the tiny seedlings of these majestic monarchs of the forest lifted their heads to the morning dews and the silence of the Sierra hills.

A week of glorious days we spent here, days of rest to mind and spirit—days we will not forget—

days whose peace and beauty were engraved into our life, immortal days made of golden hours. Things fragile and delicate are often the attendants upon those of power. Here in the shadow of the cliffs towering toward the sun, we found blossoms peculiar to these high altitudes, living only in the short summer, ferns waving their arms in great fan-like shapes, or nestling at the base of protecting rocks, most exquisite members of the same family, fine as a maiden's hair. This floral and fern life constitutes one of the most attractive sights, for it seems a paradox of Nature that in places given over so frequently to storm and tempest, there should come and flourish flowers brilliant in color and perfect in form, of abundant richness in quality and quantity. We have always associated the ferns with the tropics, yielding their beauty only to the allurement of warm climates. It seems as if these lofty solitudes are a law unto themselves, and as if they were great enough to be and to do as they please. This is manifest in the atmosphere, for the days had as many moods as a coquettish girl. Often the cloudless sky, full of the sun, would in a moment fill with lowering clouds and the drenching downpour would drive to shelter, and then as if by magic the clouds would break, and the cliffs and the peaks and the woods would shine under the sky without a cloud, from horizon to horizon.

Here we found the grandest fishing ground in California. The great creek was alive with trout, and day by day our men caught them by the hundreds. Often we were compelled to stay the sport, which would otherwise from excitement have become a "slaughter of the innocents." Our guide was a famous cook. She was an artist in her skill to brown without burning, and at every meal she piled up before each of us a heaping plate of these delicious fish. We feasted like kings for a long week. We were satiated but not sated; nothing in this wonder-land could sate. There could be no weariness, for pure air, perfect health, excellent spirits, buoyed every sense, and to be alive was enough to make one happy.

The late summer waned into autumn, and now and then the clouds warned us by a fall of fleecy snowflakes, and so we gathered together our mules, who had reveled in abandonment among juicy grasses, and with adjusted packs climbed the trail to the high land again, and near the noon of a perfect day, from the last point from which the glorious cavern with its wondrous views was visible, we turned for one long, grateful look, and then to its silence and splendor we left this empire of glorious things, hidden in the heart of tremendous mountains, whose breadth and height had enlarged the measure of our own natures.

Chapter XX

UNIQUE CHARACTERS OF THE DESERT—MAN AND ANIMAL

THE law of enviornment has no more illustrative examples of its operating force than in the make-up of men and animals who find their home in the sections where mines and minerals are found. The "hayseed" farmer is no more to his manner born than is the prospector whose instinct for mineral becomes the habit of his life which controls him as the mainspring does the watch. No sailor has a more passionate love for the deck of a ship and the swell of the seas, than the prospector has for the lonely recesses of the hills and the far-off camps in the mountains. He is never perfectly at home except when he has no home; he is a wanderer, it may be with his partner, for they often travel in pairs, or alone, his sole companion his patient burro, who packs his blankets, his "grub" and his prospecting outfit. He is a character always, frequently a man of education, keenly intelligent, resourceful, and of great courage. He may have, and doubtless has, weak places in his nature, but in substantial manhood he measures up far beyond the thousands who are content to hang about cities and eke out a precarious livelihood among the multitudes, to whom dirt, dust and the squalor of foul tenements are more enticing than the sweet, clean earth, the open sky and pure waters, where the pulses beat strong with perfect health and the nerves are like the strings of a perfectly tuned musical instrument—where to be alive is a joy.

We have known many of these men, have been with them on their tramps into the hills and into the desert, have supped with them by their camp fires, lain down with them to sleep in the far-off places, and with them felt the thrill of life free from shadow and care. We felt the power of things that first attracted these men to the life itself, and then held them by a fascination afterwards, led them to forego the ordinary relations of human beings, to find more in the wilds than compensation for the loss of home, the love of woman, the prattle of children, the giving up of music, art, culture and the amenities of social life. To us, of course, this all seems an awful price to pay, but this estimate comes only from our standpoints. Life is always relative, its pleasures and sorrows are never absolute, and no one, until he has tried both lives to their ultimate conclusion, is competent to say that the prospector who lives in loneliness, who has no fixt habitation, has lost in the swap he has made. Civilization, with all of its brilliant opportunities, produces its scores of degenerates who are never dignified or clean until they are straightened for the grave. Modren society swarms with multitudes to whom life is a dissipation, whose moral perceptions are blurred by the glare of Vanity Fair, to whom sober moments are unknown, and whose physical passions run riot with their spirits.

The prospector may be a rude man, uncouth, even desperate. For lack of better things he may, when in town, drink himself to the borders of delirium, gamble away his last dollar and even his outfit, swear and shout and fight, but he stands always a stalwart figure, away above the degenerate line, and is ready to slay the man who dares to accuse him of mean or dishonest action. Towards women he is reverentially courteous, to children kindly, to his fellow generous to a fault, ready to divide all of his possessions with him in distress. His moral strength has been molded and is sustained by the silent communion he has had when in the silences of the mountains he has held converse with himself; and as he has looked into the deeps of the sky, while lying alone upon his pallet on the slope of the mountain, he has seen as a vision the fine moral relations which should exist among men.

The prospector is almost always "broke." He has no commercial instincts, and unless he is at last successful in finding pay-streak, he is dependent upon some friend who is willing to "grubstake" him, that is, to outfit him with the food and supplies necessary for his simple wants while he is in the field. The grubstaker for his contribution is to be partner in all finds. From these partnerships have been derived some of the colossal fortunes of the West. These contracts are usually verbal, and it is the history of the mining world that they are seldom broken. The average prospector's word is as good as most men's bond. There have been, and are, exceptions, but judicial history discloses but few instances where the prospector was unfaithful to his promise given to the man whose generosity and hope made it possible for him to make his searches. The prospector himself is the usual sufferer, for he has little business acumen, and if he makes a promising find, is willing to sell for whatever his wiser partner is willing to pay him, or to any one who is willing to pay the price.

With this price in his pocket, however small it may be, the prospector is for the time a rich man, and indulges in the pleasures of the nearby town, or if he has money enough hies to the metropolis to take in the gaieties of civilized life. He is of generous mold, and as long as it lasts, money runs through his fingers like sand. He has for the time extravagant tastes, and there is no limit to the indulgences; he feasts on the best that money can buy, and is satisfied only with those wines which have the oldest and costliest labels. He frequents the corridor of the famous hotels and becomes prominent among the attaches, from bootblack to barkeeper by his prodigality. He tips with both hands, and has no time to distinguish between a ten-cent piece and a ten-dollar gold piece. He gets into as much of the swim as is open to him and is a "big fish." He has his day, enjoys himself to the utmost, and when he finds the bottom of his purse, with no regrets he turns his back on it all, forgets the lights, the laughter, the champagne and the "joy wagon" with its loads of dainty damsels, and the place which knew him knows him no more—not perhaps forever, but until in the far-off hills he again makes a lucky find.

There is no certain chance of success attending his searches and he may climb the mountains, thread the lonely ridges, and hunt and hunt without success. He takes his chances, and if, forsooth, they be against him, pursues the even tenor of his way without complaint, the same patient, cheerful plodder, buoyed always by the hope which "springs eternal" in his breast.

We have not drawn above a picture of the average prospector or of his general results, rather the exception out of the great army of such, as have for fifty years searched the mineral regions of the coast, from the Arctic circle down into the heart of Mexico. Perhaps one in a hundred has such an experience. There are notable examples, however, of such, who having found the object of their dreams have been wise enough to hold on and to develop until the find has grown into a great mine, whose value mounts into the millions, and with their wealth have entered upon a financial career at last to rank with the millionaires of the country. These are also among the exceptions to prospecting life. It was a maxim of Marvin, the great horseman who did so much to develop and frame the marvelous products of horseflesh that made the Palo Alto stables of Stanford famous throughout the world, that it took a hundred colts to furnish one racehorse. From our knowledge of the average prospector, as we have known him in his native wilds, we surmise that this proportion may be safely applied to him, if it is not indeed too small.

Hope is the breath of the prospector's life. It sustains him year after year, sends him expectant and lighthearted again and again into the mountain regions, and returns with him, his comforter, when exhausted supplies compel him to seek the town where he outfits for his campaign. The spring and summer are his seasons. During the winter he hibernates and becomes a familiar figure in the saloons of the little mining camps where he is among his friends. The church and temperance societies rail against the saloon. We can not say that there is not a basis for some of the attacks, because in the hands of most they become pestilential places. But there is, after all, something to be said in their favor, for they furnish on the frontier the only place where men like a prospector, with no family, no social relations, no welcome to the homes of others, can find light, warmth, welcome and companionship. Before we rail against these sole refuges of the homeless man in lonely places, let us put ourselves in the place of such men, with their experiences, and measure the moral relations involved. We know whereof we speak, for we have spent many a night about the warm stoves of these saloons, when icy winds rocked them, and from which men had to find a refuge or perish. Many churchmen would marvel, could they have heard the discussions indulged in around these stoves; literature, science, art and religion were not infrequent topics, and many a bright and winning word have we heard fall from the lips of those frequenters of the frontier saloon. In cities men go to saloons to drink; not always so in the desert.

We now recall one lone winter night we spent with a group of prospectors and miners. The topic was the Bible. A fierce storm waged without, and the warmth and light within were alluring. Now and then the crowd would step up to the bar by kindly invitation and "smile," but all through the long hours the discussion went on and the decorum was as perfect as if we had been within a cathedral. One of the party was a Biblical scholar, and under the influence of the kindly minds about him, he poured out his knowledge, now and again halted by some inquiry that exhibited a pure desire for clear explanation of some profound question that had disturbed devout souls for centuries. It was a great night, and we broke up only when through the windows to our astonishment there streamed the light of dawn.

When the melting snows on the hilltops indicate that it is safe to go into the field, the streets of the outfitting towns become lively with the prospectors and their burros, getting ready for another try. This is an interesting sight, which we never tired of watching. The burro is as much a part of our desert regions as the camel is of the Sahara, and he has much the same capacity to endure long hours of travel under trying conditions, with but little food and less water. If after a hot day's climb over rocky trails he finds only a "dry camp" at nightfall, he shows no signs of distress, and the next day jogs along as if he had been filled with sweet waters. It is a standing joke of the frontier that the burro will fatten upon the ham-rags that the prospector throws away, and even that he can assimilate the tin cans which he finds about his camp.

It is quite an art to pack a burro so that he shall carry the utmost he is capable of carrying, and to make all secure by ropes that lash the load to the pack-saddle or other appliances. Long experience has made the prospector a master of it, and it is wonderful how much he can stow away upon the back of his faithful burden-bearer. If there are two prospectors, as there are usually, there are three burros. It is an interesting sight to see them patiently standing, sleepy-eyed, before the little store, while the owners gather together the provisions and supplies for the trip. The average cargo of a prospector's outfit is made up as follows: a sack of flour, a sack of beans, a side of bacon, several cans of ground coffee, a sack of sugar, a bag of salt, a paper of pepper, and if he is "flush," an assortment of canned meats and fruit. Experience has given to the prospector the capacity to accurately determine just the amount of provisions that will last during the intended month or months that he will be absent and beyond the reach of further supplies. These are strapped firmly on one burro; the second burro is the bearer of the blankets and the other coverings that constitute the bedding for the trip. Not a great amount of this is needed, for the weather more than likely will be hot, and the bedding will be needed principally to soften the hard earth upon which the prospector lies, than to protect him from the chill of the nights. The third burro carries the prospecting outfit—tools, powder, fuse, a few chemicals for testing ores, and simple cooking utensils. To this may be added whatever extra clothing will be required. This last, however, is quite a small bundle, for not much is demanded in the way of clothing—an extra pair of overalls, a few rough shirts and an extra pair of hobnailed boots, of thick rawhide, is about the complement of the extra wardrobe. A bottle or two of whisky, antidote for snakebites, is likely to be found snuggled in between the blankets.

At last all is ready, and with a few farewell drinks at the favorite saloon and a few parting words of good-by, the prospectors with their trio of burros strike the trail. The burros are slow moving beasts, and no persuasive efforts, violent or otherwise, have the force to move them except for a moment, and for a rod or so of distance, to increase their pace beyond their constitutional plod. The burro is certain but slow. He lacks speed, but is wise in his day and generation. He knows where he is going and remembers the heavy climbs and the rocky trails, and tho he is fresh from the pasture, where he has rested for months, he does not intend to dissipate his strength by any spurts of unnecessary speed. He is thoroughly versed in the philosophy of the scripture, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," and an average of about two miles an hour is about his rate of speed.

One, perhaps the chief, quality, of the little homely burdenbearer, is his loyalty to the camp. He requires no hobbling or tethering, and once relieved of his burden, he searches for water and food, always remaining within the radius of a circle of which the camp is the near center. This habit is what makes him the favorite of the prospector over all other animals. He is ugly and lazy, but he is loyal. If there be two prospectors, one leads on the trails and the other plods behind. This is the unvarying prospector's procession one so often meets with in the desert, in the hills and the mountains of mineral regions.

Another valuable aid to the development of mining countries, where roads are scarce and the trails the only highway, is the pack mule. He is of great endurance and a natural common carrier. Over high mountains, down into deep canyons, along trails that are full of desperate perils, he carries supplies to far-off camps and transports to mills and reduction works ores from almost inaccessible mines. They are not the pure-blooded natives of Kentucky, that one sees in the great mule teams, but a little Mexican with the capacity to pack over high mountains a load equal to its own weight and to endure fatigue and privations that would slay animals of nobler lineage. They are often dealt with by their owners and drivers with merciless brutality. We have seen more than once a whole train, when relieved of their packs, exhibit hides skinned and scarred with bleeding sores, the result of careless packing and inequality of balance in their loads, and once at Lone Pine we saw four overloaded victims of this damnable cruelty lie down and die with their packs on their backs. There were no societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, and a protest from a humane onlooker was usually met by a profane request to mind his own business.

The capacity of these little animals to carry is something marvelous. While we were at Lone Pine, there was in operation on the south side of the Inyo Mountains, down in a deep canyon, a pay mine, at which was a rude mill. A casting, weighing six hundred pounds, was needed there. It was in one piece, and could not be carried except as an entirety. The ascent to the summit of the range, four thousand feet above the valley, was so steep that a zigzag saw-tooth trail had been cut out of the solid rock. No mule except one that had become accustomed to this dangerous trail could carry any load at all around the acute angles, for to make the turn required that the front feet should be set beyond the apex of the angle, and then the hind feet worked around, with the fore feet fixt as a pivot, until the whole body was finally in a direct line with the trail. These difficult places were frequently just over the sheer wall of a precipice hundreds of feet in height, and a false step meant a slip and a dash to death on the rocks below. The mule train that carried over this trail were cunning in their skill to make in safety these perilous turns, and they overcame the dangers with almost human intelligence. Such was the trail over which, without rest, for twenty-five miles, some mule must pack this six hundred pound casting. The well-nigh impossibility of the act will be apparent from the fact that three hundred pounds were regarded as the average load of a mule. At last a little fellow was found that had never failed, and while he did not very much exceed in weight the weight of the casting itself, it was decided as a forlorn hope that if he could not carry it, it could not be done, and marvelous as it may seem, he did pack the casting without a minute's rest from the crushing weight, and delivered it safely at the mill. We saw him afterwards, and in our admiration for his powers, we felt like saluting him with uncovered head, and it is but just to say that his owners, usually cruel to their animals, recognized the wonderful feat, and he was afterwards the favorite, and no man could purchase him for any price. The hard hearts of his drivers had been softened by admiration of his heroic work.

The riding mule is also a wonderful part of the desert equipment, and is greatly valued for his capacity to cover distances rapidly without tiring. The best of these, like all fine things, are scarce, and one has to patiently search before he finds a good one. They always command a high price from the poor Mexican who owns them,—from three to five hundred dollars a head. The most ignorant Mexican well knows the value of such a mule, and will not sell, no matter how pressing his wants, unless he gets his price. Oftentimes, among a band of ordinary mules, one will find animals of real beauty of form, and of good action. These, however, are the exception, and the general average can be bought at all the way from fifty to one hundred dollars a head, depending upon the commercial sense of the owner and his necessities. The riding mule is generally an ungainly object, built frequently on the grayhound plan, tall, long-bodied, deep-chested, and with shoulders and hips knotted with masses of propelling muscles. One of these, who more than once bore me over miles of rock and sand, belonged to a friend who was the superintendent of a mine situated in the lower end of Pannamint Valley, eighty miles from Lone Pine. This distance he was compelled to make in a day, when he came from and went to the mine. To accomplish these eighty miles in a pleasant country with smooth roads, through cheering landscapes, in presence of orchards and vinelands, and under a gentle climate, would be quite a feat, if accomplished in ten hours. The marvel of the feat became apparent when done by this mule several times a month, over long reaches of hot sand, tiresome miles of rocky trail, under a burning sun, where the watering places were twenty miles apart. We had need of such a mule in our business and tried to buy this one, but the reply to our endeavor was that this mule was not for sale at any price. It was not because she was a thing of beauty, for she was an ungainly piece of mule-flesh, with white eyes and pinto hide, and was slab-sided; she looked like a vicious thing, but was as kind as a lamb.

As a part of the population of desert towns there is often a nondescript derelict, without hope or work, a mere hanger-on of life, satisfied to the full if he can obtain food enough to stay starvation and whisky enough to keep his hide stretched. He is like the lily of the Scriptures in that he neither toils, nor spins, but it can not be said that he is arrayed like one of these. Originally he was a prospector or miner, but successive failure or whisky has dried up the springs of hope and industry, and he lives only because the climate is too wholesome to kill him. He is like the stream in the poem that flows on forever tho men may come and go. He is a perennial and a component part of the human scenery of every frontier town and camp. How he manages to live is an unsolved problem always to the men who are compelled to work that they may live. His chief asset is perfect health; cancer and appendicitis find no fruitful soil in him, and his heart works as steadily as a piston-rod. He is an illustrious member of that community in the world that claims the world owes them a living. Is it possible that they are real philosophers, to whom experience has given the highest wisdom; that they know that only the fool toils and sweats and worries in a world where all at last is resolved back into dust and ashes, and that Harriman's empire, which cost him his life, is nothing to the handful of dust that lies moldering in the little six-by-six of ground in the splendid acres of Arden?

Two remaining factors there are, whose work makes possible the development of the mines. They are the tributor and the miner. The tributor is an independent, the miner is a regular. The tributor is usually a graduate from the miner community, who has concluded that to be his own employer and boss is more agreeable than to be subject to the commands of another. He is intelligent, and, barring a few of the habits of men without wife, children and home, is steady and industrious. His field of operation is in the mines of others, where he works for a proportion of the ore he produces. He is limited only by a few rules that prevent him "gouging," that is, taking out ore without regard to the general integrity of the mine. To the mine owner, who has not sufficient means to systematically open up and extend his underground workings, the tributor is a benefaction, for in his search for ore without cost to the owner, and which he makes with great industry and keen instinct, he is working for himself. He sinks shafts, stopes out ore. Thus, as happens frequently, he develops a prospect into a paying mine, and the owner becomes a mining millionaire.

The real miner who, like the sailor—"once a sailor, always a sailor"—is once a miner, always a miner, and in established mining centers is a well-recognized part of the community, a factor in business, political and social life, for he is most frequently a man of family with a home, a good wife and happy children. Good wages he commands, and by industry, he keeps his brood in comfort, and after buying a home, puts a monthly surplus into the bank for rainy days. He is usually a clean, strong man, competent and brave, and if he is treated fairly and paid promptly, loyal to the man for whom he works. One thing he must have, however, and that is a competent boss, one who knows his business and who wears a steel glove under a velvet one. Under such a one, he works intelligently and cheerfully; otherwise, he is full of "grouch" and discontented, and soon throws up his job. It, therefore, behooves the mine owner to see to it that his superintendent and foremen are men of knowledge and force, or all will go wrong and lead to disaster.

Different nationalities form the great army of workers in the mining districts, and as a nationality predominates, a law of natural selection seems to finally reduce the entire mining population of one particular place to one nationality, and thus we find the Cornishman, the Mexican, or the native miner, grouped into communities and formulating laws and regulations that, more than any other influence, controls the situation and fixes the relation that must exist harmoniously between the owner and employee. Barring some instances of oppression on one side and unwarranted demands on the other, the relations that ordinarily exist and have existed for years between owner and miner have been friendly and productive of the best economic results.

Walking delegates have at times disturbed this harmony, but, like disturbed waters, they have at last found a satisfactory natural level, and all was well again.

Chapter XXI

SOME ECCENTRIC LIVES

THERE is a magnetic attraction in solitude to some minds almost as well defined as gravitation in physics. This is often irresistible, and the alienist would perhaps insist that there is in these minds some want of tone—some rift somewhere, that like a break in a lute mars the melody, and that they are like "sweet bells jangled out of tune." This we leave to the philosopher to whom mental science is a study, to the psychologist who delves into the secrets of the spirit and endeavors to peer beyond the brain cells into the occult influences that move men even against their wills. The world calls the ordinary-acting man normal. If, however, the world, that intangible mass, with its conglomerate confusion of ideas, crudeness and ignorance, was called upon to define what was meant by "normal," it would look at you in wild-eyed wonder and mumble out of its uncouth lips that it did not know. Scorning its Christs, crucifying its great souls, waiting for the verification of centuries before it understands the truth, the world is still ready to criticize.

We are not able to distinguish between normal and unusual minds. All that we will attempt to do, is to set out the story of several lives that we found under peculiar conditions during our travels from British Columbia to Mexico, and leave the solution to those more competent than we to measure the spirit and fix the exterior boundaries of its thought and feeling. All that we know is that these lives were tragic, full of mystery, infinitely pathetic. They must have been lonely; there must have been some soreness in the heart that made the cheek wan, the eyes sad, the lips silent. In each instance they were remarkable men of great mental power, manifold endowments; were cultivated scholars, graduates from renowned schools of learning, able to discuss in rare speech ancient and modern learning, adepts in wisdom, and gifted to such a degree that as active members of society anywhere in the world they would have held high stations among their fellows.

The first of these we knew as a schoolboy at Healdsburg, where we for a time were a scholar at the then pretentious agricultural college established and presided over by Colonel Rod Mathison,—not famous then, but who became so afterwards as a Colonel in the Civil War, where he won his rank by heroic service, at last to be slain at the head of his regiment in a desperate charge in one of its bloodiest battles. The little village was then just emerging from its first conditions, was growing slowly into shape as a town with a town's ambitions, [illegible]pes and social life. The outlying country, by the beauty of its sceneries, the fertility of its soil, was an ideal place for the homes of those to whom the repose of country life was more satisfying than the turmoil of cities. Tho the population was sparse, and the distances from home to home long, there were enough to furnish to the little college a goodly number of youths, male and female, to pursue studies as everywhere in America, broad and comprehensive enough to equip the country boy for any station in life and the country girl, with a little after polish, to take her place in the best home of the land as its accomplished mistress. Life was simple and strong; no stern calls then reached us from the outside, where in after years we were to strive and suffer defeat and win victories, and while we worked we did not falter in the serenity of those schooldays. And at times now, in the stir and whirl of strife, when we are worn and sore, memory awakens longings for the old days, the wholesome carelessness, the warm friendships and the first loves that seemed so good because they were so true.

It may seem that all this is a digression, and so it is; but would you hope that we could out of the memory of years, write of things that happened long ago in the happy places, without stopping just a moment to let the soul refresh itself with old visions, just as some wanderer of the world after his circle of the globe, after shivering among icebergs in the north, wandering in burning sands of trackless deserts, fighting his way across unknown wastes of silent continents, drifting through dreamy days in the islands of the Southern Seas, stands for a moment on the hilltop behind the old orchard of his boyhood home and through the mist of tears looks again upon the old homestead where the moss-covered bucket is still standing upon the rim of the old well, and the same honeysuckle still caresses the window through which the morning sun touched his young eyelids, and then beyond to the "God's Acre," where a white shaft lifts above the ashes of his beloved dead.

But sit down with us a moment on the college steps, for yonder comes "Old Jack," staggering, lumbering along under his heavy load of drunkenness, for when in town he was always drunk—in fact, that was his sole business when he came to town. He was just "Old Jack;" no other name he had, for no matter how submerged his faculties might be with his cargo of gin, no artifice would open his lips to a disclosure of either his name or home. And so for several years he was from time to time seen by us and talked with, but remained "Old Jack." He lived somewhere in the hills of the Coast Range that are tumbled into high, confused masses in Northern Sonoma, north of Healdsburg—where no one knew, for in everything but getting drunk he was as mysterious and silent as the Egyptian Sphinx. We concluded from a certain slowness of speech, a certain robustness of frame, the hang of his body and swing in his walk, and the fact that he was a graduate of Oxford, that he was an Englishman. He was made of steel, for under his slouchy dress and general uncleanliness there were sinews of a Samson. He was dirty and unkempt, but he was massive. His shaggy mane, for it could hardly be called hair, was twisted, tangled and unkept, and gave him a sort of lion-like fierceness, tho there were lines visible in his face when it was clean enough to disclose them, found only in the faces of men of fine nervous organizations. There was a majesty in the man that neither uncleanness nor drunkenness had power to touch or mar. He was like a splendid Corinthian column, beautiful even tho it lay in the mire. There was a fire and sweetness in his wonderful eyes which were like deep clear pools when his intellect and spirit stirred him. These lights and shadows were evanescent, and came and went as the blush does on the cheek of a pleased maiden. They were the windows through which the soul of a rarely gifted man looked forth out of its solemn deeps upon the visible world, with which it seemed to have no sympathy, no spiritual relations, no moral companionship. It always seemed that his soul was in ruins, and in this ruin there was something overwhelmingly awful—the terror of spiritual desolation, the despair of the immortal that had somehow "sinned away its day of grace"—a spirit that stood alone in the universe bracing itself against some terrible foreboding.

We were too young then to know of the terror possible to a spirit that had fallen from its high estate and misused its divinity. Experience of life since has given us some glimpses of this, tho they have been faint. We still know enough to make us avoid more knowledge, and we have no desire to become expert in dissecting the woe of despairing spirits. Poor Old Jack, long ago (for he was then of middle age) must have gone over the Great Divide and into the kingdom where there is a God of mercy and life everlasting, where he must have found rest for his weary spirit in the abundance of its perfect peace.

He was a scholar in the noblest sense. In the shades of Oxford he had enriched his mind with the learning of the world. He was profoundly versed in the higher mathematics, and no problem seemed to him anything but a toy. The calculation of the coming of an eclipse, the accurate measurement of distances between the stars, were to him of easy accomplishment. In the classics he was as familiar as a schoolboy with his alphabet. From Horace, Homer and Virgil, even with his drunken lips, he could quote with perfect accent whole chapters. With the finest literature of the moderns he was equally well acquainted, and was familiar in a wonderful way with the literature of the Elizabethan age. This was his delight. He knew Bacon by heart, and from Shakespeare he could recite whole plays. It was not the parrot-like recitation one sometimes listens to, as a mere feat of memory, but a discriminating recital in which there was critical knowledge, love of beauty and the enticement of wisdom.

He was to us young students a marvel, and whenever we found that he had come we hunted him up, lured him to some quiet place, and by a few questions set in motion his great mind, and drew out of his storehouse learning beyond value and wisdom without price.

What was the mystery of this man's life—what untoward fate drove him from the great world of achievement where greatness was possible for such as he, to dwell in solitude in the loneliness of the hills, remote from his kind, by the far off sea? We often wondered whether the wound he sought to hide in the silence of the wilderness was a wound of mind or heart; what sorrow he sought to forget in the solace of a drunken debauch. There are times when we are stunned by the mystery of life, by the weirdness of existence, the absolute inability to understand our own lives, and, therefore, blind when we endeavor to unravel the mystery of others. How often we are like Tennyson when he wrote that he was "like an infant crying in the night, like an infant crying for the light, and with no language but a cry."

We were sitting one day by the shore of Lake Union, then part of a virgin wilderness, now one of the beautiful scenes that add to the attractions of Seattle. Its surface matched the sky above. Its deeps mirrored the great trees upon its banks. It was a favorite retreat of ours, for the silence and the beauty had the power to take from us the steady yearning that we had for the sunlight of California, which in our boyhood seemed to have worked into our blood. We had been in Seattle during the winter, and the constant cloud and drip had become weariness. A footfall near us disturbed our reflections, and looking up we saw before us the tall form of a man, not exactly in rags but near enough for us to say truthfully that he was exceedingly shabby. He was about forty years of age, and as perfect a specimen of the tribe of unkept as we had ever seen. There must have been inquiry in our eyes, for he spoke in a tone of apology and said, after a pleasant salutation and a remark upon the beauty of the scene, "I live back here in the woods several miles, and I am making my monthly trip to town for supplies and papers." The voice was finely modulated, even musical, and we looked at him more closely, for there was in the voice that peculiar quality that proclaims the gentleman. We knew by that first utterance that we were again to have an experience with what the world calls the "abnormal human"—a man with a past, another recluse or derelict—and we talked with him for an interesting half hour. He told us that he lived alone on a pre-emption claim which he had cut out of the forest, near the shores of the Sound, that he had so lived for several years, that he raised cattle and read books; that after his graduation from a noted American college, as we now remember it, he had drifted out west until he could drift no farther, for he was against the western edge of the continent.

There was about him a modest dignity that imprest us despite his untidiness and great carelessness of appearance. Unconscious of his appearance, he seemed to carry himself with the ease of one who had been to the manner born and used to the refinement of the very best social life, and so it afterwards appeared. He gave us a kind invitation to visit him at his "clearing," as he called it, which we promised to do on some other day, for we had become anxious to know more of a man marked as he was with all the evidences of culture, breeding and scholarship. Making us a courtly bow, he went on his way through the woods toward the town.

We made inquiry of these whom we had reason to believe knew something about him, and found that he was well known of, but not well known,—that he was known as "The Hermit," that he was a secretive man and hard of approach and resented intrusions of uninvited persons upon his solitude, for he lived in solitude absolutely, as there were no horizons to his home except the rim of the forest, from which he had with infinite toil and patience carved out, without aid, a few acres which he had sown to grasses and upon which he raised his cattle. His only possible outlook was upward to the sky, and this outlook was not continuous, for during many months of the year the sky was hidden by cloud and mist. He was regarded by those who knew him as sane and sound of mind, tho he puzzled them by his eccentricities. He had the fixt reputation of a man who attended to his own affairs and expected those about him to attend to theirs. His monthly invasion of the little village, as Seattle was then, had made him familiar to the people, altho he went about his affairs silent and reserved and unobtrusive. He communicated only with those with whom he had business which, when accomplished, left no reason for a long stay in the town. At first he had been an object of suspicion. This, however, finally yielded to the better feeling of curiosity only, and as his condition was steady and sober, he acquired slowly a reputation of being a good man. No saloon door ever opened to welcome him; the store and the postoffice were the only places he ever entered, and in these his stay was short. The regularity of his visits gradually wore out any especial interest on the part of the little community, and at the time we saw him, he was allowed to come and go without comment. He had gravitated to his place and was regarded as a member of the population, as "The Hermit" only. He was too reserved for approach and inquiry, and during all the years he had taken no man into his confidence nor volunteered any information. He had to the highest degree the rarest of human qualities, that of living continuously within himself. This faculty is the genius of great minds, altho it may be, forsooth, that it is a temporarily acquired capacity of the vicious who dread to open their lips for fear that some unknown vice or crime, from the punishment of which they are in hiding, may lead to discovery. These outcasts, however, are silent only when among their betters, for when in company of their own kind as to offense and character they are as garrulous as an old maid at a sewing circle.

Knowing this much of this lone denizen of the woods, we were curious to meet him on his own ground, and before many days found the trail leading through the shadow of deep woods and reached his clearing, where we spent half a day in pleasant talk. He lived in a rude shack, built with his own hands, in the center of a little opening in the woods. We can not say that we were charmed with its interior. We were his guest, and (ordinarily) our lips would be dumb upon what we write here, were it possible that he would ever see or hear of what is written. Of this there is no danger, for that was years ago, and he was then in middle age, and doubtless now "after life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

Disorder was everywhere; poverty manifest in the meager equipments for living, added to which was accumulated dirt. The walls were dingy, the floor unswept, and the dust of years clung to everything. It was painful to think that a human being, much less a cultured scholar, evidently used in former years to all the elegance of refined life, would under any circumstances be content for a single day to abide in such squalor; it was not mere disorder, it was dirt. His cattle sheds by contrast were preferable as a habitation.

There was, however, one redeeming feature, and that was his library, to which it was evident he gave his only care, for here we found cleanliness, which was proof conclusive that he knew full well what it was to be clean. From the shelves he took down one after the other, rare volumes of the classics, Greek and Latin lore, Homer, Virgil, Horace, Herodotus, Dante, Cicero, Cæsar, Plato and others of the glorious company of ancient scholars, poets and orators. They were not exhibition volumes, for each bore the marks of frequent use. Modern literature was as well represented, for we found Shakespeare, Dryden, Wordsworth, Schiller, Goethe, Bacon, Addison, Sterne, Scott, Longfellow, Bryant and Whittier, and other works of the great modern world. We searched for a seat where we could sit down without too close contact with the dirt, and listened for several hours to this strange recluse of the northern woods as he read from many of those to him sacred volumes. He loved his books with a fervid love. They were the only sweetness in his otherwise desolate life. He did not read as one reads familiar things, passionless, careful only to give expression to words and to attend to the proper placing of commas, semicolons and periods, but as one stirred deeply by the lofty thought and for the beauty of the wisdom unexcelled. He seemed to be lifted for the time out of the dim woods and the squalid shack, to live in academic shades of Greece and Rome, to be again within the shadows of Harvard, as one by some magic touch transferred.

It was a great afternoon for us, and to it he was not indifferent, for he delighted to exhibit his treasures to those who with him had the taste and capacity to enjoy the beauty of the great writers. We wondered more and more, until we were confused in the tangle of our imagination, as to what secret lay in the mind and heart of this strange being, gifted with rare mentality, possessed of an exquisite literary taste, and eloquent of speech. We dared not ask, for his personality was too fine to wound with a careless question. We felt that if he did not speak, it was because he did not care to open the door of his life to the vision of a stranger. Whatever it was, it was a secret between him and his Maker.

The lowering sun warned us of the miles that lay between us and Seattle, and the trail running through dim woods darkly shadowed, and we were compelled to leave him to his loneliness as it seemed to us, tho he may not have been lonely, for who can probe into another's spirit when he seems so often a stranger to his own. As he walked with us to the edge of the little opening, he pointed out to us his cattle, his only living associates. He loved them and called them each by name, and as he did, they came up to him for a caress. They were fine things, and as we noted his caress and the light in the eyes of those dumb beasts, as they felt the touch of his gentle fingers, we felt that a man who could be so loving to a dumb animal and whom the dumb animals so loved, had down deep in the "holy of holies" of his heart somewhere an unspoken love for the human kind—a force which was the mainspring of his life. Was this the solution of his life? He told us that in order that he might not forget the use of language, he every day recited to his herd poems, orations and essays, and that it was not always the good luck of a public speaker to have so respectful and attentive an audience, and that they had become so used to the habit that they looked for it as much as they did for their food. As we reached the trail, we gave him our hand in a long, farewell shake. We were sad at the leaving, for we felt that we were bidding him an eternal farewell, and so it proved, for we never saw him again. There were in his eyes tears of sadness as we said, "Good-by and God bless you."

Just before a turn in the trail shut out our view of him, we turned and waved again our good-by, and there still he stood as we had left him, a silent, pathetic figure, something to us awful, for he was in the attitude of the moment fit to have been the model of some great sculptor who wished to make immortal the figure of a man in despair. It may be and let us hope that we were mistaken, had misunderstood him and his life, that he was wise in a larger wisdom than we, that he had ascended to heights beyond our vision, and that out of fountains of sweet waters he drew daily refreshment of which we did not know—that from the vanities of life he had escaped like Lot from Sodom, into the salvation of the forest—that like the old prophet he heard the voice of angels and had visions of unutterable splendor; that his solace was not that of modern days, or in his dwelling-place, but that he found his peace in companionship with Socrates and Plato, with Dante and Paul and Christ, and that he was unconscious in loneliness in his poor shack.

At Lone Pine, under the shadows of Whitney, we found another son of silence, who had cast in his lot with strangers. We knew of him better than we knew him, for he was absolutely a recluse, holding no communication with any one except when he was called to minister to the people about him, for he was a physician of great skill. We were at the time engaged in work that was exacting and exhausting, and as is often the case overdid and fell into a strained condition that required medicine, and we called upon the little "French Doctor," for that, so far as we knew, was his only name. We found him housed in a little adobe dwelling, situated in the center of about half an acre of garden, just at the edge of the little town. The garden was enclosed by a high fence that shut it out from the view of the passersby. He seemed averse to being intruded upon, even by the eye of a stranger.

At the time we speak of, we called at the house, letting ourselves into the garden through a high gate, seldom opened. We found within the enclosure a rare collection of plants and flowers, properly cared for, attended to by one who loved them and who knew their nature well enough to preserve their life and beauty against the diversity of a climate which might have destroyed them except for this extreme care, for it was a climate subject to sudden and biting frosts, even in the springtime and early summer, and to burning heat and high winds. Here, engrossed, we found the little Frenchman, directing his little irrigating stream about the roots of his trees and plants. As he looked up, there was a little of defiance and much question in his face. He had the air of one who was disturbed by another presence. We noticed this, and apologized by a statement that we were ailing and needed his skill. This statement at once softened him, and the kind-hearted physician took the place of the hostile man. While we stood there in the sunshine, we had time to take a mental picture of him. He was slight of frame, in fact delicate; age had laid its hand upon him and he was just a little bent, but the face was that of a man highly organized, with the peculiar nervousness of refined Frenchmen. He had the mannerisms of the Parisian in speech, accent and gesture. He spoke English with the accent of a scholar familiar with the idioms of the language, retaining, however, the cunning of the tongue, which makes it impossible for a Frenchman to hide his nativity.

When after a time he had discovered that we were a little different from those who usually called for his services, he gradually relaxed his reserve and became talkative. He invited us into the house, asked us to sit down, and after diagnosing our trouble and prescribing for it, he became a pleasant host, soon giving us evidence that our visit was a pleasant thing to him. He lived alone, performed all of his household work and with his own hands attended to every want. This was a matter of little toil, for it was apparent that he was of simple tastes and habits. We were again in the household of a unique character, another human with some hidden history, some heart secret, that had cut him off from his fellows and sent him from bonny France and its brilliant capital to the uttermost parts of the world, to hide himself among strangers in a strange land. His little home was the retreat of a scholar, for scattered about in the confusion to be expected in a household where woman's care was absent, were piles of books, professional and miscellaneous papers, and magazines from the centers of the world. There was an orderly disorder apparent everywhere and in everything, and while here and there in the corners of the room the webs of spiders, long undisturbed, hung like a fisherman's net, there was about all a careless cleanliness.

All our talk was impersonal, for his manner was still distant, as if to warn us that inquiry of a personal nature would make us immediately *persona non grata.* We talked of trees and flowers, medicine and books, of his professional relations to the little community, but never a word that could be twisted into an inquiry of the cause of his living alone in the desert. There was something very gentle, something charming about the little man, when he thawed out. He had no discontent, no marks of regret, no trace in face or eye of some brooding that disturbed his days or made darker than with physical darkness the hours of the night. His face was that of one who, if he had suffered crucifixion, had been able to hide its wounds. He was evidently a gifted man, though he had a small field within which to practise his profession or to use his knowledge. He laid his finger quickly upon the nerves that were disquieted in us, and gave them immediate relief. One visit was sufficient. While he seemed content, we somehow wondered whether there were not hours when his thoughts turned to Paris again; when imagination wooed him back to her brilliance and gaieties; whether in the silence of the nights, when sleep deserted him, as it does at times all men, he did not hear the shout of gay voices, the strain of bewitching music; see again the lights of crowded streets; whether at times the silence of the desert made him hunger for life again, restless as memory drew her picture of days when hope was buoyant and ambition a flame. But why wonder? What he thought or hoped or dreamed was a closed book, sacred from the touch of all the world.

We inquired about him and found from one of the local historians that he had, years before, drifted into the town; that he was a French physician; that, consulting no one, he quietly secured the half acre that became his permanent home, and there had lived without companionship, asking no favor, giving his services to those unable to pay, and even leaving his compensation, when others could pay, to their own generosity; that he was as aloof in all but mere physical presence as if he lived in Mars.

From the three parallel lives, found so widely separated by time and space, we have drawn no satisfying conclusions, except that while an ordinary man goes to pieces under slight heart strains, the strong man's mind remains sane under terrible burdens. The great heart may, like a Damascus blade, be bent double, but can not be broken.

Perhaps the most unique of all of these strange pieces of human flotsam and jetsam was an unkept, blear-eyed tramp, whose bloated face and watery eyes were the evidences of his drunken condition, and who one afternoon shambled into the Black schoolhouse situated in the sunny Suisun Valley where, as a mere lad I was the teacher of the district country school. Markham, the poet, was there as a pupil at the time, although we doubt if he will remember the time or the man. The man's general appearance made him an undesirable visitor to a school, and I asked him why he had, uninvited, assumed that he was acceptable to us. He did not seem surprised or resentful, and at once replied that he knew of many things that might interest the scholars and if I would allow him to go to the blackboard, he would exhibit some of his accomplishments. The sublime assurance of the man was refreshing and made me consent, for I felt that at any rate he could not harm us, and whatever he did, would be a diversion from the humdrum of daily school life. He went to the blackboard and asked that one of the oldest scholars give to him a sum in addition, and to make the sum as intricate as he pleased. At this, one of the scholars called out sums, one after the other, mounting into the hundreds of thousands. A long list of these was called out until the blackboard was full from top to bottom. With a wave of the hand up the column, in a second the tramp called out the answer, which we found, after somewhat laborious calculation and casting up of the columns, was correct. The same feat he demonstrated with fractions, with subtraction and division. He was a past master in the art of rapid calculation. Having for half an hour thus amused us and himself, he courteously withdrew and shambled off down the road, another example of a misdirected life, a man homeless, friendless and purposeless.

While in Death Valley we heard of, but did not see, a man who for forty years had existed in a rude cabin in the hot hills of this eastern rim—existed, yes, for such a life could not be "living." To live means to aspire, to think, to act, to recognize the relations of one being to another. This can not be done by one whose days and nights are measured by nothing but a revolution of the earth on its axis, by the rising and setting of the sun. If the environment of continuous darkness blinds the mole, and makes eyeless the fishes of Mammoth Cave, forty years of seclusion surely must draw a cataract across the mental vision of a man whose life is passed almost in total silence. This was a moral necessity, for were it otherwise, there would some day come a depression, a terrible revolt against the silent days, and in its delirium the mind would in wild frenzy put out its own light or grope through its gloom to some outlet from intolerable solitude. We can not mock the spirit forever and deny to it its birthright, and remain normally human.

Chapter XXII

THREE HEROES—AN INDIAN, A WHITE MAN AND A NEGRO

THE doctrine of the natural depravity of man is often overthrown by some splendid exhibition of qualities in the individual that lifts him into something fine—some act that quickens our pulses. We are often compelled by the logic of the heart to conclude that *ex cathedra* deductions of the churchmen are imperfect measurements of the spirit.

The schoolman may analyze motive and passion,—in fact all the emotions that lie at the base of human character, and arrive at conclusions that establish to his satisfaction formulas by which he measures the moral fibers of the average human life, but the schoolman fails in emergency and his rules go to pieces in the storm of experience. No man can be measured except by what he can do—what he has done. His aspiration and dream are fleeting as the summer clouds until they become fixed by action. A single act in hours of emergency discloses weakness or strength, and be that act heroic or mean, it permanently fixes moral status. The Master knew this when He taught the multitudes "you shall know them by their fruits. Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?" If a man's action be mean, men thereafter may be deceived in him by the glamuor of his repute, but the man himself forever knows what he is, and there are two in the universe to whom he stands naked—himself and God.

If we have in these pages dwelt long in the desert and among the dwellers therein, it is because we have never been free from the fascination that possest us while we were part of it and them. We feel that to lose the memory of them would be a spiritual loss and leave a vacuum in our moral make-up.

The chill of an autumn morning at Big Pine, a little village in Owens River Valley, drove us to the warmth of a grateful fire in a little hotel. We had found an old magazine and were engrossed in its pages when an Indian came in with an armful of wood which he threw down just at our back. We were startled for the moment and looked up and met one of the surprises of our life. Before us stood a majestic man. His face had in it the strength and beauty of a great spirit; he towered over six feet in the splendid proportions of a Greek statue. He smiled his apology for disturbing us, and a "kingly condescension graced his lips." We felt as one who had seen a vision. We had seen thousands of Indians, fine models of natural men and had often from the artist's standpoint admired and wondered at their perfection, but never such as he who stood before us. As he went out, we turned to a man who sat by the fire and asked him "who is that man?" He seemed surprised and said, "Why, don't you know him?" "That is Joe Bowers, chief of the Inyo Piutes," and then with the enthusiasm of his respect for the noble Indian, gave us the story of his character and career. It is no fairy story, altho it seemed as unreal. It was the story of a humane, heroic man worthy to be made immortal. His tribal name we do not know—we never knew.

The opportunity to become familiar with such a man, to learn from him the rareness and beauty of a life begun in an Indian cradle, educated by its own supreme quality, was not to be lost, and in after days Joe Bowers and we became friends, not friends as the world understands it, but friends in its noblest sense—followed by a companionship that had in it an ever increasing charm. He grew, as the days passed, it seemed, taller, statelier, more serene and majestic. We found that to be counted worthy to be his friend was to hold a certificate of good character.

Physically he was without flaw, tho at the time we first met him, age had begun its disintegrating work, and he had lost some of the superb energy of his earlier manhood. He was still, however, a magnificent human shape. Six feet in height, he stood in repose the perfection of grace and strength. About him was something that always compelled attention and awakened admiration. Into him had entered the majesty of the heights that environed his youth, ever present about him as he grew to manhood. He had been nourished by the silence of lonely places, enriched by the heavens and the earth. The voices of streams and storms; the coo of birds; the scream of the eagle in the sky were utterances of the oracles whose meaning he may not have always accurately interpreted, but he knew by the response of his own nature that they were as "the voice of one crying in the wilderness."

There was an impressive dignity in the poise of his head firmly set upon massive shoulders. Authority and power were in this poise, and few men would be reckless enough to treat him with disrespect, for he compelled homage by his mere presence. No one ever approached him more than once with condescension, for to such he was the very spirit of unspoken scorn. To gracious demeanor and word he was open and sweet. The summer sun never made the eastern heavens more radiant than did kindly words make this brave and rugged face—a face wherein spirituality had set its lines of power and traced a network for the play of delicate emotions. It was the face of one born for empire, the widest empire possible to the limitations of his life. In other places and times he would have been a ruler of a nation rather than chief of an untutored tribe. It was after all in the deeps of his eyes that one caught a glimpse of the rarely endowed spirit that made him the master of situations perilous to himself as well as to others. They were eyes "to threaten and command," at times like the heavens, full of beauty, glorious with the lights of the dawn and the shadows of the sunset, cloudless and serene, and then again full of thunder and lightening and storm. He feared nothing but dishonor, loved nothing but things noble. His chief qualities were a power to command, courage, and beneficence.

His career as chief in desperate times of conflict with the whites will demonstrate all we have written, and a recital of his acts during these desperate times marks him as one of the most glorious examples of the perfect man—a Christian by instinct, profoundly religious without instruction, a man of peace in the midst of war, one of the few upon whom Nature had conferred the patent of a noble.

It is but fair to say that doubtless he was greatly indebted to tribal virtues. A close study of the Piutes disclosed to us that when unsullied by the vices of civilization they were, in the mass, governed by noble racial instincts. As a tribe they were remarkable for two great virtues—honesty in the man and chastity in the woman. Their laws were as stern as those of Judeans. In the warp and woof of these great qualities, it is not a matter of wonder that there should be woven now and then a character of supreme grandeur, a focalization of spiritual force, clear-eyed enough to see truth that was universal, as operative in the solitudes of Inyo as under the dome of St. Peter. The uplift of tribal virtues must at some time and place produce exceptional characters. If Judean philosophy found speech in Isaiah and David, why should not the moral genius of the Piute live in Bowers, individualized and illuminated.

The pages of history are made enticing by many a story of human action along the lines of endeavor, stories that thrill, comfort and inspire us when we become sore and tired with the endless strife of the selfish. They lift us above the sloughs of despondency, when we are nearly suffocated and out of moral breath. Such is the story of Joe Bowers' humane conduct during the Indian War of 1856. The vast territory lying south of the Sierras in California was Indian territory under the protection of two companies of United States soldiers, at Fort Independence, near the present town of Independence. The steady encroachments of the whites made the Piutes restless, and the constant brooding over foreign occupation ripened into a fighting mood. It was the old story. As the strain became more tense, individuals first protested to their chief, and then the tribe was aroused to council and war-councils were held with all the mysticism invariably a part of such councils. At these Bowers presided with authority, which was a part of his being. He had taken accurate account of conditions, recognized the sure results to his tribe of the incoming of the whites; knew that possession and domain would pass out of the hands of his people, and that slowly but surely the time was coming when they would "read their doom in the setting sun." But with the largeness of his wisdom, he also knew that resistence to the inevitable was vain. He had talked with the Commander at the Fort for the purpose of ascertaining the military resources of the United States in case of war, and armed with knowledge, quickened by his own intuition, he knew that protest was hopeless,—that slaughter of his tribe must result, and that however long the contest might be waged, and with whatever first victories to his people, that ultimately they would be crusht and subjugated. His great heart was sorely torn and disquieted, but he saw his way clearly as all supreme souls do, and he acted at his own personal peril for what he knew to be the best for those who looked to him for guidance. The Indians were now at a fever heat, and a final council was called to declare for war or peace.

It was a great concourse of subchiefs, medicine men and representatives of the old and young of the tribe. It had a peace party headed by Bowers, and a war party headed by a fiery young subchief, second in command to Bowers. For days the discussion went on. Bowers told them that the handful of soldiers at the Fort were but a part of a great army like them beyond the mountains, where thousands and thousands of white men had had like contests, and that there had always been but one result—the subjugation of resisting tribes, and that they could not escape a like fate in case of war. Into the scale for peace he threw all his tremendous influence. For them he had been until now Father and Guide. Never before had his wisdom and justice been questioned. The final vote was taken and it was for war. Then Bowers rose to the height of majestic action. He told them that he would not fight and that if they went to war, they must find a new chief and leader. Had he been an ordinary man, this would have been his death sentence, for it was the law of the tribe that if a chief refused to fight when his people called for war, he forfeited his life. He looked serenely into the face of fate, but conquered since the law was waived. He was retired as chief only during the war, and the hot-headed subchief was chosen as warchief.

Bowers' moral grandeur now was exhibited, in that while his people were fighting the whites, he went about saving their lives. To lonely miners' cabins in far-off canyons he went, warning the miners to flee to the fort. He was asked by them what they should do with their possessions, and he said, "Leave them as they are, I will protect them, and when the war is over, come back and you will find all as you leave them." At the door of each cabin he planted a long, slender reed upon which was fixed some mystic symbol. This was notice to the Indians that the cabin and all about it were under his protection. Many a miner, whose life would have been sacrificed, was thus saved.

At one point on the mesas, that lay about the base of Waucoba Mountain, sixty miles from the fort, over a range of lofty mountains, two men had their camp where they were herding over two hundred head of cattle, fattening upon the white sage abundant there. These he warned to flee to the fort, telling them to leave their cattle to him, and that they would be safe. Grateful for their lives thus saved, the men told Bowers that his people during the winter might become hungry, and that for his services, he was at liberty to kill as many of the cattle as he chose. This offer was accepted. The same mystic symbol of his protection and authority was posted at this camp; all was saved; strange as it may seem, when the war was over, miners and cattlemen returned to find all as they had left it, except the cattlemen found a pile of heads, twenty in number, carefully preserved as evidence of the number the Indians had killed and eaten. As the men examined these heads, they found that in every instance they were of inferior cattle, and they said to Bowers, "Why, Joe, you killed only the poorest of the cattle. Why didn't you pick out better ones?" With a winning smile, so common to him, he replied, "Oh, maybe so, poor steer plenty good for Injun." This reply had in it neither music nor rhetoric, yet one would hunt in vain the literature of all times and ages to find words into which had been breathed more of the fine beauty of a great soul. Thus during the entire war, waged with the savagery of Indians, without mercy or quarter, did Bowers pass from point to point of danger, saving the lives and property of the enemies of his tribe, but while his people knew of all that he did, they lifted no hand against him. Let no man say in the presence of such moral strength that the wild man of the earth's waste places "is of the earth earthy."

When the war ended, Bowers, having been justified for his actions, rose again, by the grandeur of his character, to his chieftainship, never thereafter to be challenged. We remember the last time we saw him on a lonely trail crossing the desert mountain, between California and Nevada. We were both alone and were surprised to see each other, and I said, "Where are you going, Bowers?" He replied, "Oh, some bad man make trouble between Piutes and I go fix him." It seems to us always afterward that we were glad of our last view of him as he was thus on a mission of mercy.

In consideration of his services, the Government at the close of the war placed him upon the pay-roll of the army in some subordinate office,—a sinecure sufficient to sustain him in comfort in his declining years.

If he had been an Anglo-Saxon, in some center field of the world, he would have been part of some noble chapters of history.

In a solitary miner's cabin on the eastern slope of the White mountains, we found living in the quiet of a remote, secluded life, two men nearer to David and Jonathan in the beauty of their friendship, than any two we have ever met. One of these was W. S. Greenly, whose qualities of mind and heart were charged with that magnetism which flows from a great purity of life. He was at once a hero and a martyr, for, with an equipment of power large enough to have made him a dominant figure in commercial, political and social life, he lived beyond his opportunity because he loved, with a love passing that of woman, the man who was his companion in loneliness. Greenly is dead. This we learned not long ago when we wrote hoping to find him still adorning our common human nature with the nobility and the sweetness that made our acquaintance with him a fruitful memory. No braver, kindlier heart ever beat within a human bosom. He was a strong man, with all the modest gentleness of a woman, and in him it was verified that "the bravest are the tenderest." Those who knew him honored him with great honor, and to be his friend was a choice thing. The serenity of his temper was as unvarying as the seasons. Impulse had no part in his mental action. He was not slow to action, nor hurried in speech. Benevolence was his basic quality. His days had not always been full of peace, nor his life without stirring events, which marked him as a man for great emergencies.

Between him and Bowers, the Piute Chief, there existed a warm friendship, as each recognized in the other a man. Ordinarily, there existed reasons why they should have been enemies, for Greenly was the man who led the force that finally defeated the Piutes and destroyed them, broke their war spirit and ended forever their struggles against the supremacy of the whites.

At the time the war broke out, Greenly was a young man, who had come into the Owens River country to try his fortunes. At this time the region had great repute for its supposed mineral wealth and had thus attracted many aspiring young men of great ability. The dream of wealth had lured them from the comforts of Eastern homes, to brave the perils of the frontier. For a while Greenly watched the events of the war and as the soldiers, unused to the methods of the Indian warfare, suffered defeat, he became satisfied they were unequal to the conflict, and that if the whites were to be victorious, an important change must be made in the personnel of the fighters, as well as in their tactics. He, with others, had sought the protection of the Fort, and there were then gathered in the place a number of young men, brave and active, who chafed at confinement, and grew restless from the frequent defeat of the soldiers. Following one of these most serious defeats, Greenly took up the matter with the Commander, and formulated a plan by which he, as leader, and his associates, as his comrades, should offer to the Commander of the fort their service as fighters, provided always that Greenly should direct the further campaign, and that he should have supreme authority and the soldiers be subordinate to and subject to his commands. At this time the Indian forces, numerous and defiant, by reason of their successes, had established their central camp at a point about half way between the Fort and Owens Lake, which was distant about sixteen miles. The commander at first repudiated Greenly's plan, and refused to surrender his command of his soldiers. What other course could be expected, for pride is ever greater than discretion. Greenly, however, was master of the situation. He knew how desperate the situation would be before long, when supplies became exhausted, and no opportunity for replenishment, for the Indians held every road leading into the valley, and no chance existed for getting word to the outside world for relief. These facts, day after day, he urged with eloquence and persistence, until the logic of the desperate situation became unanswerable, and he had his way.

At once he armed his little band of independent fighters, and inspired them with his own spirit, and thus equipped was ready for the field. He desired, however, before the execution of his plan, to give the Indians a final chance to retire from the conflict and determined to visit their camp and submit terms to their chiefs and fighting men, in council. Eight miles down the desert valley nightly the Indians held their war-dance—their method of keeping hot their hate and courage. Their fires were visible from the fort, and here several hundred warriors danced themselves into the frenzy of battle.

One night, unarmed, Greenly mounted his horse and left the fort, alone and defenseless, except as he was defended by his own courageous and quenchless spirit. He rode through the darkness into the excited camp, and coolly dismounting, tied his horse, entered the council chamber, and called for the chiefs. The audacity of his act compelled their respect, for the Indians are great worshipers of heroes. Far into the night he urged upon the chiefs the hopelessness of their case, the certainty of defeat and the consequent result. While they gave him respectful attention, they were unmoved, and he might as well have spoken to the dead. As the dawn began to break in the East, he mounted his horse for his return, but not before, as his final word, he had told the chiefs that he would drive them and their warriors into Owens Lake. On his return to the fort he organized his men into fighting order, and, supported by the soldiers, started forth to keep his word; and keep his word he did, for after desperate charges and almost hand to hand fighting, the Indians began to fall back toward the lake. By Greenly's command, the squaws and papooses were allowed to escape into the protection of the sagebrush, where they crouched like quail, safe from the onslaught. Slowly the Indians, mile after mile, were pressed down the valley, until before them shone the waters of the sullen lake. Then they remembered Greenly's threat, and they fought with new desperation. But as steady as the march of the sun in the heavens, on and on and on they were pressed until the shore was reached, and on into the lake. The

Indian war was over, and the dead warriors of the tribe floated in the sullen waters.

The memory of this terrible day kept the peace ever afterwards. Greenly resigned his command, went about his work, a modest, retiring man, out of whom could be drawn the details of his achievement only by loving persuasion. Oh, how mean we sometimes feel, when we in our hours of doubt challenge the capacity of mere men to be almost like unto God, when we call them clay only and deny to them their divinity.

This same war disclosed another heroic soul, a simple black man—a negro servant who, in an hour of peril, to save those whom he served, gave up his life, his body to mutilation and torture.

Near the railway of the Carson and Colorado Railroad, in the Valley of Owens River, one always notices, rising out of the level plain, a peculiar mound of rock, a mere volcanic puff covering not more than an acre of ground. Its peculiar color and situation always attract the attention of the traveler and upon inquiry he is informed by some trainman that it is known as "Charley's Butte." The story connected with it, which gave it its tragic baptism, is well known, and upon inquiry this is what is told:

During one of the fiercest days of the Indian war, a family consisting of several men, women and children, were fleeing to the fort. In the party was an old negro servant named Charley, who had been with the family for years. He was a patient, faithful man, always recognizing the relation of a negro to the white man, even in his state of freedom. He was a typical Southern negro, with all the loyalty peculiar to those who lived with and served the Southerners. The party were mounted upon horses, and were urging them to as great speed as possible, over the broken and rocky way towards the fort, still some six miles away.

Just as they forded Owens River, a warwhoop was heard in the distance, and soon there rode into view a band of painted warriors on the war-trail. They had discovered the fleeing family and were riding in fury to cut off their escape. The horses of the fleeing party were worn with long riding, and with whip and spur they failed to preserve the distance between the pursuers and the pursued. Charley, with a little girl in front of him, was riding in the rear. For several miles the life race was kept up, but slowly the warriors gained. At last Charley saw that unless something heroic was done, they would be overtaken and slaughtered. Then it was that his soul acted, and he determined to sacrifice himself for their salvation. Slipping from the horse, he told the little girl to ride as fast as she could and tell those ahead to keep up their run for the fort and lose not a moment. The little girl said, "What are you going to do?" To which he replied,, "Never mind what I am going to do, but you ride and do as I tell you." He knew he was facing an awful death at the hands of the infuriated savages, whom he was robbing of their prey.

Armed with a rifle and two revolvers, he turned and faced his foes, calm and certain. His action was notice to the Indians that they were in for a fight, and before that determined negro they halted for conference. These were golden moments, for every second of delay in the chase meant more chance of safety to those who were, as fast as jaded horses could run, fleeing for their lives. The conference over, on came the Indians, charging upon the lone and silent figure of defense and sacrifice. As soon as they were in range, Charley's rifle spoke with deadly aim. Again the Indians were staggered and other moments cut out of the distance to the fort before the flying refugees. The Indians charged again and again, but Charley's revolvers met their charge and thus, until his weapons were empty and he defenseless, he held at bay the charging demons. On their last charge there came no reply, and they rushed upon the defenseless hero, seized him, carried him to the little Butte across the river, and after terrible torture and mutilation, burned him to death. And this is why the little mound is to-day known as "Charley's Butte." As his torture was producing a wail of unutterable agony, the family rode into the fort and were saved. Find for me, if you can, in any page of heroism a more lofty act of self-sacrifice than this from a poor member of a despised race.

We have long intended and we still intend some day to have a white marble shaft erected on the summit of this sacrificial mound, carved thereon, in letters large enough to be read from the windows of the passing train, "Sacred to the Memory of Charley—a black man with a white soul. Killed in the Indian war while defending his master's family."

"Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends."

Chapter XXIII

INCIDENTS OF FRONTIER LIFE

Of course, but few places in California are purely frontier, but there are many remote places where live people with a natural aversion to the centers of life. They love freedom.

During the three years we spent in and about Inyo County, we had many experiences with these simple, kindly people. There was a gravitation toward friendliness, and we had opportunities to render services in many ways to those to whom such services were acceptable, through distress, illness and death. The larger part of the territory covered by Inyo County is a vast domain, traversed by ranges of mountains, long stretches of desert sands, awful wastes, without a single human habitation. It will be more perfectly understood how vast and desperate the larger part of this territory is by a glance at the map, where a superficial view will disclose Death Valley, Pannamint Valley, Saline Valley, and a large part of the Mojave Desert. Masses of volcanic hills and lonely mesas are given over to desolation, cacti and the sagebrush. All of this silence lies to the east and south of the valley of Owens River, which flows through its principal fertilized valley, forty-five miles in length.

In this valley, during the time of which we write, living in varying degrees of prosperity and comfort, were the twenty-five hundred people who comprised the registered population, and it was among these that we found the friendships of which we have spoken. The majority of these were law-abiding, and while there were some given to the minor dissipations that somehow seem inevitable to frontier communities, they were free from violence, and while they might be sometimes uncouth, they were never vicious. The ever present public school was planted wherever sufficient children were collected to authorize a claim upon the public treasury. Education was attended to by those competent. Religion was another thing, and, outside of that few of spiritually-minded to be found everywhere, the mass in matters of the spirit went as they pleased. At this time there was, among all of these people, so far as we can now remember, but one minister, and he of the Methodist Church—that great American ecclesiastical pioneer that has during the evolution of the American States cared for the souls of the pioneer as he fought his way to dominion over wilderness and desert. We have penetrated to many forlorn and lonely outposts in the West, but we have never been quite beyond the voice and influence of some devoted member of this church, who acted as the "sky pilot" for the rude and very often desperate absentees from civilization.

The field at that time was too large for the work of this lone pioneer of faith, and the sick often went without consolation, the dying without consecration, and the dead were lowered into their eternal resting place without prayer. Men may be in their strength indifferent to religion, may even sneer at the advice of its followers, may suspect churchmen of hypocrisy, but they long for some spiritual word when their beloved are in peril, and the white faces of their dead lie before them. Few are proof against this universal desire, when the dread specter casts its shadow upon their household, and in the desolate hour they cry aloud for some voice to mingle with their lamentations, and we, without profession other than that we believe in the Master, in the mercy of the Father, and in the abundant affection of the Infinite for the finite, were often called to bury their dead and to comfort the living. In these sad offices we were often brought face to face with desperate lives, the pathos of dissolute years, the tragedy of souls that made the heart ache with the terror of it all.

We shall not forget one funeral at which we officiated at Cerro Gordo. Years before, when the town was in the flush of its mining days, a beautiful Irish girl drifted into camp, then a wild, boisterous town, with all the dissipations and sins of such places, where the making of money was the one object, and there was a total absence of moral restraints. The law operated only in a feeble way, to punish crimes that interfered with property or life; minor offenses were regarded as mere peccadillos, to be overlooked. The men who did the work were strong, impulsive animals, through whose veins ran riotous blood. They toiled like giants, and reveled after hours with a terrible abandon. If well paid and fed, they faced the daily dangers of the shaft and drift without thought. The present was their existence; no thought of the future disturbed their days or nights. Reckless, they flung defiance to fate and braved with a steady pulse the exigencies of life; wounded or sick, they sought the shelter of the rude Miners' Hospital, and without complaint took the chances of disaster. The saloon and the gambling house were their resorts for pleasure, and in the excitement of drink and chance they found the only outlet for their overabundance of physical strength and passion.

Such was the whirlpool into which this girl was cast. The bloom of the Irish climate was in her cheeks, her eyes were deep and blue as the lakes of her native land, and her light-hearted joyousness was the gift of the race from which she sprang. She was a typical Irish lassie, dainty, alluring and sweet. What chance had she in her environment, what destiny but to fall? And fall she did. The bloom withered, the daintiness faded, the happy heart grew callous. She kept on and on, the victim and plaything of men who could not remember when they had reverence for woman. She became the Queen of the Camp, and ruled in a whirl of revelry. She was known as "The Fenian." So long as her beauty and charm lasted, she found in her life such compensation as is possible to a woman in such an estate. The mines worked out, the camp was deserted, and the rush of active energies, that once made the mountain-top noisy with work and dissipation, yielded to loneliness and silence. "The Fenian" did not follow the drift. The terrible havoc had robbed her of everything but life, and, a drunken derelict, she stayed on, hopeless, drowning memories of her pure girlhood, even the recollections of wild days, in drink. Here we found her in 1882, one of the dozen or fifteen people whose interests and hopes made them cling to the deserted camp. There was no trace of the ancient beauty, either of face or form; blear-eyed, shrunken, shriveled, she wandered like a ghost where she had once ruled as a queen. She lived on scant charity, and her wants were few, except for whisky, which she drank as the sands drink up a stream. One morning a Portuguese called at our place and said, "The Fenian is dead and we want you to bury her."

We were embarrassed, but remembering that we had always been treated with distinguished consideration by the few people who remained, we said, "Yes, we will do what we can;" and yet we did not know exactly what to do. The poor derelict, however, had been a woman, and in her estate of death had become vested with a new dignity. She was pure again, and under this inspiration we sought for something to say at her grave. We sought out an Episcopal lady, the wife of the receiver of one of the mines, hoping to find a prayer book; she had none, but gave us a Bible, and with this in hand we wrought out a burial service of our own, and just as the sun of a perfect summer day was declining across the valley, over the rim of the snowy Sierras, a little group of sad-faced, real mourners stood about the grave and gave reverent attention to this simple burial.

Among these mourners were several Mexican women who had been the companions of the dead. The mausoleums of Oriental princes were never more magnificent than the place where we laid the dust from this desperate life. Four thousand feet above the valley, on the slopes of Cerro Gordo, we looked off to Whitney, standing supreme and beautiful in the glory of the setting sun; near its base the face of Owens Lake was taking on the colors of the late afternoon, and the sky arching from the Sierras to the Inyos was soft and sweet with the lights of dying day. This was to be her environment until the resurrection. Who could have a resting place more magnificent?

One of the most beautiful and pathetic human actions we have ever witnessed occurred when we told those in charge that they could fill in the grave. Then the weeping Mexican women, who had been in tears through all the service, lifted their faces toward the heavens, and, crossing themselves, gathered up some of the clods and, with the passion of despair, kissed them, moistened them with their tears, and cast them, thus sanctified, upon the coffin. It was a divine act, for which we felt sympathy and respect, and our own eyes filled with tears. We felt that if any of us were disposed to criticize the handful of dust we were leaving to its eternal rest, we would be competent to do so only if we were without sin; and the Master's great rebuke to the brutal searchers after the life of the woman in Judea, came to us with new appreciation—"Let him who is without sin cast the first stone."

A like service we were called upon to render for a little Jewish mother, who had lost her babe. In her agony she was lifted beyond her faith, and the mother's heart cried out and would not be denied. She could not bear that her beloved should be laid away forever without some voice of consolation. We were twenty miles away, and a courier was sent to us asking if we would help. It was a strange situation, more embarrassing than before, for what could we, a Gentile, say over a Jewish babe that should be inoffensive to the differentiated faith. There comes, however, to the willing heart, in great human exigencies, a way, and turning to Isaiah, Job and David, we soon found a ritual sufficient in beauty of phrase and context to comfort the heart of the suffering mother, laying away her beloved without the services of her own faith. It did comfort the little mother, for with grateful tears she thanked us again and again. Perhaps nothing could have more strongly illustrated the near relations of human beings and the kinship of the religions of Jew and Gentile, than our ability, out of the Old Testament, common to both, to find words of faith, hope and comfort of authority and acceptance. This simple service was to us a liberal education, for often since we have found our way into the synagogue to join in its services and felt in them an uplift to heights where the Jewish prophets, seers and singers, ages ago, illuminated the centuries, as they do now, with a spiritual energy that is among the best gifts to mankind everywhere.

Many times afterwards we performed such sad offices and through them came very near to the hearts of many worthy people. We were called also to sick beds to watch with those sick unto death, lonely men who, far away from home, in the desert, were making their last stand against the inevitable. There was something inexpressibly terrible in these sad and desperate sick rooms, and the hardest heart could not avoid a throbbing ache. These were cases where penniless miners were making a hopeless struggle for a few days more of life; men who lay on rude beds in habitations without comfort, looking hour after hour into the face of death. If these awful hours made them afraid, none knew, for no word of dread passed lips slowly losing their power of speech. They were among the heroes, whose courage is unswerving, who, in the silence of their own spirits, held their peace. The battlefields of the world furnish no heroism greater than this.

Two of these cases we recall, that tested our capacity to endure. One was an old Cornish miner, who died at Lone Pine. For years he had worked in the mines, a faithful laborer, earning his daily wages honestly. Age laid its hand upon his energies and the White Plague seized him as a victim. Slowly he drifted toward the eternal shore, homeless and alone. He had been like all of his kind, improvident,—a firm believer in the doctrines: "Take no thought for the morrow, what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink;" and "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," and in the last extremity was penniless. There is a freemasonry among the miners, an unwritten law, a charity that looks after distrest and disabled members of their craft. This is particularly true of the

Cornish miner, and so the poor dying fellow had a place where he could fight out the great contest between life and death, and at last died in peace. We all took our turns as watchers, when it became necessary, and for several months rough but kindly hands ministered to all his wants. There was an absence of woman's tender ministrations and sympathy, but we gave him of our best and he was satisfied. When he died, we went out upon the streets of the little town, and in half a day by cheerful contributions raised one hundred and thirty-five dollars for his burial, and we gave him, for that place, a royal interment. Almost the entire population followed his body to the little cemetery, and if the spirits of the dead are conscious still of the things of this life, he must have felt the reverent mood of those who buried him.

The other was a sadder case. One day, at Independence, the keeper of a little hotel came to us and said, "There is a young man at my place very sick, and some one ought to see him." We went immediately with him, and as we entered the room saw a splendid specimen of a young American, who in health would have been a giant. He was a stranger who had come to town a day or so before—from where he did not say. His name he did not give; he was indeed a "stranger in a strange land." As we looked at him, we saw that he was *in extremis*. Already he was beyond speech. The failing heart was giving to his cheek and brow an unearthly pallor, and out of his eyes was swiftly fading the light. One effort to hold on to life, and he was dead. Could anything have been more terribly pathetic—a strong man dying, alone, unknown, in the very springtime of his life. Somewhere, it may be until now, some loving soul of a woman—mother, wife, or sweetheart, waits in vain for his return. These desperate chances of life and death are to be counted among the terrors of the frontier; the "Potter's Field" here holds many unknown dead.

There were other events that made our stay in the county at times exciting,—one particularly. At one of the towns in the valley there lived a sweet girl of sixteen. Her father, then dead, had been an American, her mother a Mexican. She lived with her mother, who, from subsequent events, proved unworthy of her care. She was a dainty, alluring little damsel, of great sweetness of disposition, beloved by old and young alike, for she was happy-hearted, winning and attractive. A vicious vagabond Mexican, frequenter of saloons and houses of unclean fame, concocted a scheme with the mother to take the girl to Los Angeles and place her in a dance-house. Early one morning, a couple of excited, trembling little lasses called upon us at the hotel and with tears said, "They are stealing Lolita and are taking her to Los Angeles; what can you do?" We comforted them and told them we would bring her back. As we went out upon the street, we found the whole town in a ferment. We quietly spoke to a few of the leading citizens and undertook the task of finding and bringing the girl back to her friends. We knew a determined man in town, to whom such a task would be more than welcome.

We sent for him and asked how soon he could find three men like himself for a swift trip and possibly a gun-fight, telling him the facts, and that the fleeing party were well along by that time on their way across the Mojave Desert, toward Los Angeles. He said he would be ready in an hour, and before that time four resolute men, heavily armed and riding animals fit for such an undertaking, rode up. We said to them, "We do not know how many there are in the fleeing party, or how desperate, and you may have a fight, but bring the girl back, and drive the balance of the party out of the county." A significant smile and a nod was the answer, and four determined men on a holy mission were riding like the wind toward Los Angeles. The people watched sleepless during the night, and until noon the next day, and then the suspense became painful as the hours of the afternoon slowly waned toward sunset.

Just as the top of Whitney began to redden in the glow of sunset, down the road we saw a cloud of dust; excited people filled the street and waited. Soon four horsemen rode into view, and to the straining eyes there was the flutter of a woman's dress. The tension of thirty-six anxious hours was over, and while men shouted their joy, women clung to each other and wept. Up the little street rode the four dusty horsemen with Lolita. It was a happy little village, for its best beloved had been rescued from the jaws of hell. The daring riders, like all such, for "the bravest are the tenderest," blushed as women blessed them for their work.

The report of the leader was that they rode without a moment's rest until they came upon the fleeing party some sixty miles away, in the Mojave Desert. Without more ado they demanded the girl. She, wild with joy, rushed to her rescuers. The vision of four determined men, with their guns at their saddle horns, overawed the cowardly abductors, and they offered no resistance. The rescuers mounted the girl on the extra horse they had brought and, warning the cowards to keep on to Los Angeles, rested a while and then turned their horses and were soon on their return.

At once on the arrival of the girl, we sought out a near relative and gave him a letter to the District Attorney at Independence and sent him speeding away. Upon receipt of the letter, the District Attorney made immediate application for the appointment of the relative as her guardian, which in due time was granted, and this incident was closed with the salvation of the beautiful child. There was no sadness in this incident; it was all joy.

In the barroom of a little hotel one night, when the wind, below zero, was blowing a gale from the icy peaks of the Sierras, we all crowded about the stove. Besides ourselves, there were half a dozen rude miners and a woman,—and such a woman! A creature hardly clean enough to live in a sewer, a drunken, vile-mouthed, debauched, semblance of womanhood, who had wallowed in slime until she was the vilest of the vile. She had wandered for years about the country, a bird of prey, laying her foul talons upon whatever victim came her way. At the moment of which we write, she had crowded her way to the stove, and blinking out of her bleared eyes, was smoking a cigar.

In such a crowd the topics of conversation are not always the cleanest, and we were often compelled to leave them. There was no place to go to at this moment, for the little barroom was a place of shelter from the storm.

Some of the men, perhaps impelled by the presence of the woman, were prompted to tell stories hardly as white as snow. At last we said, "We think you gentlemen have forgotten something." It was always in that country an imperative custom to call everybody "gentlemen." One of them looked up in surprise and said, "What have we forgotten?" And we replied, "That there is a lady present." A rude laugh broke out, and one said with an oath, "Well, that's a joke." The woman, with a strange, pathetic, grateful look, glanced at us a moment, and then at the others, with scorn, and without a word got up and went out. She was gone for quite a while, and realizing that no human being could long survive the terrible cold of such a night, we felt an impulse to go out and look after her. We found her leaning against the corner of the hotel, where the wind was beating upon her with a deadly chill. She was crying as if her heart would break, sobbing as a child sobs with a broken in-suck when it has exhausted its capacity to cry.

I said to her, "What's the matter?" She said, "You know what's the matter." I said, "No, I don't know what's the matter," and in a real woman's voice, out of which had died all that was coarse and vile, with the voice of one who had once known of sweet things, she said, "You called me a lady." I said to her that that was all right, but that she must come in to the stove or otherwise she would freeze to death. She came in with the marks of tears still on her shrunken cheek, and sat down. She was usually noisy, boisterous and obtrusive, but for more than an hour she sat a silent, absorbed creature. Her mood affected the rude men, and no more offensive talk was heard. We often wondered what memories of the past were awakened, what pictures of herself, a happy, unsoiled child, nourished by a mother's care and love, what visions of her girlhood when she laughed and danced in the beauty of a sinless life. Is there a more terrible shape in the universe than a depraved woman? Surely, except that her very faculty to think is dulled, there must be times when she will shriek aloud to the heavens the story of her degradation.

It has been a comforting theory of ours that there is a divinity in human lives, which can be reached. It may lie buried beneath the debris of vicious years, but down deep somewhere the white light burns. Is not this the explanation of heroic acts performed in great exigencies by some whose depravity we have regarded as beyond repair—some sudden exhibition of gentleness in the brutal—the almost universal generosity to the suffering by unholy women? Who knows? Was the divine in this poor wretch touched by a single kind word, and did she for the moment become clean? Who knows? We do know that she was grateful, for while we never spoke to her again, we saw her often watching us, as we walked the street, following us with pathetic eyes, as if we were to her a vision of something that was more than human.

If we only knew the winning power of a gentle word to such as these, would we so often pass them with cruel scorn?

From out the waste places, when we left them forever, we brought with us memories of things such as we have written, human things that "make the whole world kin," and we have often, as we have recalled them, felt that the exterior boundaries of our life were widened by its intimate touch with even lives desperate and hopeless; we were taught also much of the patient endurance and heroism of lowly lives.

Chapter XXIV

TWO GREAT SHERIFFS

THE West has contributed many chapters to the history of brave men. These men were so nearly alike that they constituted a type. They were found principally among the peace officers to whom was delegated the maintenance of order and law along the western frontier and in the great territories beyond the reach of refining influences and where gathered together the outcasts and outlaws from all parts of the world. It requires a very brave man to perfectly understand the temperament of this type. To compel obedience to law among the lawless and the desperate, to whom liberty is license, is no easy task, and a fearless sheriff was more a power than the court. The vast stretch of desert, mountains and arid plains reaching from Texas to British Columbia and from the Pacific to beyond the Rocky Mountains, in evolving years was bloody ground, and the peace officers who had charge of the administration of the law lived on the edge of peril. The community was always reckless, and almost always desperate. Vigilance, patience and an unfailing courage must be on constant guard. The desperado had red blood, and he found an overflow for his moods in deadly gun-fights.

Desperate situations require heroic treatment, and he who was responsible for good order must be ready at every moment to face death. All of this required nerves of steel; otherwise there must have come a break somewhere in the physical fibers, leading at last to a disintegration of the mind itself.

Much has been written of the work of individual peace officers; and it would be more exciting than fiction, if some competent hand could gather together the plain facts connected with the administration of law in the great reaches of the West in the days when the outlaw dominated. The early California days were not free of disorder, violence and disregard of law. Vicious men defied the rights of their fellows and flung defiance to those who opposed them. There was a time when the very pronunciation of the names of Murietta and Vasquez made men turn pale and chilled them into silence. The general population, however, filling up the mountains with the best citizenship of all countries, drawn here by the lure of gold, held in check largely those who, with less restraint, would have been vicious, and so in California it was not with communities of the desperate the law had to contend; it was with the individual. Though bad enough, California in those days, when compared with New Mexico, Nevada, Idaho and Montana, was orderly and peaceful. The State was fortunate in two sections; San Joaquin and Calaveras, in having in the office of sheriff remarkable men who for years were kept in office by reason of their express fitness for the place, and history would not be complete without making important note of their lives and services.

Tom Cunningham was the sheriff of San Joaquin County for twenty-four years. History gives to him a prominent place among the peace officers of the State, for his activities were often beyond the limits of his own bailiwick. Many years ago, there drifted into San Joaquin County a young, robust, wholesome, active Irishman, who at once entered into all of the relations of a good citizen and engaged in business, and for years was a plain business man carrying on the trade of a harness-maker. He was of too great character, however, to be allowed to live always in the quiet of a commercial life. At that time he was in his prime, took a great interest in public affairs, and by his peculiar fitness gravitated to the office of Sheriff. We knew him first in 1884. For years before his name had been familiar to us, but somehow our ways had always diverged. In 1884 we went to Stockton, and for months before we met him face to face we frequently saw him upon the streets and about the courthouse, with the attitude and carriage of a soldier. There was dignity in his bearing, and with great energy he never seemed to be in undue haste. He moved about like a man who knew men; was marked among thousands and would have attracted attention in any crowd, anywhere. After many days, in a sort of desperation, for he seemed illusive to us, we turned to a bystander and said, as Cunningham passed, "Who is that man?" With a questioning smile, the bystander replied, "Why, don't you know Tom Cunningham?" From thence, for fifteen years of close friendship and relation we did know him, and the knowledge was worth the while. A perfect equation of shape, from head to foot, he was proportioned like an athlete, and in repose or action suggested power and alertness. He was fond of blue, and, thus dressed, looked like a retired general. There was no strut or vanity in him, but the poise was there—the military hang. He was naturally nervous, constantly keyed to high tension. This was indicated in the curve of the lips, the flush of the cheek, and a certain magnetic suggestion in the eye. It was not the flutter of unsteady nerves, for these were as if made from beaten steel. It was rather the radiation from a nature that recognized to its highest limit responsibility to his own best work and the well-being of a whole community—a passion for justice and a determination to have it. If some physical phenomenon could illustrate this combination of brain and heart force, it would be the shimmer of a landscape when the summer sun was radiating the air and it trembled in the pulsation. His face had in it too much of Irish ruggedness to be handsome, as women say it, but it was fine, strong and noble. It was of a high type, indicating courage, sagacity and benevolence. This was the true index of his character, which "like a city set upon a hill can not be hid." During his long term of office, these qualities kept him oftentimes, when in delicate and perilous situations, serene and masterful. He was not a man of mistakes, for with rare judgment he weighed situations, familiarized himself with his relation to duty, and by a process of his own reached conclusions that carried him with safety to the end.

This readiness of judgment and caution was finely illustrated by his action in connection with the first attempt to capture Evans and Sonntag, the desperate robbers, at Fresno. The situation was critical and the peril desperate by reason of the well known desperation of the outlaws, and the sheriffs of several counties were called to assist the sheriff of the county where these men were known to be in hiding. Cunningham always insisted on that action, which imperiled human life to the minor possibility. In consultation with the other sheriffs, he insisted that fifty, or if possible more, determined, reliable men should compose the assaulting party, for the reason that in the face of such an overwhelming force, the outlaws would be overawed and this force would demonstrate the folly of resistance, thus securing the capture without a fight. Cunningham stood firm in this and would not yield, and said that unless this plan was adopted, he would go home, and he did. There were those unkind enough, and perhaps jealous enough, to attribute this action to fear, but no one who knew Cunningham harbored so absurd a thought. We knew that there was some satisfying, underlying reason for his sudden abandonment of the chase, and on his return home, we sent for him and asked him for the reason, and he explained it as we have written. How completely did the future show his wisdom and justify his conduct. The house, where Evans and Sonntag were hiding, was by the sheriff of the county and a small number of deputies surrounded during the night and watched till morning, when their surrender was demanded. When the morning broke and the demand was made, instead of surrendering, when the daring fugitives saw the number of their pursuers, they reckoned upon an even chance to fight through the ranks and escape, and a terrible gun-fight ensued, and after killing and wounding several of the sheriff's party, they escaped to the mountains, to cost the State, before they were finally captured, two hundred thousand dollars, and some valuable lives. Cunningham's plan would have saved all of this.

He told us once that early in his official life he determined never to take a human life unless under all circumstances it became absolutely unavoidable. This mood became known to desperate men, who robbed stages and trains and despoiled their fellows, for a livelihood, and Cunningham was respected by them, and his safety assured more than once. He was told by one of these, whose capture he was seeking and whom he subsequently arrested, that on a certain night at a certain place he could have killed him from ambush, but that he could not harm his friend. Cunningham participated in many hunts for desperate outlaws, but never found it necessary to shoot at men, tho he did frequently kill the animals upon which they rode. He told me that he had respect for a man who, at the peril of his life, robbed a stage or a train, as these were acts which required great courage, and that almost without exception he found such transgressors to be noble men in ruins. He had a soft spot in his heart for all but petty criminals, the jackals of their trade, and even to them he was kindly while they were under his care. Hundreds of confirmed criminals could testify to acts of kindness, advice and assistance given them by Cunningham, when they were in need and every other man's hand was against them. He died poor, because he gave with both hands to the outcast. We have known many generous men, whose hands were given to charity, but among them all Cunningham towered easily chief.

There was to be seen neither choice nor limitation in his giving. He spent no time in searching after the worthiness of the recipient; his need was all that he wished to know, and then he gave, not as the niggard gives, but like a prince. In all of this wide charity, he obeyed the Scriptures in that his left hand did not know what his right hand did. Personally, we know of many of these charities. Like Lincoln, he was not what men call religious, but righteousness in the individual and in the masses he recognized. Pure life and living were inspirations to him, and he gave to all churches and kindred institutions, because of their uplifting force, and he looked to them for support in his work, for decency, obedience to law, and the reign of morality. His regard for the law amounted to a passion, and grew and strengthened with his years, and all that he needed to arouse him to action against the highest was the fact that they were violating the law. We remember one occasion when he threatened to arrest a group of leading citizens who, in connection with the District Fair, had given permits to certain gamblers to carry on their games. The threat was enough to stop the games, for these men knew with whom they had to deal. One of them, a well-known legislator, once a member of the legislature, endeavored to reason with Cunningham, but he was inflexible, and in a burst of indignation said, "Senator, wipe the statute off your books and your men may gamble all they please. I have to enforce the law."

During all the years Cunningham was sheriff, San Joaquin County was avoided by the vicious, and Stockton was reckoned as the most law-abiding and orderly city in the West. This was the example of what one brave, honest, clean official can do to compel first respect for law and decency, and then obedience.

Few men had Cunningham's capacity to deal with men in the mass, when they were excited and turbulent. While many of the cities of the State were in despair over the inability to master the half-starved, half-crazed members of the "Coxey Army," Stockton, through Cunningham's mastery of men, hardly knew that there was such an army, altho more than once many members of it invaded the city. They stopped only long enough to have a talk with the sheriff; if hungry to be fed by him, and then to move on to torture some other place, whose peace officers were unskilled in mancraft.

For years, while Cunningham was an active Republican, the office of sheriff in San Joaquin County was out of politics. He was either nominated by both parties, or the Democratic party made no nomination, and so for twenty-five years, until he refused to stand for the place, he was the people's sheriff. He was faithful to his trust, and while he counted his friends by hosts and knew every prominent man in the county, he had no friend whom he would exempt from the execution of the law. In this execution he was always kindly, giving to every one the benefit of the doubt, and, so far as his duties allowed, extending every privilege. He had many friendships among lawyers, and while he was personally closer to some than to others, he was always absolutely impartial in his dealings with all of them. He had no immediate jurisdiction of the City of Stockton, except as a general peace officer of the county, but he was always the counsellor of the police force, in constant consultation, giving to them the benefit of his knowledge and experience.

His knowledge of the temptations that beset the young made him watchful, and he exercised a paternal supervision over them. A boy spending too much of his time upon the streets at night, indulging in the minor vices of men, or disposed to be prematurely "a man," was sure sooner or later to have an interview with Cunningham, a friendly talk in which for the time the sheriff was sunk in the man. He did not threaten but remonstrated, set before the young fellow the inevitable results of an evil life, enforced it with examples with which he was familiar, and, picturing the peace and delight of a pure life, would entreat the erring boy to turn from his evil ways, and after this, he always endeavored to have the boy maintain his respect. Many a man, now reputable, can testify to the influence of the great sheriff upon his life. His peculiar power in such work was because he never threatened. He placed before the offender the two ways, pointing out the end, and left the choice to their judgment and conscience. He was a brave lad, however, who could be defiant when he felt that Cunningham's eye was upon him.

During his entire term he was a sober man. No one, better than he, knew the power of wine to overthrow the judgment, the possibility that at critical moments passion instead of judgment would lead to situations where error would be disastrous. He was convivial, had the Irish temperament, was fond of the good things of life, but held himself in the firm grip of an iron control. This as much as anything gave him the commanding influence that he had with the officers of the law, and with courts throughout the State, made him the confidant of many desperate men, opened to him many opportunities for good, finally enrolling his name among those who had helped in a large way to build up the State along the best lines. He was a power for good, and his retirement from office seemed like a public disaster. There was a staunch loyalty in the man that made him very lovable.

Time and money were counted as nothing when a friend was in need. There seemed no limitations to him in this respect. He was a solace to those whose hearts were sore, bread to the famishing, consolation to the sick and rest to the weary. A smile, a pat on the shoulder, a grip of the hand from him, were often comfort beyond words. He seemed to know by an unerring intuition just what one needed. There was none of the mystic in him, for he was built physically too strong for this, and yet he seemed to possess to a large degree what men, because it can not be otherwise defined, call the "Sixth Sense." This doubtless came from his education in the office, his close touch with all manner of men under varying conditions, his analyses of motives and comparison of individuals. Most men are hardened by contact with vice,—the continuous touch with the "night side" of human nature, which blinds the mind, hardens the heart, and dries up the fountain of faith. Suspicion, unbelief in human goodness, poisons their minds, and they generally subscribe fully to the cruel maxim: "Believe all men to be evil until they prove themselves to be good." This terrible mood plays havoc with a man's own nature and renders him incapable of realizing that the world he deals with is but a segment—a dark corner only in the larger world where self-sacrifice, devotion and clean living are operating daily.

Cunningham was singularly free from this moral dry-rot of the heart. He believed in his fellows, even found in the convict some quality of virtue that in his degradation kept him still a living soul, some clean spot where the seeds of good might be planted to bring forth a moral harvest.

His attitude to the convict was always that of a friend. In taking them from his bailiwick to deliver them to the State Prison, he always treated them with kindliest consideration, kept out of sight on the cars and in the streets the evidences of the man's state. Unless with some desperate man to whom escape was ever present, an overmastering temptation, he seldom used handcuffs. He never failed to pay out of his own pocket for whatsoever of luxuries the poor wretch might suggest, and many a convict will remember with gratitude the kindly generosity of the great sheriff. All this was the strong throb of a heart full of pity for him who seemed ever to be the victim of the environment that civilization, poverty, and bad example had grouped about him, to which might be added the deadly work of drink. He invariably attributed a man's downfall to something outside of the man, not within him. This quality gave him the real friendship of even confirmed criminals, men who made unlawful prey upon their fellows a business, to whom crime was a deliberate choice, out of whose hearts had perished the attributes of manhood, the terrible products of a dead conscience. These were the Ishmaelites of the world, whose hand was against every man and every man's hand against them. They were the natural enemies of the peace officers and looked upon by them as such. Cunningham told us he sought for the confidence of such men for two reasons—first, because they were human and needed some man other than their own kind whom they could call friend, and secondly, because they aided him greatly in preserving the people of his country from their operations.

There is a well-known division among criminals, into well defined classes, and between those of the same class there exists a sort of freemasonry. A community of evil interests binds these together, so that an entire State is kept informed of conditions favorable to the successful commission of crimes. Word is passed along the line, and confederates in Los Angeles become perfectly well acquainted with the opportunities for their work in Siskiyou or San Joaquin. The reputation of peace officers for honesty, courage and activity becomes a part of this knowledge, and this accounts for the fact that while some communities are comparatively free of crime, others are overrun with active and daring outlaws. During the entire twenty-five years that Cunningham was sheriff of San Joaquin County, that county was singularly free from criminal invasion, and the City of Stockton the most avoided city in the State. This condition was left by him as his legacy, and in a measure it still exists.

The range of this community of friendship existing between Cunningham and the criminals often made him a valuable aid to the sheriffs of other counties, for when some well-known criminal was under arrest and being submitted to searching inquiry, remained dumb to all questions, he would finally say, "If you want me to talk, send for Tom Cunningham and I will talk with him." This was done many times, until he became by a sort of common understanding the "Father Confessor" of the jails. Nothing could more fully illuminate the genius of Cunningham, a rare combination of mental and moral endowment, for none but a brainy man could have carried himself through such contact and come out without scar, and brainy as he might be, doors of opportunity would be barred against him, unless he had a steady heart, beating without a skip, with the mercy that kept him tender, full of pity for all human beings in distress.

To the courts he was an adviser and support. Judges trusted him to the utmost, and for them he had the same great respect he had for the law itself. He believed in the integrity of the judiciary and was impatient with those who should but did not sustain the administration of the law by the courts. To him "the king could do no wrong." He was a shrewd measurer of human action, was hard to deceive, was not clouded in his judgment by reason of his affiliations; but he had faith in the men selected by the community to sit upon the bench and he stood by the side of the court as the executor of the law and its decrees, with perfect trust in their righteousness. He aided the courts by his experience and advice in the admeasurement of sentences, and his suggestions as to length of sentences were invariably heeded. He was able to draw, from his knowledge of the criminals, the character of the evidence and the circumstances surrounding it, a perfect equation between the offense and the sentence. In all of this he was merciful but just as between the offender and the State. Many times offenders had reason to be thankful for the sober, merciful judgment of the sheriff which had influenced the harsher judgment of the court.

It was not only in criminal matters that Cunningham's qualities were exhibited, for in civil affairs he was equally efficient. He had a clear idea of the rights of litigants, and while giving to the successful suitor all that the law entitled him to, so far as he could within the line of his duty, he made defeat to the unsuccessful as unembarrassing as possible. He was ready to persuade the man seeking to attach or foreclose upon his neighbor, that it should be done only when it became an absolute necessity. He knew by long acquaintance almost every man in the county and his resources, and with this knowledge he was able to determine whether drastic measures of litigation were necessary, and it was in the clearness of this light that he persuaded men to be merciful in their business. Many are the men whose estates and homes were saved by this large and kindly wisdom. Of course, this was a sort of paternalism exercised by an executive officer of the Government against which shortsighted men so frequently rail, but it was a paternalism which had its root in the deep affection he had for all the individual members of the community that had sustained him for so many years in so loyal a way. It was a fine expression of the man's deep-seated gratitude for the people's long reposed confidence in him, and he wanted to pay back to them all that he could of his moral debt.

Lowly people, to whom life had been hard, were objects of care to Cunningham, and to the ill and the suffering he ministered in a comforting but unostentatious way. Of course, such a man must have enemies, and he had his, though they were few. The enmity of a man was no bar to Cunningham's willingness to aid him when necessary. One instance of this generosity will suffice to show this peculiar trait that entered into his dealings with those who had sought to injure him. A poor man, with a large family, for some unknown reason had exprest great antipathy to the sheriff. His family were subsequently stricken with smallpox, and his entire household quarantined. The sheriff heard of it, and knew from the man's circumstances that they must be in need, and so he purchased an abundant supply of provisions, and after nightfall carried them himself to the backyard of the house, hailed the man and told him what he would find at the gate. It was a godsend, for indeed the smitten family were in distress. This unexpected generosity was continued until the lifting of the quarantine. It was "coals of fire upon his head," so far as the sheriff's enemy was concerned, for the kindness broke his unfriendliness, and he was ever afterwards a grateful constituent.

Stockton had quite a negro population, and the colored men to a unit were always for Cunningham. An amusing incident occurred during an exciting election in connection with a colored man's club called, "The Silver Side Club." A noted Irish wag of the town had taunted some of its members with a statement that the Irish were going to down the colored men in the election. This was taken as a serious threat, and the club decided upon retaliation. A meeting was called to consider the situation, and the club-room was full. The presiding officer, with the pompous air of his kind when in authority, rapped for order and stated the threat and asked for immediate action. An old colored man, with a squeaking voice, rose and made a motion that at the forthcoming election no colored man should vote for an Irishman. A second to the motion brought the matter to a focus, but just as the president was about to put it to the vote, up jumped a well-known colored patriarch, who said, "Mistah President, we seem to be going too fast. Befo' de motion is put by the cha'r, I desire to say that Massa Cunningham who is friend of the colored men, is an Irishman, and dis resolution will carry away de colored vote. I therefore move you, Mistah

President, that as Massa Cunningham is a sort of superior Irishman, he be 'cepted from de resolution." With great clapping of hands and stamping of feet, the motion as amended was carried with a shout, and Cunningham, as of old, got the colored vote. It was true, as the old negro stated, that he was a superior Irishman, for he never failed to exhibit the highest type of the virtues of that race that everywhere, in forum, in commercial life, and on the battlefield, has won renown by reason of its honor.

It would not be fair if we made no mention of a splendid man who, in the same office, in an adjoining county, for more than forty-five years was a fearless defender, oftentimes in desperate situations, of law and order. Ben Thorne, as he was affectionately called by all the people, was during all of these eventful years, from 1855 until his death, a peace officer in Calaveras County, and for thirty-three years its sheriff. He was first appointed Deputy Sheriff in 1855, for the sole purpose of ridding that section of the marauding bands of desperadoes that infested the mountains and preyed upon the miners. Thorne was equal to the task and by his ceaseless energy drove them to jail, the gallows or to flight. He became a haunting terror to the outlaw, and they soon learned that their only safety was in flight, once he was upon their trail. It would serve no purpose to narrate the especial cases, although they were many, in which he brought these outlaws to justice. They are a part of the criminal history of the State, preserved in appropriate places. It is with the man that we are dealing, not his achievements, and it suffices to say that he never failed in his duty tho oftentimes he performed it in the face of almost certain violent death.

Thorne had a mixture of Danish and English blood, and in this admixture was the best of both. He was born in New York, but was early taken to the unbroken West, where in the breadth of the continent his native traits were nourished and his energy was given a field for its expansion. Here he was made familiar with native warfare and its brutal savagery. This was the school of peril in which he was trained for the heroic work of his manhood. In 1849 he crossed the plains to California, and in the long trip was, with his comrades, beset by countless perils. The dreaded cholera broke out among the emigrants and followed the line of travel from train to train, smiting its thousands who had left their homes with high hopes. He nourished the sick and buried the dead, taking no account of his own possible fate. He seemed to bear a charmed life, to be a child of destiny, and past the dying and the dead he struggled on toward the land of his achievements. No man could look into the quiet, determined face of Ben Thorne and peer into the silent deeps of his brave eyes, without recognizing at once the excellence of the man.

He was not robust, but was knit together as if he had an abundance of iron in his blood. Modest and retiring, he moved about among his fellows, gentle to the weak, stern to the evil, a fine combination, often found in this type of man, of gentleness and valor. There was in him the spirit that seemed impervious to any recognition of the possibility of harm while performing his duty. To perform this duty in the bravest, largest way, was his passion. It was his only passion, for under circumstances that might well have paled the cheek of the bravest of the brave, he was as cool as ice. It was this quality that served him in desperate situations, for it overawed the most reckless and desperate and made them obedient to his will. This obedience he must have, for he was uncompromising, and as relentless on the trail of a wrongdoer as fate. In the chase of a fleeing criminal he knew no fatigue. Hours, days, of continuous travel over untrailed mountains, down into deepest canyons, over lone miles of valley, there was no power to touch the matchless resource of his tireless strength. He was a minister of outraged law, and its voice called to him for retribution. Fatigue and weariness had no power to stay him. Such men are substantially the agents of some plan whereby the frontier may be regenerated and the perils of life there may yield to peace. Unlike Cunningham, he was a Democrat, firm in his faith, but, like Cunningham, he had nothing to do with politics in his office. As political nominee or independent candidate, he was always elected. He satisfied the people, and they satisfied him. Under his fearless administration of the law, slowly at first, but finally, his county became a place of peace, and in the quiet of the hills the very best citizenship, tho much of it was foreign, found homes in absolute safety.

We knew Thorne well for years, the same quiet, reliable, modest man, kindly and companionable, proud of his county and its people, glorying in its peace and prosperity, but making no mention of his part in its accomplishment. If we remember rightly, he died in office. During the last years he was ill and racked by disease that sapped much of the joy of life, doubtless the heritage of his work, but he looked upon death with resolute mien, the same resoluteness that had marked him in exciting times as one of the most remarkable men of the West. His quenchless eye still shone with the light of an undaunted spirit. Whether he had religious faith or not, we do not know, but such men must be in the highest sense religious, and somewhere in the beauty of the eternal life he must be at rest, for even God could not spare such souls out of the universe. If they perish, there must come finally moral disaster to the universe itself.

Chapter XXV

A TRANSPLANTED RAILROAD AND THE MAN WHO TRANSPLANTED IT

FROM the days of the Puritan the breeding grounds of the scholar have been Harvard and Yale. Here they have found the allurements of study, content to forego the activities of life where their fellows contended for material things. This attitude has become fixt, until to be admitted to their companionship requires solid culture founded upon broad scholarship. The scholars of the Republic clung with affection to the altars that great minds had erected in the universities. They heard the voices of other men calling from the large spaces of the continent. But this did not disturb their peace. As a people we were half a century old before the East began to send out her gifted sons to carry wisdom into the forests and prairies of the West—the West which lay just beyond the Mississippi. The advance guard were the sinewed sons of adventure. In these days, in this same territory, millions are housed, and the moral and political center of our people is established.

The call of the West was not the song of a siren—rather the voice of a giant blowing vibrant messages, the cry of the Macedonian, "Come over and help us."

The young responded eagerly to the invitation, and soon were possessing the West. They were splendid in courage and hope, expanding rapidly to the lengths and breadths and heights about them. The story of this multitude is inspiring history, which never fails to stir us. In the individual life, however, is where we more clearly discern the indomitable genius of our people, for in it we find focalized aspiration of a mighty race.

Careers of the successful are of the same type, as there are in such the same deathless faith, the same iron in the blood. With many of these individuals we have been associated in business and in social life, and by close contact able to measure them. We shall try to sketch a single character, with features perfectly drawn, as the engraver etches them when he seeks to transfer to his plate the face of his subject, engraved with delicate lines here, and broad lines there, so that spirit shall be in the picture and speak truthfully of the man, so that men shall be able to say, "This is a noble or a mean soul." We will try the engraver's skill and draw the features of one who is a fine example of the high type of which we have written. We asked him once for a few of the facts of his boyhood, with which we were not familiar but which we needed, for no greater truth is written than, "The boy is father to the man."

The first statement T. S. Bullock (lovingly known as Tom Bullock) made to us was: "I was born of poor but God-fearing parents." In these reckless days men have ordinarily no time to apply to their lives the relation of such a statement. The struggle is too fierce, the pace too swift. Such a recital, however, when one begins the story of his life, is suggestive; and gives the key to a career, and makes plain the sources of character. There is a sermon in these simple words, and they hold us to simple faiths. How many fine souls have made this same statement in many lands and ages, until it seems as if a great life is a natural evolution "from poor but God-fearing parents."

Tom Bullock was born in Sterling, Indiana. He had none of the advantages of the youth of to-day. He worked with his hands. His education came to him in the achievements of later years. At eleven he was clerking in a country store, as Lincoln did. From fourteen to eighteen he was at work in the distasteful atmosphere of a pork-packing house in Kansas, then the seat of turbulence and violence, where liberty and slavery were waging deadly battles for mastery. In 1871, a mere stripling, he took his life into his own hands and started for California. What he had heard of its climate and opportunities made the packing house, with its foulness, intolerable. Of money he had little, of will plenty. It did not take him long, when he reached California, to find that San Francisco was a fascinating place, but not one of opportunities. He started for Los Angeles as a steerage passenger on a coast steamer. Los Angeles was not satisfying, and he struck out for the desert, and walked alone over burning sands, through long stretches of silent levels, climbed over hot hills, often hungry, more often tortured by the awful thirst that makes the southern desert so perilous to human life. This tramp he kept up for forty-two days, until he reached Prescott. Subconsciously he realized that here was his opportunity, and he went to work in a placer mine, where he toiled like a galley slave without much reward for eight months. At the end of this time he found himself, after paying his board and lodging, the owner of eight dollars, with hardly enough clothing to cover his nakedness, and actually shoeless. The eight dollars earned by such hard endeavor exercised an occult influence over him, and he had them made into a ring so that he might always have his first earnings in the West. This failed of its purpose, however, for shortly afterwards, while a passenger on a stage coach, just out of Florence, the outfit was held up by a highwayman, and he parted with his ring. This, by a curious coincidence, was the first stage hold-up in Arizona. While he lost his ring, he became a part of history as one of the first victims of stage robbers in that territory.

Back to the store in Prescott he went as a clerk for a year. He was now twenty-one years of age, and that genius, that in future years made him famous as a railroad man in Arizona and Mexico, began to work in his blood and brain. He went to New York, where he plunged into street work, laying gas mains, erecting buildings and street railways. He exhibited a rare genius for such work, and before long became noted, and from New York expanded his operations until he was engaged in like work in several adjoining States. He grew with his work until he became a master, and soon was the associate of leading financiers of New York City. The boy had found his place, and with energy and persistence, his distinguishing qualities to-day, became a director of events rather than a mere executor of them.

In 1886 he had money and influence enough to become a builder of a railroad of his own, and went back to Arizona, his first love, and constructed seventy-seven miles of railroad, from Seligmann to Prescott. The history of this line reads like fiction. In the building and in its financiering he exhibited the highest qualities of the trained promoter as well as the practical builder. He imprest the legislature of Arizona to such an extent that by its act the Territory lent its name and security to the bond issue by which the railroad was built. For eight years this line was prosperous, but at the end of this time the inevitable competition occurred and a shorter line was built as a part of the Santa Fe system, and "Bullock's Road," as it was called, became useless. He was "up against it," as the Western phrase was, but not for long, for the courage of the young railroad man found a way and a place for its transplanting. How this feat was accomplished, we will disclose before the end of the chapter.

He was still growing, still expanding, and from 1888 to 1891 we find him in Mexico, constructing four hundred miles of railroad from Trevino, by way of Monterey, the capital, to Tampico. After its completion, accomplished by almost superhuman miracles in finance, he sold the road to a French syndicate. This road afterwards became a part of the Mexican Central Railway system. While Bullock cleaned up a fortune, his profits were cut down by more than half from the fall in the price of silver in the United States, for his contract called for payment in silver. At the time it was made, silver was worth ninety cents per ounce; before he was ready to turn over the road silver had dropt to forty-five cents per ounce, and he suffered the loss. His fame, as a successful operator, builder, and financier, was now established firmly, and he had a host of friends in the business world ready to back any enterprise which he might stand for.

Connected with the building of the little seventy-seven mile railroad there were interesting incidents illustrative of Arizona life. The nickname of the old settler of Northern Arizona, to distinguish him from the new-comer, who was known as a "tender-foot," was "hazamper," taken from the name of a celebrated creek near Prescott. Bullock ranked as a hazamper, and he was a favorite with the large tribe. To the same tribe belonged poor, gallant Bucky O'Neal. It was the loyalty of Bullock to the hazampers that led finally to the building of the road. A delegation from Prescott was sent to New York to prevail upon Bullock to return to Arizona and undertake the task. This he consented to do, and came back to look over the ground. At this time Bucky O'Neal, with a partner, Charlie Beach, was publishing a paper in Prescott, which was of the usual type of frontier papers, full of ginger and courage, fearless in the support of public measures of merit and merciless in denunciation of bad things and bad men. Bucky O'Neal and Beach were great admirers of Bullock, and as soon as it was known that he was coming to undertake the railroad, the little newspaper was filled daily with praise of the project and the man. Public sentiment was thus warmed into high expectation, and all but a few "soreheads," pessimistic prophets of despair found everywhere, believed in the enterprise and trusted Bullock to carry it through.

When he arrived from New York, the whole town, except the few "soreheads," turned out to welcome him with noisy joy. No returning conqueror ever received a more hearty welcome to his home than did Bullock when he stepped from the stage. Prior to his arrival a crowd was standing on the street, the same crowd one sees even to-day in any remote little Arizona town—standing with hands in pockets, spitting tobacco juice, listening to some town oracle. Among the crowd was one of the "soreheads," and a hazamper asked him what he thought of it. The "sorehead" replied, "I think it's a fake; no darned kid of a hazamper like Bullock could make me believe that he could build seventy-seven miles of railroad through the desert." An old hazamper standing nearby overheard the remark, and went straight to Charlie Beach and told him what the "sorehead" had said. That was enough for Beach, and he marched down the street, met the "sorehead" and promptly knocked him down. The "sorehead" did not wait for more, but staggering to his feet started post-haste for the protection of his home. But he was destined for another knock-down, for O'Neal had heard just then of the obnoxious remark and he too took the warpath and just as "sorehead" turned a corner he came face-to-face with O'Neal, and biff went his fist, taking the "sorehead" in the jaw, and down he went again.

Two knock-downs within half an hour changed the outlook of the "sorehead," and he from thence joined the ranks of the shouters for the railroad.

Poor Bucky O'Neal rushed to the front during the call of troops for the Spanish War, with a company he had organized among the Rough Riders, and at the first battle of San Juan fell dead with a bullet in his heart. At the moment he was shot, he was a hundred feet ahead of his company, rushing with his impetuous spirit into the center of the fight. When it was known to his friends that he had gone to the war, almost to a man they said that he would die in battle. This was no evil prophecy, but the regretful expression of a fear that had its root in the knowledge of his fearless spirit. They knew that no self-protecting discretion would ever hold him out of the jaws of peril, that he would always be in the front where the deadly bullets were thickest, and where he would be reckless in his exposure to death, and that nothing but a miracle could save him from a soldier's fate, and so it was, for he was slain in almost the first storm of bullets. That Bullock was loved by such a man was the highest testimonial to his own worth.

With the road to Prescott paralleled by a shorter road, one of two things was left—either to sell the rails for old iron, make firewood of the ties, dispose of the rolling stock at whatever price it would bring, or move it bodily to some place where a new railroad was called for. Bullock never for a moment entertained the first proposition. He was not made of the stuff that quits, and so he set out on a voyage of discovery. There was no room in Arizona or Mexico for such a road. He was fond of California, its climate and opportunities, and so to California he came. He was not equipped with any extensive knowledge of the State at large, found all of its valleys occupied with railroads, and at first was compelled to rely on secondhand information as to places and resources. He was not only a financier and a builder of railroads, but he had acquired the collateral wisdom that all successful railroad operators must have—a knowledge of the capacity of the country through which the road runs, to sustain the road and build up a contributive, remunerative trade. He knew thoroughly that it was one thing to build a railroad and another to make it pay. In this quality he greatly resembled the late empire-builder, Harriman.

Patient months were spent in examination of schemes, but one by one they were rejected because the sustaining trade was not in sight. He finally determined that a road from Stockton to Sonora could be made sustaining, and he organized the Sierra Pacific Railway Company. The project appealed to the people of the country through which the road was to run, and a committee of leading citizens was appointed to secure rights of way. This committee diligently worked, but after a month or more demonstrated only one fact, and that was that rights of way were not to be had for the asking, and that they would cost too much to warrant the building of the road, and so that scheme went by the board. Bullock was somewhat discouraged, but not defeated, altho at this time he was not in robust health. Momentarily despondent, while he was confined to his room in the Palace Hotel, he sent for us and said he thought he would go back to New York and abandon for the time the attempt to transplant the Arizona road.

We saw that this was simply a sag in the mind of one who was not well, and suggested that there was no real trouble—that the mistake had been in trying to build from Stockton, and that the logical route was from Oakdale, a station on the Southern Pacific Company's line in Stanislaus County, to Sonora. The sick man was well the next day, and within a week ground was broken for the line of the Sierra Railway Company of California, which since 1897 has been operated with great profit, giving an outlet to the vast resources of a great region, building new enterprises and creating new industries. The seventy-seven miles of the deserted Arizona railroad were bodily transplanted and extended thirty miles. As feeders to this, two other roads have been projected and one has been built. With the mere transplanting Bullock was not satisfied. This was the first step only. The country must be quickened, the people aroused to their powers, industries revived or created, new people attracted and settled, for a new railroad must be nursed. To this task Bullock applied himself, and while inspiring others to the renewal of old ventures and the establishment of new, he plunged himself into the industrial field, built hotels to accommodate the traveling public, opened quarries of marble, built and operated lumber mills and manufacturing plants, encouraged the agriculturist to enlarge his fields and orchards, exhibiting in all a tireless energy and the genius of one who appreciated the resources about him. Fifteen years of tireless energy have remodeled the whole country and changed the face of nature, and a remote region has become the center of industrial activities.

There is always breadth in what Bullock does. We do not know whether he could make a single hundred dollars or not. We have always doubted it, but when it comes to making hundreds of thousands he is on "his native heath." It would be impossible for him to be content with the possession of Government bonds resting in a safe deposit box. The clipping of semi-annual coupons would have no interest to him. His dollars must work, and the work must be along large lines. He has the instinct of a seer, he looks with clear eyes into the future, and merges into constructive agents the mass of things that work out his will. The courage of his work is illustrated by his purchase in 1893 of a five hundred thousand acre land grant in West Virginia and Kentucky, which to any one less equipped would have seemed the very desperation of a forlorn hope. His million cleaned up from the Mexican railroad was lying in New York banks, and it must be set to work. He ascertained that in the year 1792 the State of Virginia had, for moneys loaned to the United States in one of its darkest hours, granted to Robert Morris, the patriotic banker of Philadelphia, this land in the then unknown, uninhabited wilds of western territory. By the way, one of the heirs of this estate was Mrs. Maybrick, so long in an English jail. It was then, however, as large as some dukedom in Europe, but poor payment for the moneys loaned.

For decades the title lay dormant, represented only in documents yellow with age. There had been no possession, no assertion of rights, and the territory had merged from its primal estate and was possest by people who had settled and occupied the greater portion of the grant without knowledge of the superior title, ignorant that their homes were overshadowed by a colossal cloud. While the paper title was flawless, so far as the grant was concerned, its boundaries were uncertain, ancient surveys meager and indefinite, and the opposing minds of actual settlers made the oldest inhabitant singularly ignorant of the landmarks called for in the grant. Added to this the State had undertaken to cut off the title by tax sales under the color of law. The people who claimed title to individual homes were of the class found in that part of the Union—simple-minded in many ways, ignorant of the world, divided into clans, torn by feuds, but ready with the gun to defend in common against the intruding stranger.

Such were the conditions against which Bullock and his associates had to contend—uncertainty of description, hostility of settlers, and the claim of forfeiture by the State. In fact, the purchase was, from an ordinary standpoint, simply the purchase of a colossal lawsuit whose end must come after many years, the expenditure of vast sums of money, perils from hostile settlers, and the to be expected bias of the courts and a certainty of bias in the jury box. These things did not deter Bullock, and with his title he began the war now waged for nearly twenty years with varying success, and the expenditure of tens of thousands of dollars. Like a football in a hot game, he has been tossed back and forth from inferior to superior courts.

With wisdom and friendliness, Bullock early disclosed that he did not care for the surface of the ground, that it was only the coal pits beneath that he desired, and he offered to deed to all actual settlers their homes, with a reservation of the underground. This settled the moral questions and left the legality of title as the sole issue, and around this has been waged a ceaseless conflict for twenty years. Out of the conflict has emerged a clear title to some thousand acres, mostly coal lands, which in itself is a royal estate, and which will multiply in value into millions, when projected railroads shall tap that section of the country. The story of this grant, in court and out of court, from its inception to the present day, is an exciting one, into which is woven every phase of human character—deadly hates culminating in more deadly deeds, the loyalty of simple woodmen, the hand of assassins, doubts of judicial virtue—in fact, all the lights and shadows as lived in wild places. If it be true that "to patient faith the prize is sure," the clearness of Bullock's vision in his attitude to this old grant will be justified.

The analysis of human character is always fascinating, providing one is able in the analysis, to separate from the mass of character controlling traits, mental trends and moral tones, to delve beneath mere surface expressions into the deeps where the man really lives and has his being. The great man is often sensitive about an exposure of his finest moral treasures hidden behind silent lips; of unsuspected tenderness he is willing to let the world judge him by superficial things, according to its standards, caring little for misconstruction of motive or misapprehension of reasons underlying conduct. This is possible only to the man who is sure of himself, who has weighed himself in the balance and found that he is not wanting. Great men are frequently puzzling because they are so violative of our preconceptions. They do not fit the golden frame we have prepared for their portraits. Who that did not know of his supreme excellence would have selected the gaunt and graceless figure of Lincoln as he walked down Pennsylvania Avenue, uncouth in dress and gesture, as the chief citizen of the world. Would anything in the physical man have given to a stranger any suggestion that he was in the presence of a being with such splendid moral endowment that he was able, amid the terror of awful years, to carry alone in brain and heart the destines of his country, to preserve freedom to the whole people, and to give liberty to an enslaved race? Who would have chosen Grant as the greatest soldier of the period? Who chosen Harriman from a group of his fellows as the master builder of industrial empire? A man who has with imperfect weapons won all his battles, who with his opportunities has measured up to them, and does not know what failure means, is great.

Come with us and for a moment we will intrude upon an ordinary hour with Bullock in his office.

Busy? Yes, but he does not look it. Before him, on his knees, lies a sheet of paper, crossed and recrossed with columns of figures. To you they are as meaningless as the cuneiform tracery on a Babylonian column, as unsatisfying as a Chinese puzzle, and the fact is they have no meaning to him. It is simply the trick of the years, a mere process by which he concentrates his mind upon some problem of finance he is working out. These pieces of paper actually litter his desk, for his mind is never at rest except when he is asleep. As he looks up, we see the face of one whose native kindness softens regular features with a faint tinge that for a second colors the paleness so often found in the faces of scholars and men of concentrated faculties. He is in his favorite attitude, half doubled up in an easy chair—an unconscious pose. In a low voice he talks, without modulation. He has no tricks of speech, and what he says he states with a directness that never drifts into collateral discussion. He is quick of apprehension and expects you to be, and this is why he is not guilty of any dissipation of talk. There is no reserve, for he is always approachable, and listens patiently to whatever may be said. He is rarely poised, has an unvarying evenness of temperament, patient in everything he says and does. He doubtless would be classed among the sanguine nervous, but does not belong to the purely nervous except in so far as that term includes alertness of mind and rapidity of mental action, and the capacity to reach, without hesitation, conclusions.

Business finished, he for a moment will give way to social talk, often surprising one by a quaintness of humor that leaks out of the sunniness of a generous spirit, and you forget for a second the strong man and his masterful grasp of situations. Personally he is winning, charming in simplicity and genuineness. It makes you feel *persona grata.* He is an easy man to do business with by reason of his suavity of manner and the solid grasp he has of situations. He has a tender care for all his employees, from the highest to the lowest, and to the humblest workman in his employ he is "Tom Bullock." Thousands of simple workmen all over the continent are proud to say that Tom Bullock is their friend.

His associates have always found him as full of integrity as of capacity. For fifteen years we have maintained the closest of confidential relations with him, and we have never known him to be jarred out of his poise, and we have seen him in situations where a more than ordinary man would have lost his moral control in a storm of justifiable passion. When stirred most, the only evidence is a slight flush of the cheek, an unwonted light in the eye, and maybe just the slightest rise in the volume of the voice. These measure either his pleasure, contempt or scorn.

There is a large measure of moral beauty in the man that is discernible only by accident, for there is spiritual modesty about him. Unless it becomes necessary he makes no disclosure of his generous spirit. We know this because it became necessary to know it by reason of his benefactions to those who were constant recipients of his bounty. These were scattered about the entire country, in receipt of regular aid. They were in most cases old friends, diseased, aged and poverty-stricken, to whom his charity was as if out of the hand of an angel. One day he handed us a letter. It announced the death of an old lady in New York, and he told us that for years he had sent to the poor old lady twenty dollars a month, and recited the story of her relation to him, very beautiful, very instructive, in that it exposed the dignity and grace of a simple devout life. He said that once in New York, when he was beginning to be a man of affairs, in touch with men who controlled finance, he was still poor, and found it difficult to keep up the social pace called for in New York; that he was in the midst of a negotiation involving large sums of money, which he was compelled to secure; that it was necessary that he be well drest, keep up all appearances of prosperity and live at an expensive hotel. Just at the time when the matter in hand was about to be consummated, he found himself absolutely "broke," without money to pay his hotel bills, which fact if it leaked out would have destroyed his plans. He was at the end of his trail and did not know where to turn. He needed some companionship, the solace of some genuine soul, some sympathy, to ease the strain, and he went to the old lady. He was "down in the mouth." She noticed it, and asking him the reason, he told her of his dilemma, and that if he had a single five hundred dollars he would bridge the situation and carry out his deal. She listened silently, and when he had done, left the room, but soon returned and with a motherly smile handed to him out of an old pocketbook five hundred dollars in greenbacks. He was staggered for the second and asked where she had gotten the money. She told him that it was all of her savings of years; that she had laid this up to secure her in her old age from possible poverty. He refused to take the money but she insisted with such loving, trustful persistence that at last he consented. This "widow's mite" was his salvation, for he was able to close the transaction and was in funds. Tho he was able in a few days to repay her, he regarded always his obligation to her as the foundation of his success, and from thence until the day of her death he sent her twenty dollars a month —to her abundant.

On another occasion he handed us fifty dollars and asked us to purchase a money order and to send it to some little place in the Cumberland Mountains, Tennessee, saying, "This is to pay the burial expenses of an old friend whose death I heard of the other day." Many times, when he has been busy, we have carried out for him such charities. Except for our close relations with him, we would never have been able to discover these fine acts of charity, which he kept from all. He truly has kept from his left hand what his right hand did.

Bullock is a resourceful man, and outside of technical matters rarely asks for advice. In business matters he is reticent but not secretive. This is because he is certain of his judgment. He has neither suspicion nor cunning. On the contrary, when he chooses to disclose his plans, he is open as the day. His experience of a busy life has seasoned him, and tho he has passed the half century post, he is fibered with a sturdy mental strength, but is not of robust physical frame. His strength is vital force which bears continuous heavy strains. The year following the disaster of 1906 was a severe one for everybody, and those who had, before the fire, launched new ventures requiring large sums of money, were for months perilously near the verge of financial ruin. Bullock was among those, for he was always loaded to the guards with such ventures. In the trying hours when coin was a curiosity and money was represented only by certificates issued by the consolidated banks, he rolled up his sleeves, shut his jaws together tight, and fought the peril to a finish, and tho it took off some of the flesh from his ribs, paled his cheeks a little and added a little white to the color of his hair, he won out. He is a brilliant example of what an indomitable will can do in emergencies when it is harnessed up with a skilled judgment.

In social life Bullock is delightful, his humor infectious, his talk restful, even his silence magnetic with a subtle *comaraderie.* He is a royal host, knows how to minister to separate individual tastes, and spends his money for the pleasure of his guests like a lord. His tastes are simple, tho in his home life he is fond of the elegancies. He loves the music which appeals to the heart, and when free from duty will sit for hours listening like a pleased child to simple melodies. As an example of what a poor boy may become and do, with an honest heart and an heroic will, in the "Wild West," Tom Bullock stands out in fine relief.

His friendship to any man is a joyous possession, first, because it is evidence to the friend that he is worthy of a good man's esteem, for Bullock is a sagacious, unerring measurer of human qualities; and secondly, because his friendship is a steady force—something to tie to and abide in. We have seen much of these friendships, some of which were cut off, but were not ended, at the grave. We say not ended, for death had no power to lay its hand upon memories that seemed precious to him, and he often speaks of the virtues of dead friends. We know of cases of these friendships that were carried over after death and found expression in benefactions to children and widows. This quality, perhaps more than any other, expresses and exposes the real value and sweetness of the man, for the best of us are too often willing to forget at the edge of the grave, and to let slip into oblivion memories which if preserved would make richer our own lives.

THE END.